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# LAW MAKING AND LAW ENFORCEMENT

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WHO enforces the laws?

The first impulse of most people would be to answer, "The police and the sheriffs, with occasional assistance from the army in emergencies." But if we stop to think about the matter we shall see that this is a very superficial view of things and that only a small fraction of our law enforcement is secured or needs to be secured in this way. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred obedience to the law is quite voluntary. The people at large do not have to be compelled by the police to obey the laws against murder or burglary or the various regulations for the convenience of the public. They do it of themselves, either as a matter of conscience or in deference to public opinion. And the fact that they do it of themselves is the thing which makes civilized society possible. It enables the police to concentrate their attention on the work of protecting the public against a relatively small number of habitual lawbreakers who do not recognize their moral obligations to themselves or to society. Conscience and public opinion enforce the laws; the police suppress the exceptions.

What is this public opinion and how is it formed?

Man, as Aristotle well says, is a political animal. He has the impulse to make himself part of a social group; to accept the habits and the standards approved by the group and to follow the traditional rules of conduct which it has adopted. In the early stages of society these standards and rules are imposed by the church and formulated by the priests. Public action is ordered by religious precepts; disobedience to those precepts is checked by the fear of the gods. As civilization advances, other institutions beside the church take their share in setting social standards. The school and the theater, the platform and the press serve as agencies for shaping public sentiment and public ideals. The desire for the approval of our fellow men takes its place side by side with the fear of God as a motive for conforming to the demands of society. A man who

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habitually conforms to these demands without external compulsion is said to be law-abiding and public-spirited. When the great body of citizens is thus law-abiding and public-spirited the community is self-governing, in the true sense of the word. Its legislation and administration are founded on the principle set forth at the beginning of the Declaration of Independence that the powers of a just government are derived from the consent of the governed.

To maintain this ideal political condition two things are necessary. First, the great bulk of the members of society must be willing to go as far as public opinion demands without being compelled to do so by force; and second, the government authorities must be careful not to go beyond what public opinion demands in the laws which it makes or the acts which it requires. Every stable community has these two characteristics. The citizens are law-abiding; the officials are moderate in the exercise of their powers. Without the former we have anarchy; without the latter we have tyranny.

But someone will say, "This is obvious enough as far as a monarchy or aristocracy is concerned, where you have a ruler or ruling class on one side, trying to govern a people on the other. Such a community cannot be self-governing unless the king or nobles are strictly guided by public opinion. But how can democracy become a tyranny under any circumstances? Is not a democracy necessarily self-governing? Are not the acts of a democratic government, under certain prescribed rules which have been accepted as a constitution, necessarily expressions of what the majority of the people want?"

No. The citizens of a democracy are not necessarily self-governing. If we look at the history of different kinds of government, we shall find that officials elected by the people, whenever they have gained control of an army or police force large enough to carry out their mandates, have been just as frequently guilty of class discrimination, arbitrary arrest, or punishment without proper trial, as any monarch or any group of aristocrats. The very fact that a man has been elected to office by popular vote may lead him to cast self-restraint aside, and think that he is representing the people collectively when he tyrannizes over them individually. "Virtue," says Halévy, "is more dangerous than vice, because its excesses are not subject to the restraints of conscience." Cromwell in England, Robespierre in France, Lenin in Russia, show how persistent is this danger in all races and conditions. Democracy has not meant self-government except when the rulers have shown self-restraint.

Nor are the acts of a democratic government necessarily expressions of the desire of the majority. No matter how democratic the franchise and the electoral machinery, the administration often gets into the hands of a clique or ring, concerned with its own interests rather than with the interests of the people. Still oftener are the actions of the legislature dominated by a well-organized group of voters which happens to hold the balance of power and which uses its position of vantage unscrupulously. Where a proposed law deals with a subject which has been made a definite issue between two parties at the last election—where, for instance, one party says that it wants a high tariff and the other that it wants a low tariff—the vote of the legislature will generally have the wish of a majority of the people behind it. But in the much larger number of matters that have not been made party issues the representative feels free to do what is most likely to secure his re-election. The temptation to yield to the wishes of a minority which knows what it wants and is prepared to penalize those who do not follow its bidding is very great indeed. The more we know of the actual process of legislation the less we shall think that the result necessarily represents the view of the majority.

And, apart from these frequent cases where a democratic government is controlled by other considerations than the will of the majority, there are occasional instances, chiefly in war time, where the majority itself, under the influence of strong emotion, is ready to override the conscience and ignore the traditional rights of large groups of law-abiding citizens, to such an extent that the enforcement of its wishes means a widespread supplanting of self-government by autocracy. A good constitution does much to prevent this; but no constitution-makers, however wise, can guard against unforeseen trends of popular emotion.

## II

One of the greatest dangers which now confronts us is the increasing demand for ill-considered legislation, and the increasing readiness of would-be reformers to rely on authority rather than on public sentiment for securing their ends. When the republic was first founded, we had more to fear from the law breakers than from the law makers, from the absence of authority than from its over-exercise. People believed in individual liberty and even sometimes inclined to carry that idea to extremes. But this love of liberty has gradually given place to a zeal for standardization. The new democracy, in the words of Lord Farrer, is passionately benevolent and passionately fond of power. To-day, it is from the law maker rather than from the law breaker that our American traditions of self-government have most to fear.

A century and a half ago our country was sparsely settled by men who prized personal liberty. The newborn nation was made up of separate commonwealths with distinct social and religious traditions, so that home rule was demanded as a matter of course. The constitution of the United States and its first ten amendments represented an effort to combine the needed minimum of centralized administration with the maximum of freedom for different localities and individuals to act in their own ways. Regulatory legislation by Congress was disliked and avoided.

As the country grew older these conditions gradually changed. Increasing density of population of itself brought more occasions for law making. The garbage heap which a man can put where he pleases when he has no neighbors within miles becomes a menace to public comfort and health when the country about him is closely settled; and the same sort of thing holds true with moral nuisances as well as material ones. The growth of large factories and large organizations of capital gave this increasing population harder industrial problems to deal with than their fathers had faced. As railroad transportation developed, these problems of industrial control became national instead of local.

Meantime the character of our population was itself rapidly changing. The early settlers had been self-reliant men and women, ready to face a life of hardship for the sake of the liberty which they loved. The immigrants of a later date were chiefly people who came to better their industrial condition, and were ready to submit to almost any authority which allowed them to make a living; people whose idea of liberty had been not so much associated with freedom from interference as with equality of political rights. Regulatory legislation they accepted as a matter of course; they simply wanted to have a fair share in choosing the men who were to make and enforce the regulations.

All these things have given our legislative assemblies, and particularly our national Congress, more work to do than was imposed upon them in an earlier period. They are asked to pass a hundred times as many laws to-day as they were a century ago. The practical discussion by which these laws are put into shape has for the most part to be done in committee. The very mass of the work given them makes this course the only possible one. This leaves the representa-

tives relatively little time or strength for legislative debate in the old sense of the term; for speeches like those of Webster or Calhoun, by which public opinion was formed, outside of Congress as well as inside, and public action on important questions in considerable measure determined.

This change in the work of our legislatures has been attended with a corresponding change in our political ethics —in the standards to which we expect our representatives in the legislature to conform. At the time of the adoption of our Constitution it was assumed that Congress would be a deliberative body, which could subject to critical scrutiny the acts of the administration and the various lines of national policy proposed; and as a result of such deliberation would decide intelligently what was best for the people as a whole. I do not mean that Congress ever quite rose to this height. The unscrupulous politician we have had always with us, and he was just as unscrupulous in 1789 as he is in 1925—probably a little more so. But our ideals of what he ought to do were different from what they are to-day. The representative was supposed to be a trustee for the public interest, not an agent of those who sent him to Congress. He went to Washington to make up his mind as to what was best; and if, as the result of a debate, he had seen new light which his constituents did not have when they sent him to Congress, he would have scorned the idea of being bound by their instructions or their expressed wishes.

These ideals of public duty are no longer accepted by the average representative in Congress or in the state legislature. Instead of assuming the obligations of a trustee, he acts as an agent to carry out the views or promote the interests of those to whom he owes his election. He thinks of his duty to his district or to his own party group; or—too often—to the individuals or corporations in his own district who have given him their support.

It would be unfair to put the chief blame for this change of ideals upon the members of our legislative assemblies themselves. There has been a corresponding change in the demands of the people in the several districts. The number of men is very small indeed who will applaud a congressman for voting according to his personal convictions instead of for voting in the way that some of his constituents have demanded.

If Congress lets itself be dominated by what are called in a general way "the interests," it is because so large a part of the people are ready and desirous to use it for the promotion of their own interests and views. Our legislators are ready to pass acts prescribing what we shall eat or drink or what sort of things shall be taught in our schools because the people as a body are to-day more concerned with regulating the conduct of others than with preserving personal liberty; more concerned with enforcing their own special intolerances than with securing "peace at home, safety and consideration abroad." This is the fundamental reason why the country to-day has more to fear from the law makers than from the law breakers.

## III

What can we do to protect ourselves against this spirit of over-regulation which seeks to place under official control not only the organization of industry and commerce but the conduct and even the thought of the people themselves?

Some say that we should look to the courts. This is good advice as far as it goes. The courts can interpret the law so as to correct manifest absurdities of wording; they can set aside parts of the law when these parts are in clear conflict with legal traditions, especially where those traditions have been embedded in the constitution. But the extent of the protection which the courts can give is narrower than is often supposed. If a law does not violate a state or federal constitution the courts cannot interpret

it out of existence because its practical effects are inequitable, or because it is evaded by those whom it should control. Perhaps they could go a little farther in that direction than they now do, but it is not clear that this would be wise. It would involve perpetual danger of a kind of conflict between the courts and the legislature which is undesirable to the last degree. For anything like full protection in this matter the people must look to themselves and not to the courts.

They have in their own hands, if they wish to apply it, a simple though somewhat perilous remedy. If any considerable number of citizens who are habitually law-abiding think that some particular statute is bad enough in itself or dangerous enough in its indirect effects to make it worth while to block its enforcement, they can do so. This process of blocking the law by disobedience is known as nullification. The Fugitive Slave Law was thus nullified by the people of the North; the Reconstruction Acts were thus nullified by the people of the South. A large number of laws for the taxation of personal property have been and are still being nullified to-day. They are so framed as to be penalties on honesty rather than taxes on property; and neither the public nor the officials themselves are willing to attempt stringent enforcement of a law of this kind.*

Most writers on political theory say that this kind of nullification is nothing less than revolution; that we have made some sort of agreement with some sort of a sovereign which gives him despotic authority to make any laws he pleases provided he proceeds under constitutional forms. This is a convenient theory for whoever claims to be sovereign—whether he be called king, consul, or boss—but it is very far from representing the facts in the case. The members of any civilized community actually use their judgment a great deal in deciding how far they will obey laws which they regard as bad or even inconvenient for the community. They do not change their sovereign; they continue to obey him in all other fields except this one. There is no revolution and nothing like it. The officials charged with the enforcement of the law simply see that it is beyond their power to secure obedience to it. If those who passed the law or secured its passage are wise, they will acquiesce in this result. If the police look the other way when such a law is broken, its bad effects are avoided without much harm to anybody. Hundreds of statutes which the courts would try to enforce if violations were brought to their notice are made "dead letter" by general consent.

Some people go so far as to say that this nullification of statutes is wrong in practice as well as in theory; that the best way to get rid of a bad law is to enforce it. But the cost of trying to compel obedience to a law which violates the consciences of a considerable minority of the people or the traditional usages and privileges of anything like a majority is usually too great. The attempt to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law converted the misunderstandings between North and South into public menaces. The attempt to enforce the Reconstruction Acts not only resulted in abject failure but left a legacy of bitterness behind it which lasted for many years. What has proved true in large matters like these has generally held good in small ones. The efforts to enforce legislation regarding Sunday amusements, for instance, have usually produced an amount of vexation and trouble far out of proportion to any tangible results that could be expected or achieved.

And in addition to the direct cost, the individual evil resulting from the successful enforcement of a law restricting the traditional liberties of the citizen is usually very great. The appetite for tyranny grows with its excesses. If the autocrat is allowed to use the army to enforce one such act, he tries to use it

*I have purposely confined my illustrations to matters of past history, where the evidence is all in and the public has given its verdict. It would confuse rather than clear the issues to discuss the effect of laws like the Volstead Act, when the evidence is not yet all in, and the public is far from having reached the judicial frame of mind necessary for a verdict.

for others. Charles the First went on with progressive encroachments on the traditional liberties of the English people until John Hampden set the example of nullification by not paying ship money. From that day the King's power began to wane; at first imperceptibly, then rapidly. The courts adjudged Hampden wrong and punished him; but the verdict of posterity is different. It praises Hampden for having taken the only way to save England from the fate which befell France or even Spain; it condemns Charles for persisting in a course which led inevitably to civil war and to personal disaster.

## IV

Nullification, as I have said, is not revolution. It is the safety valve which helps a self-governing community avoid the alternative between tyranny and revolution. It reduces the tension; it gives a warning to those in authority which they disregard at their own peril. For the story of Charles the First and John Hampden is not an isolated one. The same story and the same consequence have been too often repeated to leave any doubt that the major responsibility for civil strife lies on the law maker rather than the law breaker.

But while nullification is an obvious remedy, and sometimes the only available remedy, for unwise legislation, it is at best an unsatisfactory one. For if a good man breaks a bad law under pressure of necessity, it will encourage another man who is not so good to break several other laws which may not be bad at all. Defiance of the Reconstruction Acts was undoubtedly better, for the South and ultimately for the Nation, than compliance possibly could have been; but it left behind it a legacy of lawlessness and unrest from which the community is still suffering. And in the more serious cases it always involves a danger of civil war. The sovereign, or the group which regards itself as sovereign, may be unwise enough to mistake the mandate of the legislature for the mandate of the people and precipitate a conflict disastrous not only to the monarch or group but to all concerned. To insure the safety of the commonwealth we must prevent the enactment of bad laws by the development of a sounder public opinion as to the nature of government and the functions of legislative assemblies.

To begin with, we must learn to distinguish more carefully between the government and the people. The people is a large body of individual men and women who live under a form of government established to maintain their freedom against invasion or control from outside, and against disturbance of public safety or convenience from within. For these purposes they have designated certain of their number for positions of trust in that government. Some of the men thus designated are charged with the difficult duty of determining, by judicial procedure or by legislative enactment, the exact claims, powers, and duties of different members or groups of members of the community; but in the exercise of these powers they are acting as trustees and not as sovereigns.

It is necessary to emphasize this point very carefully because our habit of personifying the government and calling it "the State," spelled with a capital "S," is one of those small errors of usage which leads to large errors of thinking. It is proper to spell State with a capital "S" when it means some particular state or group of states—State of New York, States of the Church—but in other cases "the State" spelt with a capital letter almost always means "the government pretending to be the people." The ancients understood and avoided this danger better than we do. The Latin word for the body politic was *res publica, the common wealth*—a term that emphasized the sense of trusteeship. If we say "the people" when we mean the people and say "the government" when we mean the government we shall unmask a large number of dangerous political fallacies.

Having once done this we can emphasize the fact that a modern civilized

government is not a sovereign in the absolute or oriental sense of the term, but a group of trustees whose purposes are defined and whose powers are limited, partly by an instrument known as a constitution and partly also by those habits and usages which underlie the public opinion and consent on which the government itself is founded, and which its officers disregard at their own peril.

What are these purposes for whose realization the government officers hold their positions in trust?

Primarily to get public business done honestly and efficiently. This involves the maintenance of a military force to protect the community from outside interference; the establishment of courts to determine the rights of different individuals under the usages and laws of the land, with an impartially managed police to carry these decisions into effect; the development of corporate agencies, public or private, for the promotion of public convenience, health, or intelligence; and the assessment, in an equitable manner, of the taxes necessary to defray the cost of performing all these duties.

Secondarily, to formulate public opinion and provide rules for its orderly enforcement, in cases where older usages and statutes, as interpreted by the courts, are inadequate to deal with new conditions. This process is known as legislation and has become in modern times an important function of representative assemblies.

In old days, when industrial progress was slow, very little general legislation of this sort was needed. Almost all that was necessary was taken care of by ecclesiastical authorities—the priests in Jerusalem, the prætors in Rome, the Lord Chancellors in Catholic England—who, when the forms and remedies of the old law became inadequate to carry out its underlying purpose, took upon themselves, as keepers of the public conscience, the power of developing new forms and new remedies. Even in states nominally democratic, like Athens, there was a general reluctance on the part of the people to legislate on matters which could be regulated by religion or public opinion; and this reluctance was still more noticeable in bodies like the Roman Senate, which in the six hundred years of its ascendancy passed less than two hundred acts that deal with matters of private law.

Since the end of the fifteenth century several causes have united to produce a change. New inventions and discoveries have created rapid social and industrial progress and with it a demand for corresponding changes in the law. The Protestant Reformation has made the public less ready to leave the control of civil law in the hands of ecclesiastical authorities. The success of the English Parliament in its struggle with the King has given that body the chance, not only to widen its sphere of legislation, but to claim for its acts the same sort of sovereign authority which kings had claimed of old for theirs. In other words, it has come to regard itself as *making* the laws.

Our American constitutions have never accorded our representative assemblies the same unlimited authority which was asserted by Parliament. But in its own legislative sphere each has been encouraged, by the courts and by the people, to think itself sovereign; to believe that by its own *ipse dixit* it has created the laws which it frames and given them whatever authority they possess. You can of course define authority in such a way that this last statement is true; but when you make the statement without the definition it is misleading and dangerous. For if a law lacks the authority of conscience and public opinion, it lacks precisely the qualities which are necessary to make it effective in a self-governing commonwealth.

As far as state legislation is concerned, we have recognized the evils resulting from unrestricted activity of the representative assembly; and we have taken measures to protect ourselves against them—sometimes by the referendum, sometimes by putting into state con-

stitutions the more fundamental provisions of private as well as public law. But against Congress we have no such protection. All the more important is it to bring home to the members of Congress the fact that they hold their office as trustees, not as parts of a sovereign body. For nowhere is the recognition that public office is a public trust more needed than in the formulation of the laws of the land.

Guilty of breach of trust in large degree is the congressman whose vote on an important measure is swayed by any personal considerations whatever. Guilty in scarcely less degree are the men who use threats of punishment or hopes of reward, however veiled, as a means of influencing the congressman's vote. Nor can we wholly acquit of responsibility the publicists and the teachers who by their incautious use of language have encouraged the legislator to believe that he held a sovereign power, repugnant alike to his position as a trustee and to the spirit in which our government was founded. It is only by the acceptance of the principle of official trusteeship that the world, or any part of it, can be made safe for democracy. Until this result is reached there will continue to be occasions when the devoted lover of self-government—the true Christian who values the liberty of the Gospel higher than the bondage of the Law—will often have to choose between the danger of lawlessness which results from ignoring a statute and the danger of tyranny which is involved in passive obedience.

# MR. KEMPE

A STORY

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

IT WAS a mild, clammy evening and the swing-door of the tap-room stood wide open. The brass oil lamp suspended from the rafter had not yet been lighted; a small misty drizzle was drifting between the lime-washed walls and the overarching trees on the farther side of the lane; and from my stool at the counter I could meet, as often as I felt inclined, the wild white eye of the "Blue Boar" which fleered in at the window from the hanging sign.

Autumnal scents, failing day, rain so gentle and persistent—such influences have a slightly soporific effect on the human mind. It is as though the little busy foreground of consciousness first becomes blurred, then blotted out; and then—the slow steady sweep of the panorama of dream that never ceases its strange motioning. The experience is brief, I agree. The footlights, headlights, skylights brighten again: the panorama retires!

Excluding the landlady, who occasionally waddled in from her dusky retreat behind the bar, there were only three chance customers in the tap-room, now met together for the first time: myself; a smallish man with an unusually high crown to his head, and something engagingly monkeylike in his face; and a barrel-shaped creature who sat humped up on a stool between us in an old shooting-jacket and leather leggings, his small eyes set close together on either side a red nose. The talk had been desultory, suppressed, until some chance word of mine had edged on to the question of another world, a life renewed, the survival of this.

"And what is *your* view, then," I inquired of the little man.

He fortified himself with a sip of gin and water from his thick dumpy glass, and the dark-eyed wizened face lighted up once more with its curiously engaging smile. "Well, you see, I was once a schoolmaster—in a small way; and from an official point of view it was part of my job. To find answers, I mean. But, as you'll agree, we temporize; we compromise. On the other hand, I once met quite by chance, as we call it, a man who had spent, I should guess, a good many years on that last problem. All by himself, too. You might almost describe it as a kind of pilgrimage—though I'm not anxious to repeat it. It was, I suppose, my turn for a lesson.

"I was walking at the time along the northern coast, covering unfamiliar ground, and had managed to misread my map. My aim had been to strike into a cliff path that runs more or less parallel with the coast; but I had taken the wrong turn at the crossroads. Once astray, it had seemed better manners to keep on. How can you tell what Chance may have secreted in her sleeve? Anyhow, I found myself at last on the outskirts of a straggling village with but one little beershop in it about half the size of this tap-room. I persuaded an old lady to give me tea at one of the cottages and asked my way. Visitors were rare events, it seemed. At first she advised me to turn back—I couldn't do

better than that. But after further questioning she told me at last of a lower cliff track or path, some miles apparently this side of the one I had in view. She marked it out for me with a crooked rheumaticky forefinger on the tablecloth. Follow this path far enough, I gathered, it would lead me into my right road again.

"Not that she suggested my making the attempt. By no means. It was a matter of seven miles or more. And neither the natives of the village nor even chance visitors, it seemed, were tempted to make much use of this particular route."

"Why not?" inquired the man in leggings and immediately coughed as if he had thought better of it.

"That's what I am coming to," replied the schoolmaster as though he had been lying in wait for the question. "You see my old lady had volunteered her last piece of information with a queerish look in her eyes—like some shy animal slipping into cover. She was telling me the truth, but not, I fancied, the whole truth. Naturally I asked what was wrong with the path, and was there anything of interest on the way or at the end of it—worth such a journey? Once more she took a long slow look at me, as if my catechism were rather more pressing than the occasion warranted. There *was* a something marked on the map, she had been given to understand —'just an old, ancient building, like.'

"Sure enough there was, I found. 'And what is that other building near by' said I, 'the Rectory?'

"'O that, sir, that's not nearly so old, sir, you will understand.' She had another long queer look at me. 'That's where Mr. Kempe lives,' she added at last.

"It was easier sailing now that we had come to Mr. Kempe. The land, it appeared, including the foreshore, but apart from the chapel, had been in his family since the beginning of time. Mr. Kempe himself had formerly been in the Church—conformist or otherwise—had been something of a traveler, but had returned home with an invalid wife many years before.

"Mrs. Kempe was dead now. And there had been no children, 'none, at least, as you could say grew up to what might be called living.' Mr. Kempe himself too had been ailing for some little time. It was as likely as not, for all my informant knew apparently, that he also was dead. Anyhow, she couldn't tell; nobody ever went that way now, so far as she was aware. There was the new road up above.

"It was already latish afternoon; and in that windless summer weather walking had been a rather arduous form of amusement. I was tired. A snowy low-pitched upper room overlooking the sea was at my disposal if I wanted it for a night or two. And yet even while I was following this good soul up her narrow staircase I had already decided to push on in the direction of Mr. Kempe. If need be, I would come back that evening. The contours, I had noticed, on the map were unusual. And, Mr. Kempe was not less likely to be interesting company because he was a recluse!

"I put down five shillings on account for my room, and the kindly old creature laid them aside in an ornament on her mantelpiece. There they lie still, for all I know. I have never reclaimed them."

"And did you find Mr. Kempe?" I inquired.

The schoolmaster smiled, looking more like a philanthropic monkey than ever. "I set out at once, watched until out of sight by the old lady from her porch. There was no mistaking the path—even though it led off over a stile through a patch of stinging-nettles and then past a boggy goose-pond. After a few hundred yards it began to dip towards the shore, keeping more or less level with the sea for a mile or so until it entered a neat and sandy cove—the refuge even in summer of all sorts of flotsam and sea rubbish; and a positive maelstrom, I should imagine, when the winter gales sweep in. Towards the neck of this cove

the wheelmarks in the thin turf faded out, and the path meandered on for a while beside a brook and under some fine ash trees, then turned abruptly to the right, and almost due north. The bleached bows of a derelict boat set up on end and full of stone, the *Orion*—was my last touch with civilization.

"It was a quiet evening, the leaves and grasses shone green and motionless, the flowers standing erect on their stalks under the blue sky, as if carved out of wax. The air was uncommonly sweet, with its tang of the sea. Taking things easy like this, it was well worth while being alive. I sat down and rested, chewing a grass-stalk and watching the friendly lapping sea. Then up and on.

"After about an hour's steady walking, the path began once more to ascend. Dense neglected woods rose on either side of me, and though wherever the sun could pierce in there were coverts in plenty, hardly a cry of insect or bird stirred the air. To all intents I might have been exploring virgin country. Now and again indeed the fallen bole of a tree or matted clumps of bramble, briony, and traveler's joy compelled me to make a widish detour. But I was still steadily ascending, and the view tended at length to become more and more open; with here and there a patch of bright green turf and a few scrub bushes of juniper or sprouting tamarisk. Even at this point it would have been flattery to call the track a path. The steeper its incline the more stony and precarious became one's footing. And then at last I rounded the first of a series of bluffs or headlands, commanding a spectacular view of the sea and of the coast behind me, though nothing of what lay in front.

"The tiny village had vanished. About a hundred and fifty feet beneath the steep on whose margin I was standing, with a flaming bush of gorse here and there, and an occasional dwarf oak as gray as silk in the evening light—the incoming tide gently mumbled its rocks, rocks of a peculiar patchy green and black.

"I took another look at my map, enjoyed a prolonged 'breather,' and went on. Steadily up and inward now and almost due north-northwest. And once more untended thickets rose dense on either side, and the air was oppressed with a fragrance as sickly as chloroform. Some infernal winter tempest or equinoctial gale must have lately played havoc here. Again and again I had to clamber over the boles or through the head-twigs of monster trees felled by the wind, and still studded with a few sprouting *post-mortem* pale-green buds. It was like edging between this world and the next.

"Apart too from the gulls, with their saturnine gabbling, and flights of clanging oyster-catchers on the rocks below, what birds I saw were birds of prey: buzzards and kestrels chiefly, suspended as if by a thread from space, their small heads stooping between their quivering wings. And once I overheard what I took to be the cough of a raven. About twenty minutes afterwards my second bluff hove into sight. And I paused for a while, staring at it.

"For ordinary purposes I have a fairly good head. And yet I confess that before venturing farther I took a long steady look at this monster and at the faint patternings of the path that lay before me, curving first in, then out, along and across the face of the cliff, and just faintly etching its precipitous surface as it edged out of sight. It's a foolish thing perhaps to imagine oneself picked out clean against the sky on a precipitous slope—if, that is, you mean to put the fancy into action. You get a sort of double-barrelled view of your mortal body crouching there semi-erect, little better than a framework of bones. Pleasure may be a little *over*-spiced with excitement."

"Steep, eh?" ejaculated the man in leggings.

"Yes, steep," replied the schoolmaster. "Taken as mere scenery, of course, there was nothing up there to quarrel about. Leagues on leagues of sea stretched out

to the vague line of the horizon like an immense plate, mottled green and blue. A deep pinkish glow too had begun to spread over the eastern skies, mantling up into heights of space made the more abysmal in appearance by wisps of silver cirrus.

"Now and again I lay back with my heels planted on what was left of the path, and rested a moment, staring up into that infinite. Now and again I all but decided to go back. But sheer curiosity to see the mysterious hermitage of which I had heard, possibly too the shame of proving myself yet another discredited visitor, lured me on. Solitude too is like deepening water to a swimmer: that too lures you on. Except for an occasional gray-scaled shrimplike insect that showed itself when a flake of dislodged stone went scuttering down into the abyss below, I was the only living creature abroad. Once more I pushed cautiously forward. But it was an evil-looking prospect, and the intense silence of the evening produced at last a peculiar sense of unreality and isolation. My universe, as you might say, seemed to have become a mere picture—and I out of place in it. It was as if I had been mislaid and forgotten.

"I hung by now, I suppose, about three hundred feet above the sea; and maybe a hundred and thirty or so beneath the summit of the wall which brushed my left elbow. Wind-worn boulders, gently whispered over by saplings of ash or birch, jutted shallowly out here and there above and below me. But the third prodigious bluff towards which I presently found myself slowly, almost mechanically advancing, projected into space at a knifelike angle, cut sharp in gigantic profile against the northern skies. I watched it a while, half covertly, I remember, and as if pretending not to be aware of it and whistling a little under my breath—one of those queer devices of self with self! But my lips were dry, and breath or courage failed me. None the less, I had contrived to approach within twenty yards or so of that last appalling silhouette when, as if a warning voice had whispered the news in my ear, I suddenly realized the predicament I was in. To turn back was now impossible. Nor had I a notion of what lay on the farther side of the headland. For a few instants my very bones and sinews rebelled against me, refusing to commit themselves to the least movement. I could do no more than cling spasmodically with my face to the rock.

"But to hang there on and on and wither like an autumnal fly was out of the question. One single hour of darkness, but one spinning puff of wind, would inevitably dislodge me. But darkness was some hours distant; the evening was of a dead calm; and I thanked my stars there was no sun to roast and confuse me with his blaze and heat. I thanked my stars—but where would my carcass be when those stars began to show themselves in the coming night? All this swept through my mind in an instant. Complete self-possession was the one thing needful. I realized that too. And then a frightful cold came over me; sweat began to pour off my body; the very soul within me became sick with fear.

"I say soul, I mean, because this renewed nausea was something worse than physical. I was a younger man then, and could still in the long run rely on nerve and muscle; but fear turns one's blood to water—that terror of the spirit, and not merely of the mind or instinct. It bides its moment until the natural edges off into—into the unknown. And what now swathed me in like a breath of poison—as, with face, palms, knees, and belly pressed close against the rock, I began once more working softly on from inch-wide ledge and inch-deep hold, my tongue like tinder, my eyes seeming to magnify every glittering atom they tried to focus—was the consciousness of some power or influence beyond nature's. It was not so much of death—and I actually with my own eyes *saw* my body inertly hurtling to its doom beneath—

that I was afraid. What terrified me beyond words to express was some positive presence here, in a more desperate condition even than I. The path was haunted.

"When you come to such a pass as this, you lose count of time. I had become an automaton—little better than a beetle obeying the secret dictates of what I believe they call the Life-Urge; and how precisely I contrived to face and to circumnavigate that last bit of precipice I can't recall. But this once done, in a few minutes I was in comparative safety. I found myself sluggishly creeping again along a path which had presently widened enough to allow me to turn my face outwards from the rock, and even to rest. And even though the precipice beneath was hardly less abrupt and enormous, and the cliff-face above actually overhung my niche, for the time being I was out of physical danger. I was, as they say, my own man again; had come back. It was high time. My skull seemed to have turned to ice; I was wet through; my finger-nails were split; my hands and wrist-bands were soaked with blood, and my clothes would have disgraced a tramp.

"But all trace of fear had left me and what now swept my very wits away in this almost unendurable reaction was the sheer beauty of the scene that hung before my eyes. Half reclining, not daring yet to stir, my outstretched hands clasping two knubs of rock, just gently moving my eyeballs to and fro, I sat there and feasted on the amazing panorama spread out before me; realizing none the less that I was in the presence of something—how can I express it?—of something a little different from, stranger and less human than—well, our old and dubious friend, Nature.

"The whole face of this precipice was alight with color—dazzling green and orange, drifts of snow and purple—campion, sea-pink, mayweed, samphire, camomile, lichen, stonecrop, and fleshy and aromatic plants, too, that I knew not even the names of, sweeping down drift beyond drift, into a narrow rock-bound tranquil bay of the darkest emerald and azure, and then sweeping up once more drift beyond drift into the vault of the sky, its blue fretted over as if by some master architect with silvery interlacings, a scattered featherlike fleece of vapor.

"The steady cry too, possibly amplified by an echo, of the incoming tide reached me here once more, a whisper and yet not toneless. And on and on into the distance swept the gigantic coast line, crowned summit to base with its emerald springtide woods.

"Still slightly intoxicated as I was by the terror and danger in which I had been, and which were now for the moment past and gone, I gave myself ample opportunity to rest and to drink in this prodigious spectacle. And still the odd conviction persisted, though safe, I was not yet secure. It was as if I were still facing some peril of the mind and, absurd and irrational though it may sound, there was a vague and disquieting hint within me of disappointment—as if I had lost without realizing it some peculiar opportunity. And yet, all this medley of hints and intentions was wholly subsidiary to the consciousness that from some one point in all this vacancy around me a steady devouring gaze was fixed on me, that I was being watched."

Once more our hard-headed friend fidgeted uneasily on his stool.

"It sounds absurd, I agree," the schoolmaster caught him up, "simply because, apart from the seabirds and the clouds, I had been and was still the only moving object within view. The sudden apparition of me crawling around that huge nose of rock must have been as conspicuous as it was absurd. Besides, myriads of concealed eyes in the dense forest towering conically up on the other side of the narrow bay beneath me, and looming ever more mistily from headland to headland towards the north and west, could have watched my every movement. A thousand arrows from unseen archers concealed on the opposing heights might at any instant have trans-

fixed me where I lay. One becomes conscious, too, of the sort of empty settled stare which fixes an intruder into such solitudes. It is at the same time vacant, enormous, and hostile. But I don't mean that. I still mean something far more definite—and more dangerous too than that. Indeed, I was soon to learn that in actual fact I *was* being watched; and by as acute and unhuman a pair of eyes as I have ever seen in mortal head. With infinite caution I rose to my feet again at last and continued my journey. The path grew steadily easier. Soil succeeded to bare rock, and must not very long before, I discovered, have been trodden by other human feet than mine. There were faint marks of hobnails between its tussocks of grass and moss and thrift.

"It presently descended a little, and then in a while, from out of the glare of evening, I found myself entering a broader and heavily shaded track leading straight onwards and tunneling inland into the woods. It was to my amazement close on eight o'clock—too late to dream of turning back, even if I could have persuaded myself to face again the experience of the last half-hour. Yet whatever curiosity might say for itself, I felt a peculiar disinclination to forge ahead. The bait had ceased to be enticing.

"I paused once more under the dismal funnel of greenery in which I found myself, staring at the face of my watch, and then had another look at the map. A minute or two's scrutiny assured me that straight ahead was my only possible course. And why not? There was company ahead. In this damp soil the impressions of the hobnailed shoes showed more clearly. Quite recently those shoes must have come and gone along this path on three separate occasions at least; and yet for the life of me I hadn't the smallest desire to meet the maker of those footprints.

"In less than half an hour I came to a standstill beneath the ancient building that had once been marked on my map. And an uncompanionable sight it was. Its walls lay a little back from the green track in what appeared to be a natural clearing, or amphitheater, though at a few yards distance huge pines, in shallow rising semicircles, hemmed it in. In shape it was all but circular and must no doubt have been a wayside hermitage or cell. It was of stone and was surmounted by a conical roof of thick and heavy slabs, at the south side of which rose a minute bell-cote, and towards the east a stunted stone cross, with one of its arms broken away. The round-arched door—its chevron edging all but defaced—refused to open. Nothing was to be seen in the gloaming beyond its gaping keyhole. There was but one narrow slit of window, and this was beyond my reach. I could not even guess the age of this forbidding yet beautiful thing, and the gentleman, as I found afterward, who compiled the local guide-book had omitted to mention it altogether. Here and there in its fabric decay had begun to show itself, but clumsy efforts had been made at repair. In that deep dark verdurous silence, unbroken even by drone or twitter, the effect of these walls in their cold, minute simplicity, was peculiarly impressive. They seemed to strike a solemn chill into the air around them—those rain-stained senseless stones. And what looked like a kind of derelict burial-ground to the south side of it only intensified its sinister aspect. No place surely for when the slow dark hours begin.

"The graves were very few in number, and only one name was decipherable on any of the uncouth and half-buried headstones. Two were mere mounds in the nibbled turf. I had drawn back to survey once more from this new aspect the walls beyond, when—from one instant to the next, so to speak—I became aware of the presence of Mr. Kempe. He was standing a few paces distant, his gaze in my direction—as unexpected an apparition as that of the ghost in Macbeth. Not even a robin could have appeared with less disturbance of its surroundings.

Not a twig had snapped, not a leaf had rustled.

"He looked to be a man of about sixty or more, in his old greenish-black half-clerical garb, his trousers lapping concertina-like over immense ungainly boots. An antiquated black straw hat was on his head. From beneath it gray hair flowed out a little on either side the long colorless face with its straggling beard. His eyes were clear as water—the lids unusually wide apart—and they had the peculiarity, perceptible even at this distance, of not appearing to focus what their attention was fixed upon.

"That attention was fixed upon me as a matter of fact and, standing as I was, with head turned in his direction, we so remained, closely regarding each other like two strange animals for what seemed to be a matter of hours rather than of moments.

"It was I who broke the silence with some affectedly casual remark about the weather, and the interestingness of the relic that stood, something like a huge mushroom of stone, near by. The voice that sounded in answer was even more astonishing than Mr. Kempe himself. It seemed to proceed from a throat rusty from want of use and carried a kind of vibrant glassy note in it, like the clash of fine glass slightly cracked. At first I could not understand what he said. The sound of it reminds me now of Alexander Selkirk when his rescuers found him in Juan Fernandez. They said he spoke his words by halves, you'll remember. So did Mr. Kempe. They sounded like relics of a tongue as ancient as the unknown saint's chapel beside which we had met.

"Still, I was myself as nervous as a cat. With all his oddities—those wide colorless eyes, those gestures, that overloud voice—there was nothing hostile, nothing even discourteous in his manner, and he did not appear to be warning me off as a trespasser. Indeed, the finger wagging at me in the air was clearly beckoning me on. Not that I had any keen inclination to follow. I preferred to go on watching him and attempted to mark time by once more referring to the age and architecture of the chapel; asked him at last pointblank if it was now too late to beg the courtesy of a glimpse inside.

"The evening light momentarily brightened above the dark spreading tops of the pines and struck down full on this queer shape with its engrossed yet vacant face. His eyes never faltered, their pin-prick pupils fixed in their almost hueless irises. Reflected thus, I seemed to be an object of an extremely limited significance—a mere speck floating in their intense inane. The eyes of the larger cats and the hawk-tribe have a similar effect; and yet one could hardly assert that their prey has no significance for *them!*

"He made no attempt to answer my questions, but appeared to be inquiring, in turn, how I had contrived to invade his solitude; what I wanted, in short. I was convinced none the less that he was deceiving me. He knew well how I had come: though, of course, meeting as we had, only one way had been possible—that from the sea.

"It might be impolitic to press the matter. I merely suggested that my journey had not been roses all the way, that I must get back to the world above before nightfall, and once more gave him to understand my innocent purpose—the desire to examine this curious relic. His gaze wandered off to the stone hermitage, returned, and then, as if in stealth, rested an instant intently on my hands. Otherwise he remained perfectly motionless: his long knotted fingers hanging down out of the sleeves of a jacket too short for his gaunt body, and those ineffable clumsy rusty boots.

"The air in this green niche of the bay was stagnant with the scent of foliage and flowers; and so magically dark and clear it was as though you were in the presence of a dream—of a dreamer indeed—responsible not only for its beauty, but also for its menacing influence on the mind. All this, however,

only convinced me the more of the necessity to keep my attention steadily fixed on the figure beside me. There was a something, an influence, about him difficult to describe. It was as if he himself was a long way off from his body—though that's pure nonsense, of course. As the phrase goes—he was not *all there*. Once more his eyes met mine, and the next thing that occurred to me was that I had never seen a human countenance which betrayed so desperate a hunger. But for what? It was impossible to tell.

"He was pressing me to follow him. I caught the word 'key'; and he at once led the way. With a prolonged reluctant look behind me—that antiquated cell of stone; those gigantic pines; the few sinking mounds clad in their fresh green turf—I turned in my tracks and the glance he cast at me over his shoulder was intended, I gathered, as a smile of encouragement.

"The straggling gabled house to which he conducted me, with its low tower and smokeless chimneys now touched with the last cold red of sunset, was almost more windows than wall. The dark glass of their casements showed like water in its discolored sides. Beyond it the ravine ascended ever more narrowly, and the house rested there in this green gap like some mummy long since deserted by its ghost. We crossed a cobbled courtyard, and Mr. Kempe preceded me up a wooden flight of stairs into a low-ceiled room with one all but ivy-blinded window and, oddly enough, a stone floor. Except for the space where hung the faded portrait of what appeared to be a youngish woman, her hair dressed in ringlets, bookshelves covered the walls. Books lay hugger-mugger everywhere indeed: on the table, on the chairs, on the floor, and even piled into the chimney of the rusty grate. The place was fusty with their leather bindings, and with damp. They had evidently been both well-used and neglected. There was little opportunity to get the general range of their titles—though a complete row of them, I noticed, were in Latin—because some vague intuition compelled me to keep my attention fixed upon my host. He had motioned me to a chair, and had seated himself on another that was already topped with two or three folios. It must have been even at midday an obscure room; and owing to its situation it was a dark house. The door having admitted us, stood open; beyond it yawned the silent staircase."

At this the schoolmaster paused; the landlady of the "Blue Boar" had once more emerged and, like one man, we shamefacedly pushed our three glasses across the counter.

"And what happened then?" I inquired. At this the man in leggings slightly turned his tortoiselike head in my direction, as if its usual resort was beneath a shell.

The schoolmaster watched the shape of the landlady till it had vanished into the dusk beyond. "Mr. Kempe began talking to me," he said. "Rapidly and almost incoherently at first, but gradually slowing down till I could understand more or less what he was saying. He was explaining, a little unnecessarily as I fancied, that he was a recluse; that the chapel was not intended for public worship; that he had few visitors; that he was a scholar and therefore was in need of little company but his books. He swept his long arm towards these companions of his leisure. The little light that silted through the window struck down across his tousled head, just touching his brow and cheekbones as he talked. And then in the midst of this harangue he suddenly came to an end and asked me if I had been sent there. I assured him that I had come of my own free will, and would he oblige me before we returned to the chapel with a glass of water. He hesitated.

"'Water?' he repeated. 'Water?' And then with a peculiar gesture crossed the room and shut the door after him. His boots beat as hollowly on the stairs as sticks on a tomtom. I heard the creaking of a pump-handle, and in a moment he reappeared, carrying a blue-lined cup

without a handle. With a glance at the portrait over my head, I drank its ice-cold contents at a gulp and pushed the cup in between two dog's-eared books.

"'I want to get back to the road up above,' I explained.

"This seemed to reassure him. He shut his mouth and sat gazing at me.

"'Ah! The road up above!' Then, 'Why?' he suddenly almost bawled at me as if I were sitting a long way off. His great hands were clasped on his angled knees, his body bolt upright.

"'Why what?'

"'Why have you come here? What is there to spy out? This is private property. What do you do—for a living? What's the use of it all?'

"It was an unusual catechism—from stranger to stranger. But I had just escaped an unpleasant death, and could afford to be indulgent. Besides, he was years and years older than I. I told him that I was a schoolmaster, on vacation; not thinking it necessary to add that, owing to a small legacy, I was out of a job at the time. I said I was 'enjoying myself.'

"'Enjoying yourself! And you teach!' he cried with a snap of his jaw. 'And what do you teach? Silly, suffocating lies, I suppose; or facts; as you prefer to call them.' He drew his hand down his long colorless face, and I stole a glance towards the door. 'If human beings *are* mere machines, well and good,' he went on. 'But supposing, my young friend, they are not mere machines? Supposing they have souls in their bodies: what then? Supposing you have a soul in your body: what then? Ay, and the proof; the proof!'"

The schoolmaster's face puckered up once more into a genial smile.

"I won't attempt," he went on, "to repeat word for word the talk I had that evening. I can give only the gist of it. But it had stumbled pretty abruptly, you'll notice, on Mr. Kempe's King Charles's head. And he presented me with it on a charger. He was possessed, I gathered, by one single aim, thought, and desire. All these years of his 'retirement' had apparently been spent in this one quest. Certain doubts in my mind sprang up a little later in the evening, but it was clear from the beginning that in pursuit of it he had spared neither himself nor the wife that was gone. It was no less clear that he was entirely incapable of what better brains, no doubt, would have considered a scientific treatment of his theme.

"He thrust into my hand a few chapters of a foolscap manuscript that lay on the table—a fly-blown mirky pile of paper at least eighteen inches high. Never have I seen anything to which the term 'reading-*matter*' seemed more appropriate. The ink was faded on the top-page, and stained as if with tea. This work was entitled briefly, *The Soul*—though the sub-title that followed it would not have disgraced the author of the *Anatomy*.

"I could follow no more than a line or two at a time of the crazy handwriting. The pages were heavily interscored, annotated and revised, not only in pencil but in violet and red ink. A good part of it appeared to be in Latin and Hebrew and other inactive tongues. But turning them over at haphazard, I caught such page-headings as 'Contemplation'; 'Dreams'; 'Flagellation'; 'Cadaver'; 'Infancy.' I replaced the sheets a little gingerly on the table, though one mustn't, of course, judge of the merits of a work by the appearance of it in manuscript.

"The desolation of its author's looks and his abruptness of manner thinned away awhile as he warmed to his subject. But it was not so much his own sufferings in the cause as the thought of what Mrs. Kempe's last few years on earth must have been to her, that made me an attentive listener. Hers must indeed have proved a lingering death. He had never left her side, I gathered, for weeks at a time, except to tend his patch of garden, and to prepare their niggardly meals. And as her body had wasted—poor soul!—his daily inquisition, his daily probings had become more and more urgent and desperate.

"There was no doubt in the world that this afflicted old man had loved his wife. The softening of the vacant inhuman eyes as he told me of that last deathbed colloquy was enough to prove that. Maybe it was in part because of this affection that mere speculation had sharpened into what they call an *idée fixe*. Still, I hardly think so. More probably the insidious germ had shared his cradle. And after all, some degree of conviction on the subject is not out of place in men of his cloth. He had abandoned his calling indeed, he was assuring me, solely as a proof of his zeal!

"He showed me also one or two late photographs of Mrs. Kempe—taken with his own antiquated camera, and 'developed' may be in this very room. Soul indeed! There was little else. The face murkily represented in them wore a peculiar remote smile. The eyes had been hollowly directed towards the round leather cap of the machine. And so fallen were the features, now fading away on the discolored paper, they might as well have been the presentment of a ghost.

"What precise proofs he had actually demanded of this companion of his hermitage I cannot even guess. And what proofs might he still be pleading for, pursuing? Evidently none as yet had satisfied his craving. But it was at least to his credit that his own personal experiments—experiments on himself I mean—had been as drastic. In one of them I had unwittingly shared. For the cliff path, I discovered, had long been his constant penance. A catlike foot was concealed beneath those brobdingnagian boots. His had been the hand that had not only helped Nature protect her fastnesses, but had kept off all visitors but one or two occasional stragglers as fatuous as myself. It had been his haunt, this path—day and night. He questioned the idle heavens there. In the face of a peril so extreme, the spirit wins almost to the point of severance from its earthly clay. Night and a half moon and the northern constellations—I could at least in fancy share his vigils there. Only an occasional ship ventures into sight of that coast, but almost any day, it seemed, during these last few years a good spy-glass might have discerned from its deck a human shape facing the Infinite from that appalling eyrie.

"Both delusions and illusions, too, are rapid breeders. Which of the two, I wondered—still wonder—was *this* old man's conviction,—the conviction, I mean, that one is likely to be more conscious of the spirit within when the body is suspended, as it were, from the lintel of Death's door. The dreams that may come in such circumstances every true-blue psychologist no doubt would merely pooh-pooh. Still, after all, Mr. Kempe had been something of a pioneer in this inquest. He had not spared himself. He could not live by faith, it seemed. He must indeed again and again have come uncommonly near dying in pursuit of it. He had fasted moreover, and was now little more than a mere frame of bones within his outlandish clothes. Those boots of his—they kept forcing themselves on the attention: a worse fit than any worn by some poor desperate Tommy clambering 'over the top' in the Great War. They stuck in my mind.

"'We don't seem to realize—you folk out there don't seem to realize,' he suddenly began shouting at me, 'that nothing in this world is of the slightest importance compared with a "Yes" or "No" to what I ask. If we are nothing more than the brutes that perish—and no sign ever comes from them, I may tell you—then let us perish, I say. Let fire descend from Heaven and shrivel us up. I care not in what cataclysm of horror. I have passed them all. I am suggesting no blasphemy. I make no challenge, no denial—merely a 'umble plodder, my dear sir. But no! Nothing. Nothing. Nothing. Not a word.' He lifted himself out of his chair, opened the door, looked out and came back to it again.

"'I disapprove'—he brandished his

outspread fingers at me—'I disapprove absolutely of peering and prying. Your vile pernicious interferences with the natural mysteries which we as humanity inherited from the old Adam! Away with them! I declare I am a visitor here. I declare that this'—he swept his hand down his meager carcass '—this is my mere tenancy. All that I seek is the simplest proof. A proof that would not so much as stay a pulse-beat in the vile skeptics that give their wretched lives to what is called Science. I am not even a philosopher,' he ejaculated. 'I am here alone; a wayfaring man and a fool. Alone—in the face of this one supreme mystery. And I need aid!' His voice ceased; he threw out his hands and sat there emptily gazing at me.

"And so he continued. Now he would lift himself out of his chair and, prowling from shelf to shelf, scanning at but an inch or two distant the titles of their contents, would thrust volume after volume into my hands for evidence, accompanying his clumsy motions with peevish and broken comments impossible to follow. I was presently surrounded with these things as with a surf. Then he would once more seat himself, and embark on a protracted harangue with that cracked disused voice rising steadily until it broke in a discordant screech of argument.

"'Almighty God,' he yelled at me at last, 'you sit there, living, breathing, a human being, and the one justification of this hideous masquerade left uncertain!' He flung his hands into the air. 'What right has he even to share the earth with me?' he shouted into the quiet. Then once more there followed as swift a return to silence, to self-possession—that intent devouring stare. One at least knows oneself to be something objective in any chance-encountered pair of human eyes. In his, as I have said already, I appeared to have no material existence whatever. Mr. Kempe might have been surveying, talking to, his own shadow. It was peculiarly disconcerting.

"After yet another such outburst he had for a moment lain back in his chair as if exhausted. And I was so intent in my scrutiny of him that a second or two went by before I sprang forward to pick up the few dingy photographs that had fallen out of his hand on to the grimy patch of carpet beneath. But he himself had stooped even more abruptly, and our skulls collided together with a crack that for the moment all but dazed me.

"But the eye moves almost as swiftly as the mind, and the collision had not been hasty enough to prevent my snatching a glimpse of one or two of them—photographs of which neither this widower nor his wife had been the original. I drew back appalled—their details fixed in my mind as if etched there by a flash of lightning. And, leaving him to gather up his further evidences again as best he could, I instantly found myself edging towards the door. Those *carte-de-visite*-size oblongs of cardboard were easily concealed in his immense palm. He pawed them together as clumsily as a bear might combs of honey; then slowly raised his gray disheveled head and met my eyes.

"I paused. 'You have had other visitors at times?' I queried as mildly as my tongue would allow.

"'What visitors, young man, do you mean, may I ask?' An extraordinary change had come into his voice—a flatness, an obsequiousness. The ingratiating tones were muffled, as if he could hardly trust himself to speak. For a while I could only gape in reply.

"'Like myself,' I blurted out at last. 'Visitors, who come to—well, out of sheer curiosity. There's the other route, I suppose?'

"My one desire just then was to keep my thoughts about Mr. Kempe rational, within bounds. To make a monster of him would be merely to lose my head once more as I had already lost it on his sea-cliff heights. None the less, I was now looking at him through the after image of those chance-seen photographs.

They were a distorting medium. The body of a human being who has fallen from a great height is not pleasing and pacifying to look at even though for a while its owner may have survived the fatality. There were others, too, and yet, it was less his photographs than the amateur photographer that had set my teeth on edge. He looked so old and so helpless—like an animal, as I say, enslaved by and yet incapable of obeying some heaven-sent instinct. That terrifying, doglike despair! But then, open your newspaper any fine morning of your life, and which is the more likely to greet you on the news-page: the joys of the innocent or the fruits of death?"

The tortoiselike shape of the man in leggings once more stirred on its stool. But this time his little eyes were turned in my direction.

"How did you manage to get out at last?" I inquired of the schoolmaster.

"Well," he said, "all this time Mr. Kempe had been watching me as circumspectly as I had been watching him, but as if, too, he were uncertain how many paces distant from him I stood. Then once more voice and manner changed. He feigned to be reassured. 'It has been a wonderful day,' he remarked—and with the dignity of an old retired scholar whose dubious fortune it has been to entertain a foreign prince—'a wonderful day, and my only regret is that I was unprepared for the occasion; that I have so poor a hospitality to offer. You must have had an exceedingly painful experience this afternoon. Why, my dear sir, in the absence of mind that comes over me once I embark on this hobby of mine, I haven't even asked you to wash your hands.'

"Almost involuntarily, I glanced down at them. They needed the invitation!

"But I must confess I preferred this old minister when he was not talking to me as if I were some imbecile child in a Sunday school. Besides, I knew perfectly well that—whether from that tumbling watch-tower of his or from some hiding-place in the woods—there had been one intent yet utterly passive witness of that experience.

"'If you will await me here a moment,' he added—and his utterance began to thicken again—'I will get the key to the chapel—a remarkable, even unique example of its order. There was a well, too, in former times, and even archeologists have failed to agree about its date. They used to come, they used to come: and would argue too. Why, I can *prove* it is at least not later than the eleventh century. And the interview . . . But, dear me, it will soon be dark; and—no—you mustn't think of leaving the house to-night. I need company. I *need* it.' He poked forward at me again, while yet furtively and rapidly edging towards the door.

"With a peculiar disinclination to come into the very slightest contact with his person, I had to dodge out of his way to allow him to pass, and attempted to do so without appearing to show like a visitor who has strayed by mischance into the cage of a dangerous animal in some zoological garden. The old gray tousled head turned not an inch upon its heavy angular shoulders as he passed me; but in the dimming light of the window I caught a glimpse of the wide, sealike eyes intently fixed on me—for all the world like lifeless planets in the waste of space.

"Even a young man may have intimations of the fool he is about to prove himself. Intimations, I mean, that come too late. Before the cumbrous door had closed behind him I was listening for the sound of the key being turned in the lock. I didn't even wait to try the handle, but tiptoed as rapidly as possible over the heaped-up books on the floor towards the window. It was one of dingy oblong panes, and the hasp was broken. The drop beneath its sill—to anyone at least who had reached the house by the less easy of the two roads—was almost as easy as getting into bed. It would land me fifteen feet below on a heap of vegetable rubbish. But the hinges of the window had been allowed to rust, and

the wood to shrink and swell with the changing seasons.

"I was conscious of an acute disinclination to cause any noise. So apparently was my host. For not a sound had followed the locking of the door and, unless he had disencumbered his feet of their boots, he was at that moment collecting his wits immediately outside of it. I tiptoed across once more. 'Please don't let me be any trouble,' I bawled. 'I could come again another time.'

"The next instant I was back at the window, listening. The answer boomed down at me at last from some room above. But I could distinguish no words —merely a senseless babble. It would be indiscreet, it seemed, to hesitate any longer. I seized a frowzy cushion and with all my force thrust it against the outer frame of the window. It flew open with but one explosive crack. I had prepared for that by trumpeting as loudly as I could into my handkerchief on my nose. Once more I paused. Then after a last hasty glance around that dismal laboratory, its scattered books, fusty papers, blackened ceiling, broken lamp—and that one half-obliterated portrait of the gentle apologetic faded young woman on the wall, I clambered soundlessly onto the sill, and dropped. The refuse below was thoroughly rotten; not a twig snapped.

"The moment I touched ground I regretted this ignominious exit. There was I, a young man—thirty to forty years at least the junior of Mr. Kempe —a young man who, whether or not possessed with a soul, was at least fairly capable in body. Surely I might have ventured. . . . Life has more riddles than one. . . . But I did not pursue these thoughts far. The very look and appearance of the house as I glanced up at the window out of which I had descended so abruptly, its overhanging gable, its piebald darkened walls rising towards the first stars, under the last of twilight—it was hardly less unhappy and unpleasing company than its tenant.

"I groped my way beyond its purlieus as quickly and silently as I could, mounted a low wall and was already in the woods. By luck I had caught a glimpse of the Plough straddling above the chimneys, so I knew my north, and edged off upwards and westwards for some little distance under the motionless trees before I came to a halt.

"The house was now out of sight, its owner once more abandoned to his own resources and researches. And I was conscious of no particular desire to return to examine the interior of the small stone hermitage, or the inscriptions on the few headstones which memorialized those who had been longest slumbering in the ground near by.

"Possibly I was not the only visitor who had bidden the recluse in this valley so unmannerly a farewell. I cannot at any rate imagine anyone simpleton enough to venture back even in response to the sound of hysterical weeping that came edging across the silence of the woods."

"D'ye mean that old man was crying?" queried our friend in leggings.

The drizzle in the lane outside the Inn had plucked up courage as daylight ebbed, and had increased to a steady downpour. He had to repeat his question.

"I mean," said the schoolmaster a little acidly, "exactly what I say. I am nothing much of a traveler, or perhaps I could tell you what resemblance the noise of it had to the cajolings of a crocodile."

"My God!" coughed the other derisively. With this he seemed to have finally made up his mind, and lurched heavily off his stool. And without even so much as a "good-night" to our landlady, he betook himself out of the bar.

Except for the noise of the rain a complete silence followed his departure.

"And you never went back?" I ventured presently. "Or—or spoke about the matter?"

"I mean, do you see," said the schoolmaster, "I acted like a fool. I should have taken Mr. Kempe simply on his

face value. There was nothing to complain about. He hadn't *invited* me to come and see him. And it was hardly his fault, I suppose, if an occasional visitor failed to complete so precarious a journey. I wouldn't go so far as that. He was merely one of those would-be benefactors to the human race who go astray; get lost; ramble on down the wrong turning. *Qua* pioneer, I ask," he rapped his fingers on the pewter of the counter; "was he exceptional?" He was arguing with himself rather than with me.

I nodded. "But what was your impression—was *he* sure—Mr. Kempe?"

"The soul?"

"Yes," I echoed, "the soul." But I repeated the term under my breath, for something in the sound of our voices seemed to have attracted the attention of the landlady. And, alas, she had decided to light up.

The solemnity of Man's remotest ancestors lay over the schoolmaster's features. "I can't say," he replied. "I am uncertain even if he was aware how densely populated his valley had appeared to be—to a chance visitor I mean. What's more, to judge from the tones of his voice, he had scarcely the effect of a single personality. There were at least three Mr. Kempes present that evening. And I haven't the faintest wish in the world to meet any one of them again."

"And afterwards? Was it comparatively easy finding your way—on to the new cliff road?"

"Comparatively," said the schoolmaster. "Though it took time. But nights are fairly short in June, even in country as thickly wooded as that."

I continued to look at him without speaking; yet another unuttered question on my lips.

To judge from the remote friendly smile he just blinked at me, he appeared to have divined it, though it produced no direct answer. He got down from his stool, looked at his empty glass—and for the first time I noticed he was wearing mittens over his much veined bluish hands.

"It's getting late," he said, with an eye fixed vacantly once more on an automatic machine that stood in the corner of the tap-room.

There was no denying it; nor that even the musty human "Blue Boar" looked more hospitable than the torrential night outside that had with so dense a blanket obscured its punctual stars.

# THE HOME-TOWN MIND

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

I CAME back last summer to the Hoosier city where I was born. I had not been a permanent resident for twenty years, and in ten years had paid it only one twenty-four-hour visit.

For thirty miles along the railroad Chamber of Commerce signs proclaimed me welcome to this and that economic opportunity. But to senses Hoosier-born and Hoosier-reared a furious mid-western heat wave conveyed a welcome that seemed heartier and more intimate. In the sweating Pullman that afternoon the heat rolled in off the cornfields with a touch of oldtime courtesy—the salty manners, the vigorous expression, the fierce genuineness which the Chamber of Commerce allurements lacked.

"See here," it might have said if a heat wave could talk Hoosier, "I'm the kind of weather we raise out here, and that's all there is to it. I may be uncomfortable but I won't kill you and I figure you're the kind of a man to stand up to me and fight back. No hard feelings? Anyway, I'm going to be myself, and you can do what you please about it."

But what had Hoosiers, with their old-fashioned, critical acerbities, to do with all this boosting nonsense?

I happened to know that the place for which I was headed was being plagued just then with various devils of economic misfortune. In the memorable summer of 1896, rude forefathers would not only have admitted this. They would have emptied a whose season's vials of antiseptic laughter upon the head of any amateur affirmative psychologist so infatuated as to put up signs denying it. Meanwhile they would have worked their hides off getting out votes for the gold standard and McKinley, or doing whatever seemed necessary to relieve their hardships.

But these Chamber of Commerce signs were to prove authentic symbols. I was to learn that the heat wave was almost the last old-fashioned Hoosier over the age of thirty left in Indiana.

## II

Indiana is as full of slogans to-day as its summer logs are of chiggers. But the only slogan that the home town takes to heart and sincerely strives to obey against its better nature is—"Hush!"

Oh, yes, they talk. The gift of expression dies hard in a people who once delighted in it, and the gift of humor dies harder still. But this is the way they talk:

I went one day to call on an old friend, half a generation older than I, the memory of whose outspoken, tartly philosophical opinions of various subjects, from the neighbors' morals to international politics, I had relished since my earliest understanding of these things. If any man, I thought, can explain how so ludicrous an organization as the Ku Klux Klan has come to dominate a society so sensitive to the ludicrous as the Hoosiers once were, why, let him.

The palaver of renewed friendship over, I stated my curiosity. I was almost frightened for a moment, his expression seemed to accuse me of having introduced the unmentionable.

We were seated in his private office.

He rose, still without replying, and shut the door. A strong hot wind rattled it in its casement, and he locked it. The room on one side fronted an L in a small office building. Thirty or forty feet away were other open windows with men behind them at work in offices. My host closed the window on their side.

Not until he had achieved this hermetical secrecy did he talk. Then, except for his lowered tones, it was with the old-time freedom and horse sense, the old sardonic dash in criticism. But when it was over he appealed to me, "My God, you're not going to write anything about this, are you?

"Well, you don't have to live here, so I suppose it's all right. But you know the tricks of your business. Whatever you do, don't write anything that could possibly identify me. I've kept out of this thing for three years and I can't afford to get in it now. It won't mix with my business."

So I shall describe him as the magnate of the Hoosier diamond industry because there are no diamond mines in Indiana and he is no magnate. But while I do it I remember how the generation before him reviled and extolled the A. P. A. movement in informal street corner debates thirty years ago while it struggled for a feeble foothold in the state against the massed weight of the Hoosier sense of humor.

As I left I began to discover an even deeper poignancy in the contrast. I call the summer of 1896 memorable because my memories of the good things in the old Hoosier life begin there. It was, as even the tamest school histories will tell one, a period of violent differences of opinion. And how the Hoosiers, with their infinite delight in battles of wits and opinions, did make the most of it!

Main Street was not yet a mere sociological catchword. But for six months, between some incidental business transactions, it was an open forum for debating "free silver" and all the other impassioned issues between Democrats and Republicans, between radical minds and conservative, which "free silver" dragged in its train.

Our social codes never required then that controversial subjects should be denied admission, delicately or otherwise, merely because they were controversial. On the contrary, we recognized a stern, sometimes an almost painful, duty to express our opinions on every subject on which we happened to have any—and occasionally, I fear, on some others. Thus the evolutionist, the populist, the southern sympathizer (for the Civil War was still a fairly live issue), the prohibitionist, the woman suffragist, the town socialist, and the town atheist, even that heretic of heretics for the summer of 1896—the Bryan Democrat—had their hearings and took them. In our highest reaches we could even debate Catholicism vs. Protestantism. But sex we touched gingerly, if at all. Otherwise, we had infinite stomach for this sort of battle, and it was sometimes offered with bludgeons rather than rapiers. So we had our share of coolnesses and feuds, both temporary and lasting. But we spoke our minds and we had no reticences save those of decency and good breeding.

All this may have been rather horrible to the young man of seven summers whose patience was often tried with the incessant boom of authoritative voices above his head. But when his time came to ask questions he was never told that it was un-American and a fit cause for ostracism to hold certain opinions, or that, holding them, it was "bad business" to utter them.

In that time and place it was characteristically American to hold opinions and do battle for them, and business, at the appropriate stage in all such discussions, was supposed to be damned. But now my friend, whose mind and critical judgments were certainly not inferior to his grandfather's, had shut the doors and windows on argument and pleaded, "Keep this dark!"

## III

Again, I talked politics with the Hoosiers. For some days I was aware of something vaguely unusual in these conversations. Then one day an old friend explained it. "I don't think," he said, "that we talk politics so much out here as we used to. Can't always tell who's listening or who might take offense." . . . The light dawned. Once politics, when two or more Hoosiers were gathered together, obtruded themselves as naturally as the weather. Now it was I, the outsider, who was always dragging in politics; and it was subtly conveyed that this was rather daring of me.

When politics were talked, it was with the old, racy, professional spirit of the state which is always exhilaratingly "doubtful" and polls a larger percentage of its eligible vote than any other. There was a shrewd and ironic admiration, even in the enemy quarter, for the vote-getting efficiency with which the Republican machine had annexed the Ku Klux Klan bloc to its organization, even at the price of transferring to a great extent that noble and complex mechanism to the Grand Dragon's office. The Hoosier mind is still keen enough to take a non-partisan delight in the subtleties by which the scandal of a Republican governor's conviction and imprisonment in Atlanta was redeemed under the Klan's official robe of super-Americanism and super-righteousness.

These born technicians appreciated with scientific but sportsmanlike detachment the "politics" behind the stringent Wright prohibition law which provides mandatory jail sentences for the mere possession of liquor, outlaws pre-volstead purchases, and largely eliminates search warrants; and behind the barely defeated Simms bill which would have prohibited teachers from wearing religious garb in school rooms.

"If you're going in for Klan stuff," they counselled sagely, "you might as well go the limit and get a reputation out of it."

Yet in these political discussions there were differences. Even in Klan-ridden Indiana most of the people one meets intimately are not Klansmen or sympathetic with them. "Even under their robes on parade," my "diamond magnate" friend had said, "you can tell the crowd the Klan draws from by their shoes."

But no amount of anti-Klan predilection, so far as I could see, had driven a single Hoosier Republican out of his party allegiance, although in the last campaign the Klan, however much played down by terrorized newspapers and stump speakers, was plainly the outstanding issue. Again I remembered the campaign of 1896 and certain notorious transfers of allegiance over the momentous issue of "free silver." The Hoosiers of those days admired mere "tactics" with perhaps even more fervor than the Hoosiers of 1925. But they voted their convictions.

These political discussions had, too, an air, if not of secrecy, at least of personal confidence. Opinions were given, it is true, frankly and with analytical keenness, and not infrequently with cutting edges of the old-time wit. But how many times were they introduced with such a discretionary apology as "I don't mind saying this among friends"?

Yet thirty years ago every Hoosier of standing fought his way to and from the sustaining midday dinner through the raging free silver debate. I remember the case of one individual who on account of his views on this subject was threatened with the loss of a large business account. He met the threatener at his front gate and they had it out together for half an hour while two roasts seared and dried, and two leaders of our feminine social life looked dreadful wifely daggers from behind late-Victorian curtains.

There were no conversions, but on the other hand there was no boycott. Two Hoosiers had merely re-affirmed the ancient Hoosier doctrine that a man of substance was a political leader by

obligation of his status: if not in the organization sense, at least in the sense of letting all the world know his opinions and feel the impact of their cogency.

But the Indiana I found in 1925 seemed always timidly whispering, "Don't let anybody outside our own little circle know that I think anything."

A modern Hoosier of some local substance confessed to me proudly that he had just succeeded in inducing one of his right-hand men to withdraw from public participation in politics.

"That sort of thing's all right for a fellow who has an independent income," he said, "or for a fellow who wants to take a speculative chance on making a living out of politics exclusively. But in a legitimate business it raises hell."

## IV

In circles intimate enough for such confidences one can still measurably be an individual in Indiana. On rare occasions I even heard Rotarians and Chamber of Commerce directors twitted with a sharply critical geniality about their sublime faith in the mystical powers of "Organization"—and heard them reply in kind.

Knowing other sections of the country where this was virtually as impossible as friendly religious debate, I was cheered with the reflection that old-fashioned Hoosier open-mindedness and good breeding carry on in spite of obstacles. I know other places where the post-prandial theories obtain that Lincoln and Jesus were the first "boosters," and where, consequently, any attack on the principles of utility of any order of "boosters" becomes *ipso facto* treasonable and blasphemous. Indiana is at least near enough to the spirit of '96 to have avoided this pass. From her own, and among her own, she still endures criticism and meets it with courtesy and some wit.

Nevertheless, the air of confidentialness must always be present in these discussions or they do not occur. And the sense of a subtle compulsion toward conformity is rarely far away.

At lower levels, indeed, the subtlety vanishes. The compulsions are as blatant as anywhere else. Putting to one side the purely political motives of its "master minds," the Ku Klux Klan has successfully swept Indiana with the same violent urge to standardize American Protestantism and its prejudices which has operated elsewhere.

A young man, recently arrived in his home town from the East, encountered a typical instance of this in its cruder form when he first tried to rent a house. The house, the price, and the prospective tenant's credit standing were all satisfactory, and it seemed a mere question of leasing formalities. But the landlord required additional satisfaction.

"See here," he demanded, "before we sign anything, are you one hundred per cent?"

The Easterner requested an explanation.

"I mean," said the landlord, "are you an American Protestant?"

The Easterner was able to establish an early and, at least nominal, connection with the Congregationalists, and the lease was signed in due order—but not before the landlord had predicted that a few weeks of "seeing how things are going" in Indiana would lead any enterprising young man of Protestant parentage into active Klan membership; and not before the landlord had told what was evidently his favorite story, of how he had refused to renew the lease for a Catholic family although they had lived more than a year in the house and had been "good pay."

When I was told this—(and it was thoroughly substantiated and apparently not exceptional)—I thought of the jibes old Joe Hanson, the town's most popular grocer's clerk of thirty years ago—a "high up" Mason and member of heaven only knows how many secret orders connected with Protestantism—would have launched at any property

owner who would turn out a good tenant because of religious differences, and of how Joe's social circle—the vanished counterpart of the "one hundred per cent" landlord's—would have laughed with him.

In groups of wider mental horizons and normal small-city social sophistication the Klan is, for the most part, condescendingly smiled at. It may be given credit for allaying labor unrest by withdrawing large numbers of American-born, Protestant factory mechanics from any sense of solidarity with their fellow workmen of foreign birth and non-Protestant theology. Here and there the Klan must not be condescendingly smiled at, because some young lawyer or physician or rising young real estate man is present who is known to have joined it for frankly commercial reasons. But, on the whole, Indiana's reasonably civilized and cultivated society views the Klan (in confidence) with mildly contemptuous mirth. As an accessory to the political machine, as a device enabling fifth-rate pastors to express their strictly economic jealousy of a prospering Catholicism, and to whoop up a temporary interest in the waning Puritanism of the more fiercely evangelical sects, it does very well—likewise, as an emotional substitute for liquor among the classes too indigent or too unenterprising to defy the Wright law. But for the Klan's fierce fervors in imposing conformity Indiana's "upper crust" has no use. Here the spirit of fascism, so crudely expressed in those regions of American life which lack Indiana's traditions of individualism and mental freedom, is at least suave. Only, one seldom escapes its suave pressures.

One day I talked for hours with a friend of my own generation which, to its sorrow, was born too late to grow up convincedly Victorian and too early to acquire with sufficient naturalness the technic of the flapper and her male satellites. My friend had solved his problem of adaptation by forcing himself—or so it seemed to me—to become, not merely a Victorian or a super-Victorian, but a veritable Bourbon.

In a rage with the outstanding faults of taste in the present era, he has come round to damning everything modern as an insult to decent taste. Futurism in art, realism in literature, evolutionism in religion, vocationalism in education, democracy in politics, individualism in morals—to him, they were all one and all anathema. He has become a fundamentalist in church politics, not at all through conversion or even through intellectual conviction, but simply because he sees social salvation nowhere else. With the exceptions of Anatole France and Balzac, he insists that no literature fit for a civilized man has been produced since the Eighteenth Century. Denying a gentleman a drink and permitting a young girl to discover her life on her own hook are, to him, sins as black as the use of the term "complex" or the literary technic of Mr. Sinclair Lewis. On the constructive side he refuses to regard the nation as half way pointed toward safety until literal belief in the Bible is enforced upon every American child at the parent's knee, to be followed at the age of seven by the compulsory Latin book and at ten by the compulsory Greek book.

I having, for obscure reasons, sold out my soul almost as unreservedly to my juniors and betters, the argument took place after the heroic Indiana manner. That is to say, we exchanged views with exaggerated emphasis, insulted each other with sarcasms, innuendo, and frontal attacks, and parted after several hours in unusual amity.

Still, my friend's views so fascinated me by their horribleness that at parting I urged him to write them down and try to get them published. His answer suddenly made me feel the full force of the home-town's mind's conformity tides.

"I'd boil over," he said. "I have to keep this in too much."

"Why keep it in," I asked, "if you believe it?"

"Such things," was the reply, "simply

aren't said out here nowadays. Worse than that, if you don't get my meaning, saying them is a thing that isn't done.

"Imagine starting a conversation like this with So-and-So and so on"—he listed almost the full circle of his intimates.

"If you're going to be a nut and go on living in this generation, you've got to keep it dark." And he proceeded to express an almost pathetic gratitude that now, actually after years, he could let loose, even on a scoffer like me. I thought of other Hoosiers, now either dead or senile, who, having such convictions, would have spent a lifetime doing public battle for them; and of their contemporary Hoosiers who, on each choice social occasion, would have egged them on.

More and more one felt the weight of those subtle compulsions. Here was a man silently but definitely excluded from the field of complete respectability because he did not like golf. Here was a couple mildly tainted because they preferred a good deal of their own society to constant social activity. While the Ku Klux group imposes wilder and wilder legal restrictions on drinking, there seemed to be different social strata in which it could become palpably awkward not to defy these restrictions.

Thirty years ago the town atheist would have refused his children baptism with a gesture of purposeful grandiloquence. Afterwards he might have to debate theology at every porch call he made that summer. But, granting his convictions were incorrigible, his decision would have been universally respected. Yet in the summer of 1925 one listened while a group of hopeless agnostics, scandalized by the consistency of one of their number in putting his skepticism into practice, implored him to give his children the customary religious training. The sole burden of the argument was that this was customary; that it was "the right thing" to do.

There were too many such conversations regarding the irregular conduct and views of others—frequently absent others—for one to suppose for a minute that individuality is seriously on the wane in Indiana. But the trend of each conversation forced one, likewise, to the melancholy conclusion that Hoosiers no longer cherish individuality with the old-time zest.

The well-bred do not, it is true, assail it with the bludgeons, the police edicts, the luncheon-club oratorical billingsgate, the editorial denunciation, and the ecclesiastical holy sarcasms which any marked tendency toward human differentiation must cope with in the ex-cow towns and ex-mining camps of the West and, too often alas, in the super-commerce-chambered civilization of New England. Among Hoosiers the home-town mind is mild and reasonable. It recognizes that indulgence in a personality is one of its ancient vices, deep-rooted in both tradition and habit; curable, if at all, by kindness. So it lures the victims of unorthodox sentiments onward and upward mainly by bestowing favors upon conformity and by placing the victim's nonconformities on a plane with those regrettable personal weaknesses seldom to be mentioned in his presence.

But of all those startling piquancies of belief, of conduct, of expression in which the home-town mind of old rejoiced, the home-town mind of to-day seems half ashamed or half afraid. Emphatic human differences were once the main things that made that mind's life interesting. The home town to-day will deprecate them out of existence if it can.

I heard on the station platform as I was leaving these last seductive words of the home-town mind regarding my own heresies:

"If you'll only think these things over long enough you'll come around to agreeing with us."

This was sincerely hospitable, and I recognized it as such not without gratitude. And it is also true that the home-town mind thirty years ago might have said, "You poor fool, you don't know any better, and you never will."

But beneath the billingsgate, the old

home-town mind would have been glad you were yourself.

V

Still, there is no use calling the home town names about it. These changes will come with the passage of our generations: generations of varied originality, generations of rigid conventions; generations of faith, generations of skepticism; generations of urbanity, and generations of what might be called, with a strong modern accent, "blurbanity." The shadows of the changes pass over all the home-town minds wherever, in the world, mental motion happens; and then other changes come.

The Hoosier mind may have surrendered some twenty years back to the "bigger and better" complex, as fully as it could. It may have done its best to abide by the code ideas of the era: That positive opinions should be suppressed in the interests of business; that the individual should sink his identity in the organization or, worse, pattern himself upon the "key types" which organizations breed; that criticism should be "constructive" instead of for the fun of starting an argument; that the first rule of a gentleman and a salesman is to "boost, not knock."

But the surrender is incomplete and with numerous private reservations. The old Hoosier Adam whispers many a sane indiscretion between the lines of the solemn luncheon-club rituals. Not always but more often, I think, than in other states, he winks a subtle political comprehension at you even from behind the Klan mask. The home-town mind may have suffered an eclipse under the shadow of the modern slogan banners, but it has not suffered an attack of paralysis, or even a genuine transformation.

Already there are signs that the eclipse is passing. The flapper is abroad in Indiana as elsewhere and, as elsewhere, she carried her male admirers along with her in her fiery courses. The flapper fails to recognize the hush instincts of her elders, and upon her the suave compulsions of conformity are wasted.

And in Indiana, because she is Hoosier, the flapper is interesting. When she tells you how and why she was fired from half a dozen finishing schools, or what she thinks of the Ku Klux Klan and the Wright law, and what her ideas are of the relative merits of salesmanship manuals and the *American Mercury*, the whole world can sit up and listen and fight her back for all she cares.

She is still, of course, handicapped by youth. She tells what she knows and thinks without fear or favor, but she does not yet know enough for this to be final wisdom. All the same, her more seasoned specimens have now seven or eight years of extreme youth behind them, and it was from one of these that I heard the rising Indiana express itself in the tone of its grandfathers. It was in reference to the whispered complaint of some "organization men" that one citizen of prominence had been too outspoken in his unflattering opinion about the home-town's present economic prospects.

"Why can't those damned old fossils," she propounded, "let somebody *do* and *be* and *say* what he wants?"

Call it the Mendelian law or an instinctive reaction to the organization "white terror," the flapper in Hoosierdom is her grandfather's granddaughter. Despite his natural timidity before the older business men, she is driving her young man to be his grandfather's grandson.

So, though its present enfeeblement cannot fail to amuse the critical observer who knew it ancestrally, the home-town mind no longer seems fit to be despaired of. Out on the banks of the Wabash—than which there is no more significant focus of national thinking or expression—one sees, beneath the shadow, tokens that the Hoosier world's great age begins anew.

# MRS. HOPPLE AND DAUGHTER

A STORY

BY PHILIP CURTISS

THE children were the first to unearth the scandal. And of course they had to do it when eight people were gathered around the Sunday dinner table.

"Mummie," piped little Helen suddenly, "is Mrs. Hopple going to marry Uncle Dronnie?"

Nora, my wife, blushed violently. "No, dear," she explained. "They're just very good friends."

"But," persisted Helen, "is he going to marry *Miss* Hopple?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I don't think so," placated Nora.

"Well, then," broke in little Dick, brutally, "what are they doing up there at his house all the time?"

The awful silence that followed was broken only by a peculiar choke from Elise Parke at the other end of the table. By promise of a half-interest each in a wishbone, the children were bribed to settle back in their chairs, while the rest of us remained in the odd position of a group of persons who have much to think of but nothing to say.

As an institution a heavy noon dinner on a broiling hot day in the middle of summer would be all right if it were only carried out to its logical conclusion. When the last finger bowl has been littered with the last cigar ashes, my own desire is to be wafted away to a bed of balsam where gentle breezes play over my brow and unseen zithers tune up into soft Bach sonatas. What I do not care for is a hearty suggestion that three or four of us take an eight-mile walk up a nearby mountain or that we go out and play "Cops and Robbers" with the children.

Subtly fearing at least one of these possibilities, Bob Parke and I pretended a quiet interest in the flower garden. Without actually admitting that we were fugitives from justice, we presently found ourselves over the brow of the hill where, sheltered from view by a row of white lilac bushes, we lay down in the grass and allowed our minds to revert to the topic that had been so sharply checked during dinner.

"It's really funny, when you come to think of it," chuckled Bob, "what a deadly fascination Dron Ashley has for every woman in Lakemont. Of course," he added, loyally, "Dronnie *is* a blame nice fellow."

"Oh, a corker!" I agreed. "Still, I I know what you mean."

I watched, for a moment, the thin, rising smoke of my fresh cigar.

"When I was in college," I mused, "I used to think that if a man could only be captain of the varsity crew—thick but handsome—life would be pretty simple, so far as love affairs were concerned. But now, if I were going to write a romantic novel destined to capture all feminine hearts, I'd make the hero a little, thin, frightened sort of a man with a curious knowledge of antique brass chests, a genius for growing hollyhocks—"

"And thirty thousand a year," added Bob succinctly.

"No, that doesn't answer it all," I protested honestly. "Mul Bullard has

twice as much as Dronnie. Moreover he's just the dashing, polo-playing type of man that ought to be irresistible, but no one in Lakemont has any real use for him. Then look at Dronnie! He's thin, not especially good looking and he's forty-two years old. He wears clothes made in 1886 and he's so near-sighted that he can hardly see over his nose. Yet all he has to do is to mumble around his garden and grin at you through his spectacles and every woman in town will fly to him like steel to a magnet. The truth is, Bob, that he's got some secret that you and I, with our coarser natures, do not understand. I've told Nora frankly that if Dronnie should ever crook his finger in her direction I suppose I should simply have to take the children and get along as best I could."

"And what did she say?" asked Bob.

"She said she supposed I should."

Bob laughed. "Well, anyway, you're no worse off than I am. When Dronnie was sick last spring you'd have thought it was President Coolidge. Elise would call up his house two or three times a day for the latest bulletins. She was flying around with custards and unsweetened cakes and was sore as a crab when the Milliken girl slipped in ahead of her with a calf's foot jelly.

"Just the same," added Bob, more soberly, "neither you nor I would like it ourselves if the Hopples, mother and daughter, should suddenly settle down as the permanent heads of the Ashley household."

"Oh, I don't worry," I answered languidly. "Mrs. Hopple is simply aggressive and Dronnie's good natured. They fish for an invitation and Dronnie is too hospitable to say no. But if it ever gets to the serious stuff you'll find that he's a pretty shrewd boy."

"I'm not so sure," disagreed Bob slowly. "Hasn't it ever occurred to you that one reason why Dronnie is so magnetic for feminine hearts may be that he is pretty susceptible himself? He may *look* like a little professor of Greek but I've had a hint that he's pretty human."

"It may be so," I agreed pensively, but before we could say any more there came a series of birdlike tones from the house behind us.

"Jim! Oh, Ji-um!"

Turning to peer through the roots of the lilacs, we saw Nora on an upper porch, equipped with a tweed skirt and a long staff.

"Jim darling," she called as she saw something stir guiltily in the hedgerows, "we're starting for a walk up Bisby Hill in five minutes, but I thought you'd like time to change to your climbing shoes."

"Yes, Milady," I answered and, rising heavily to our feet, we both walked back to the house—beaten men.

At six o'clock we all returned from our expedition, covered with dust and burdock and our faces stinging with sunburn. Nevertheless I suppose that Nora must have been right. For when the sun had gone down and the crickets and hylas had begun to cheep in the soft summer darkness, I found myself on the front veranda wrapped in that perfect, abounding peace that one can gain only by a cold tub and fresh white linen—after physical toil. The Parkes had long since gone home. Nora was engaged in her regular evening occupation of watering the plants in the veranda boxes.

"What do you say," I suggested, "to dropping up to Dronnie's for an hour or so? I just called him up and he said the Parkes are going to be there. They must have 'phoned him as soon as they got home."

Nora paused sharply, the pitcher in her uplifted hand.

"They did?" she exclaimed. "The dirty hounds! Elise never said a word about it to me!"

"And neither did we say anything about it to them," I replied, but her attitude still remained so pained that I was forced to laugh.

"Look here, Nora," I said, "I'm beginning to believe that where Dronnie is concerned you're more jealous of Elise Parke than you are of the Hopples."

"Oh, no!" burst forth Nora in the sin-

cerity of impatience. "I'm not jealous of anyone—really. I merely don't want to have Dronnie spoiled—by the Hopples, by Elise, or by anyone else. I want him always to remain exactly as he is. I want to be able to think of his always being there just over the hill, always ready when we feel like dropping in on him, always peaceful and uncomplicated by any of the things that worry the rest of us ordinary mortals. We found him first. We were the first people he knew in Lakemont. I feel as if he belonged to us and I frankly *don't* want to share him with anyone else if they're going to change him."

This just expressed it. Andron Ashley was the one comfortable, useful, permanent bachelor of our little neighborhood. His low, rambling, luxurious house, just over the hill, took the place of a club or casino. It was the one spot in town where a man could drop in at any hour of the day or night for a drink, a smoke, or a browse in the twilight, entirely regardless of whether or not the owner were present. To the women of Lakemont, and especially the young married women, Dronnie's house not only offered the single oasis where children shouted not nor servants ever troubled, but Dronnie himself always stood, for them, in the charming attitude of an unattached man who was old enough and substantial enough to be perfectly safe, yet solicitous enough to be mildly stimulating. He was one of those quiet, industrious idlers who could talk expertly on all the things in which women are interested—chamber music and etchings, recipes for a salad, damasks and glassware, and whether to have dark green or old rose for the dining-room curtains. He always remembered the things that most men do not remember—bonbons after dinner and a basket of flowers when someone was ill. He always bought all the new novels and usually sent them over to Elise or Nora before he had read them. He constantly offered, in other words, all the thrills of a courtship with none of the dangers.

Yes, Nora was right. If Dron Ashley should suddenly marry, after forty-two years of ironclad bachelorhood, it would leave an abysmal gap in our daily existence. Yet less than ever could I take the Hopple idea with any seriousness when, half an hour later, we found ourselves with the Parkes in Dronnie's low, timbered living room. Elise Parke, at the grand piano, was idly turning over the piles of music. Nora had gone off with Dronnie to give her advice on a handmade Colonial bedspread that he had bought for his guest room. Bob Parke, standing beside the lamp table, had found an article on "Financial Trends" in an English review.

At the piano Elise had played a few bars of this and that, when abruptly, at the bottom of the pile, she found an old battered copy of "Florodora" and burst into the melody with tremendous *élan*. The sound of it brought Nora and Dronnie back to the room with a rush, and we all grouped ourselves around the piano. We belonged to an era when the original "Florodora sextette" had been the song of songs.

Suddenly, at the very height of the song, Dronnie held up his hand. "Wait a minute," he commanded. "Is that someone at the front door?"

The screen door clicked and from the broad entrance hall came a speaking voice of clear, cheery contralto.

"Good evening! May we come in?"

Before Dronnie could answer, Mrs. Hopple and her daughter Diantha were standing under the arch of the doorway, meeting, collectively, the five staring faces inside the room. The daughter, as usual, was just half a pace behind the mother. Both of the newcomers wore semi-evening gowns with long capes trailing from their shoulders.

It was incredible that Mrs. Hopple should not have noticed the general air of bleak dismay that greeted her sudden appearance. It was probably because she did notice it that she plunged at once into a supercordial effort to set us all at our ease. In her high, cultured way she

began to glad-hand the whole room. She was a tallish, vigorous woman with gray hair and a rather young face, a strikingly handsome and somewhat patrician type, with a voice running five or six notes of the scale. She gushed at once towards Elise who had risen rather stolidly from the piano.

"Oh, Mrs. Parke," she pleaded. "Please *do* go on. I wouldn't have you stop for the *world!*"

"I don't play, really," replied Elise.

"I can't believe that," answered Mrs. Hopple, archly. "Everyone tells me that you play simply *wonderfully!*"

Elise's own attitude was becoming more and more that of a courteous adder. She actually walked two or three steps away from the piano until the rest of us gathered in a sort of mass play of persuasion. We all knew instinctively that, unless she did play for a few moments at least, the rest of the evening would be wholly intolerable.

Elise consented grudgingly, began to play snatches down through the whole pile of sheet music, and the room assumed something of its former appearance. Mrs. Hopple fastened immediately on Dronnie, while Nora gravitated to Bob Parke.

It was little Diantha Hopple who fell to my lot, and I suppose that I was unconsciously flattered by the direct, eager way in which she came straight over to join me.

"Mr. Cloyne," she began, "I've really been longing to have a chance to talk with you all summer. I've heard so much about you."

What, in Heaven's name, was there to hear? I honestly wondered.

"I've heard all about your running a farm and raising horses and everything. It must be glorious to be on a farm. I've always told people that, if I had my own way, I'd go right back to a hut in the woods with a cat and about sixteen police dogs and never want to see a soul. Do you think me crazy?"

"No, not a bit," I answered. "I was just wondering how it would be for the cat."

An odd little frightened look crossed her eyes and I began to imagine that she hadn't much sense of humor. It was not, to be sure, very much of a joke, but it might have elicited a passing smile. All that she did say, was:

"Now, I'm afraid that you *do* think I'm crazy."

Just the same I really did like her. Diantha Hopple's position in life I have already described when I said that she stood, habitually, just half a pace behind her mother. I knew perfectly well that Nora, when we got home, would dismiss her in a phrase, as would Elise Parke—"Just a little French doll."

All the same, I have always had a sneaking fondness for little French dolls. They are not much to talk to, but they do have the power of arousing a curious unrest. Diantha Hopple was pretty and dainty, with great blue, staring eyes, a bob of blond hair, ridiculous, flat, little arms and the neck of a five-year-old child. Her eyes had not left mine from the moment that she joined me. Her whole attitude said that, while we remained there, no one else existed in the world. Her slightly anxious look seemed to tell me that all the problems of earth had begun to weigh her down but that, if I would only give her the answer, then she could breathe a deep sigh and remain content.

I wasn't, in short, having a bad time at all but naturally I knew that it couldn't go on. In Mrs. Hopple's scheme of life I played no part whatever, except as a friend of Dronnie's. A dominating voice very soon called little Diantha away from my side. Her mother had just discovered that she and Dronnie had common acquaintances outside of Boston and so, of course, dear Mr. Ashley must hear who they were from Diantha's own lips—"You know, darling. Those people we met at that Southampton house party."

The daughter fell at once into her habitual, obedient attitude—"Yes,

mother dear, in a minute"—but before she left me she did me the honor to turn to me with her great china eyes.

"It's been simply wonderful, Mr. Cloyne, to see you. I just love to talk things over this way."

It was rather difficult for me to remember that we *had* talked anything over, except that I had told her that rye is planted in the fall, that apple trees grown from seed will not produce the same kind of apples, and that, in general, farm life is not all that it seems. But, as she had spoken her purely conventional words, I had had a curious feeling that she had earnestly meant them.

The evening ended much sooner than anyone had a right to expect. I have a belief that Elise and Nora had had their minds made up for an endurance contest, for all the slow agonies of trench warfare, but Mrs. Hopple upset their plans. At the end of half an hour she made a broad wave and gathered her young.

"Come, dearest. We simple folk must be getting to bed." To Dronnie's protests she argued, "Oh, no. We really didn't intend to stop in at all. We were just out for our little breath of air after dinner but we heard the music and saw the lights and we simply couldn't resist."

Yet as Dronnie helped her into her cape there was slightly more calculation visible in her eyes. She held out her hand with the full force of her contralto laugh and her "dear boy" attitude.

"And now," she asked, "when are you coming to dinner, to *us*? How about to-morrow night?"

We were all grouped around in a close semicircle and Dronnie flushed visibly.

"To-morrow?" he repeated. "I'm afraid I can't. I have just accepted a very kind invitation from Nora and Jim."

This was news to Jim. Nora must have scented danger and privately slipped in her application.

"Well, then," suggested Mrs. Hopple, "how about Tuesday?"

"Tuesday?" he repeated. "I'm dining with Mr. and Mrs. Parke."

"Dear! Dear!" wailed Mrs. Hopple, in humorous dismay. "You *are* a popular man."

There still remained all the other days of the week, but Mrs. Hopple was too old a general to push the engagement too far.

"Never mind," she answered gayly. "We'll surely be able to fix it up soon. And you too, Mrs. Cloyne—Mrs. Parke. We really must see a lot of one another before the summer is out."

As all three of the older women smirked in courteous hatred, little Diantha suddenly walked up to me and held out her hand.

"Good night, Mr. Cloyne," she said. "I am really going to accept *your* invitation, you know."

The whole group looked around, rather startled at this sudden sound of firing from a totally new quarter of the field.

"Miss Hopple and I," I explained to Nora, "have discovered a common love of farming and I have asked her to come over and see our pigs and cows."

"Lovely!" exclaimed Mrs. Hopple, who vaguely scented danger but as yet could not quite see where it lay.

"Yes, you really must come," agreed Nora, whose feelings were probably not very different from those of Mrs. Hopple. "Jim sometimes forgets," she added, "that we also have two children, as well as the cows and the pigs."

"But I'm sure *you* don't forget it," rejoined Mrs. Hopple sweetly. I don't really think she meant anything by it. It only became a good line when you thought it over afterwards, but at any rate it served to break up the party. The Hopples refused all offers of a lift home and the rest of us settled down to what should have been one of our oldtime evenings.

But it wasn't one of our oldtime evenings. The smoke of battle still lay too heavily over the room for that. Elise went back to the piano and Dronnie mixed drinks, but all sparkle was gone from the air. Suddenly Bob Parke burst bluntly into the question that all of us were longing to ask.

"Dronnie," he demanded, "who in the world *are* the Hopples?"

Four pairs of ears waited eagerly while Dronnie fumbled a bit.

"Why, I never knew them," he said, "before this summer. They came up here through the Blakes. They wanted a quiet place for the season. Mrs. Hopple's husband was a Wall Street man but, when he died, I imagine that his affairs were not as—as copious as people had supposed. They had a big house just off Fifth Avenue, but they had to give that up."

"Did her husband die recently?" asked Elise.

"Oh, goodness no!" Dronnie replied. "Diantha doesn't even remember her father. She has been brought up entirely by her mother. I don't mean to say," Dronnie explained, rather embarrassed, "that they are really hard up. They live in a good small hotel in the winter and Mrs. Hopple still has a certain place in New York society. I merely meant that they have to be a little more cautious than they used to be."

"Oh," answered Elise.

It was barely eleven when we left, that night, a full hour before our usual time, and the Parkes gave us a lift as far as our gate. We had hardly left Dronnie's doorway when Bob Parke, as usual, jumped squarely into the middle of what the rest of us were hesitating to mention.

"Say, Nora," he jibed, "you're sure a fast worker. When in the world did you get a chance to slip in that invitation?"

"I asked him while we were upstairs looking at the guest room," Nora answered, primly. "We have owed Dronnie a dinner for months."

The answer, although it deceived no one, was sufficient for formal purposes, but there was never anything formal about Bob.

"Well, it's my opinion," he retorted, "that if you girls want to drive Dron Ashley straight into the arms of Mrs. Hopple you're taking exactly the right way to do it. You can't date him up for every minute, day and night, all summer long. The harder you try the keener the old lady will be to slip under your guard. And, between you, you'll soon have Dronnie so sick of the whole blooming business that he'll begin to avoid you. Not only that, but if you keep on making it more and more obvious that the whole town is worrying about whether or not he's going to marry little What's-her-name, pretty soon he'll begin to think there's something in it himself. Then, the first thing you know, he'll up and do it."

"Oh, rot!" retorted Elise. "People don't marry that way."

"Oh, don't they!" exploded Bob. "It rushed our wedding by at least six months when people began to put you and me together at dinner parties."

After Nora and I were alone in our room a trace of the same thing was repeated.

"You didn't mind, did you," I asked, "my inviting little Diantha to come here and look at the farm?"

"Why, certainly not," replied Nora, "if you really wanted to."

Her tone was casual, yet the acid must have been lingering, for a few minutes later she added:

"I wish, sometimes, that Bob Parke were not quite so coarse in his way of putting things, but you don't really believe, do you, that Dronnie could actually fall in love with that bit of lace and tinsel?"

"I'm not so sure," I answered doubtfully and Nora looked at me in surprise.

"Do you mean to say that you really like her?"

"Well," I confessed, "between her brain and that of Barrett Wendell there might be some points of difference. But, after all, Dronnie is a lonely man, and she is certainly—huggable."

"Oh, you're worse than Bob Parke!" retorted Nora. "I honestly begin to believe that every man is nothing but an animal."

The week that followed was not a

happy one for Elise and Nora. Dronnie was oddly formal and absent-minded when he came to dinner at our house on Monday night—or at least Nora imagined that he was, and Elise Parke was thoroughly prepared to believe it when she came in for a full and anxious report on Tuesday morning. On Wednesday morning she came in again to report on her own dinner of Tuesday evening at which Dronnie had been quite as disturbing and sphinxlike. This time Nora and she spent fully an hour in whispered consultation in the darkened sitting room from which there came to me only occasional phrases such as "Do you think that he really *felt*—?" and "Did he actually *say* anything about—you know—or was it merely in the general atmosphere?"

The situation became really ominous on Wednesday afternoon when Dronnie was seen driving openly up toward the Hopples' cottage with a huge basket of peonies and afterwards appeared with both mother and daughter in his car—flaunting the creatures one might almost have said. On Thursday morning fell the last straw, exactly what Elise and Nora had been expecting. From totally outside sources they learned that Dronnie had not only dined with the Hopples on Wednesday evening, but also on Thursday evening they were to dine at his house.

Nora herself called me in to hear the worst, while Elise looked on with eyes wide as saucers. It was not that Dronnie had merely gone out to dinner but—"Why was he so secretive about it? Why didn't he say even a word about it to *us*?"

"And why, in Heaven's name, should he?" was my obvious retort.

Elise and Nora fell back in chorus on the phrases, "But, Jim, don't be silly. When Dronnie and we have always been such awfully good friends!"

Unhappily Bob Parke was not there to back me up and I thought it wisest to leave them alone with their grief. There is, however, a certain perverse relief in coming in actual contact with the enemy. At least, then you know what is going on. It had been arranged somehow or other that the Hopples were coming to tea with us on Thursday afternoon, and subconsciously both Elise and Nora had been holding their judgments in vital suspense for exactly that moment. It was quite as if they could possibly hope that Mrs. Hopple would say at once, when she came face to face, "I think I ought to tell you that my daughter and Mr. Ashley are to be married next Tuesday."

This actual coming to grips, in fact, put such a false note of expectancy in the air that, when the Hopples did finally appear on our east veranda, Nora welcomed them with an eagerness that was curiously genuine. It must have puzzled even Mrs. Hopple, but after we had all sat down and begun to balance tea cakes on our knees we had to admit that Mrs. Hopple herself could be very entertaining when she had no other object in mind. A tendency to drag in important names in New York society was slightly too evident in her talk—it was her stock in trade, poor thing!—but, apart from that, she really had seen a wide range of people in her day and could talk about them in a very entertaining manner. The afternoon passed on so happily, indeed, that after tea Nora suggested with quite a humorous smile that, if Diantha really wished to see the farm, now was the time for me to show it.

Diantha's eyes lighted at once and when we had begun with the pigs and the chickens I saw that her interest, while wholly inexpert, was not at all assumed. I proposed a walk to a distant barn where some rather absurd young stock, three colts and two heifers, disported their half-grown legs around an old pasture. It proved to be a somewhat troublesome climb over rocks, among thistles and milkweed. The afternoon sun was scorchingly hot and Diantha's shoes were those of a tea party, but she made the climb without a murmur and, when the colts came scamper-

ing up in the hope of salt, she took the head of each little beast in her arms and made ecstatic noises about it.

The barn for which we were aimed was on a side hill and was packed to the roof with new hay. Once inside the great open doors, the coolness of it held us. I pulled out a milking bench that was standing under the bays, dumped off the hayseed, and we sat down side by side. Diantha leaned back luxuriously and took off her hat.

For several minutes we were completely content to rest there in silence, drinking in the picture framed by the huge open doorway, a panorama of wooded mountains and pastures and grain fields, divided by stone walls and zigzag fences into irregular squares of different colors. It apparently had on Diantha the effect that it had on me for suddenly, with a mischievous laugh, she put out her tiny hand and patted my knee.

"Do you know," she said, "that you are a very sweet person?"

"I?" I exclaimed. "What have I done?"

"Oh, I don't know," she answered vaguely, "but you are just sort of big and restful."

I was twice her age and—well, I I haven't said much about it so far—but I *do* weigh two hundred and four.

Slowly Diantha began again, her eyes still on the mountain pastures.

"Mr. Cloyne, at a moment like this do you ever have an irresistible desire to tell all your troubles even to a perfect stranger?"

"Go ahead," I commanded. "I am distinctly interested."

"I wonder if you are," she answered, "or if you look on me just as a typical little flapper."

I made no answer to this and Diantha made no suggestions.

"Go on," I repeated, at last. "I am waiting."

She laughed self-accusingly, but there was none of the little French doll in that laugh.

"You see, the trouble is, up here where everything is so peaceful and clean and old-timey, I wonder whether you could believe all the intrigue and calculation and digs-behind-your-back that go on in the world I have to live in."

I really don't think I did smile at that. I had time to prepare not to. And I was learning that Diantha responded to silence. Indeed, sitting now with her little brows knit in fierce concentration, nothing could have stopped her from going on with her problem.

"I suppose," she began again, slowly, "that when you and Mrs. Cloyne were married it was just a plain love match."

"That's one thing," I answered, "to which I can reply truthfully. Yes, it was."

"And, being as happy as *you* are," she said, "I don't suppose that you could conceive how any decent person could marry for money."

I really meant to be broad and liberal in my answer, even if it meant being traitorous to my own kith and kin.

"Why, yes," I replied. "I could understand it. In some cases I think it might be a very wise thing to do."

At my words her eyes narrowed sharply. "Do you know," she confessed, "that you really hurt me by saying that? Lots of people can give me that advice but I was kind of hoping—to be bolstered up on the other side."

"I'm sorry," I said. I couldn't take back the words, but she had given me a definite clue.

"And you mustn't forget," I continued, still trying to remain broad and paternal, "that the problem may not always be as plain as it seems. To marry a man simply for money and nothing else probably *would* be a very foolish thing to do. But when the man is not only wealthy but is also very fine and substantial and decent, that isn't so simple. All marriage, you know, takes a lot of adjusting."

Diantha, however, had no interest in this trite philosophy. I saw that I should have to launch some sudden shot to re-establish myself, and at once I launched it.

"Tell me this, please," I demanded abruptly. "Has he ever proposed to you?"

The shot did not even raise dust. She did not turn around.

"Oh, goodness, yes!" she replied. "He's doing it all the time."

This *was* quick work—with a vengeance. The utter nonchalance of her answer gave me a sudden sick feeling in the diaphragm. I began to know, at last, just how Nora and Elise Parke really *had* been feeling. Nevertheless I bumbled ahead.

"And you think, possibly, that it may have to be decided to-night?"

She still did not turn, merely sat there with her chin in her hand. "I have a suspicion," she confessed, "that it will have to be decided within the next few days. But why did you say to-night?"

"Because," I answered, "you are dining there, aren't you?"

Slowly she turned; her face had become an absolute blank.

"Mr. Cloyne!" she demanded. "What in the world are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about Dronnie," I answered. "Aren't you?"

"Dronnie?" she repeated weakly. "Mr. Ashley? Where in the world did you ever get that grotesque idea?"

"Well," I maintained. "Dronnie has been rather attentive to you, hasn't he?"

She laughed suddenly. "Why, yes," she admitted, "Mr. Ashley has been very nice to us. He's a very pleasant person, but, my dear Mr. Cloyne, he must be at least *eighty!*"

"He's two months younger than I am," I replied ruefully. Even so, I could not bear to remain the utter fool that I must have seemed to her. "At any rate," I insisted, "your mother has been very much—attracted to him, hasn't she?"

"Oh, yes," she confessed, "poor mother does like to know all the best—all the amusing people, wherever we go."

"Then who," I pursued, "*is* the man who's troubling you?"

She looked at me quickly with the same mischievous smile. "After *that*," she answered, "I don't think you deserve to know." However she relented quickly. "It's Jack Mynt," she said.

If there had been in her air, as she announced it, a certain subdued triumph, it was wholly pardonable, for even I knew who Jack Mynt must be. One could not read the Sunday papers without knowing all about the Mynts—one of those colossally wealthy New York families at whom it is the democratic fashion to laugh but who have been important so long that they really seem to have earned the right to be considered feudal.

"But what," I could merely ask, "is the trouble with Jack Mynt? Is he wild? Is he homely? Does he lisp? Or is he merely stupid?"

Diantha shrugged. "Oh, no. He's not any of those things, really. But, you see—there happens to be another man."

"Don't tell me it's the Prince of Wales."

Diantha laughed. "No, it's just a plain, ordinary man, but I like him better. He rowed on the Princeton crew and stands six feet two in his stockings, and when he says 'Come' I just have to come. He lives up in Westchester and is with a good firm in Wall Street, but just the same he isn't Jack Mynt and—as you must have guessed—mother likes money."

I must have answered something to this but what I cannot imagine. I merely know that Diantha for two or three minutes sat looking out at the hillsides and pastures, her chin again in her hand and thinking, no doubt, of six feet two in his stockings. I also was looking out at the hillsides and pastures but I was not seeing them. *I* was seeing the whole preposterous comedy of the past five days and seeing it in all its grotesqueness.

Here we had been—Nora and Elise and Bob Parke and I—a kingdom of tiny frogs in a puddle. Poor innocent, harmless, Dronnie had been crowned as

the monarch of our little pond and to the rest of us frogs it had never occurred that in the eyes of the whole world he would not appear equally regal, equally irresistible.

And now I was seeing the other side of it. To the Hopples alike—to mother and daughter—Dronnie was only an ordinary, middle-aged man of moderate means who was merely important enough for a note on their calling list. What had been nothing more than the casual splash of a passing foot on the edge of our puddle had appeared to us frogs a Satanic and plotted invasion.

From our respective daydreams, Diantha and I must have awakened at about the same moment for the next thing I realized was that I was turning around on our milking bench and was finding her laughing at me. I could scarcely blame her, for I was laughing at myself.

"And now," I suggested, "I suppose that you are very sorry that you ever confided in me. As a confidant I must have been very disappointing."

"On the contrary," she said, "it was exactly what I needed. I have found you just as absurd and simple and dear as I thought you would be in the first place."

We stood up at that and we must have been gone a long time for, as we approached the rear of the house, we saw Nora coming out to look for us. Behind her was Mrs. Hopple, picking her way pettishly and lifting her skirts as she passed through the weeds of the henyards. They were almost within hearing when Diantha turned to me for the last time.

"Do you realize," she asked, "that you haven't even attempted to solve my problem?"

"I do," I replied, "and I never shall solve it. Ask me some *local* question—about pigs, chickens, or police dogs—and I'll be a Solomon but, when it comes to Jack Mynt or the Princeton tiger, I wish them both luck. Both of them are outside of my puddle, beyond my jurisdiction."

And it may have been that, from Mrs. Hopple at the same time, Nora had also imbibed information. Neither one of us attempted to compare notes but Nora was positively humming when she went in to give the children their supper. "A very nice sort of woman," was her only comment.

We were, in short, in a mood when any delightful thing might happen and thus, an hour later, we were not wholly surprised when Dronnie himself called us up. A slow smile played on Nora's lips when she returned from the telephone.

"Mr. Andron Ashley, Esquire," she announced, "to say that some guests whom he had invited to dinner—mentioning no names—have suddenly failed him. He wants to know whether we and the Parkes will take their places."

"You bet your sweet life we will," I replied, "and, just to show what good, noble souls we are, we will not even *ask* their names."

Nora agreed with me entirely and so did the Parkes, but our princely forbearance was quite unnecessary for when we arrived Dronnie himself at once spat forth the name of Mrs. Hopple.

"You know," he burst out, "that seems to me pretty raw—to cancel a dinner engagement at half an hour's notice. And the only excuse she had was that she and her daughter were going to Newport in the morning and she thought that Diantha ought to rest.

"Oh, well," he added, a moment later, "*I'm* more than satisfied. Now we can settle down for an old-time evening with just the old crowd."

A burst of melody answered him from the grand piano where Elise could not even wait until after dinner. But apparently that piano had not been used in some days, for in her usual manner Elise had plunged into the piece that lay open on the rack. And as he listened to her Dronnie looked sharply up from his cocktail.

"That's funny," he said.

And it *was* funny. It was "Florodora" that she played.

# THE PROMISED LAND

## PROMISED TO WHOM?

BY HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

THAT part of our planet which is not exclusively reserved for the fishes consists of a substance called "land." Parts of this land are good. Others parts are not quite so good. Still others are downright bad.

The good parts were occupied first. The late comers and the weaker citizens were relegated to the less desirable regions. Of course they cast envious glances upon those who were living within the bounds of an earthly Paradise; and as soon as they considered themselves sufficiently strong they picked up their cudgels and hammers, tried to push their more fortunate brethren out of the Elysian Fields, confiscated their houses, stole their wives, and generally behaved as the "have nots" have disported themselves since time immemorial whenever they have gained a victory over the "haves."

Those who are interested in the details of such conflict can find complete information in a book which bears the name of *Joshua, the Son of Nun*.

But what happened in the land of Canaan thirty centuries ago does not interest us here. It was "small-time" stuff. It was a storm in a water-jug. Our own problem is an honest-to-God hurricane on two full-sized oceans. It will take all the seamanship of all the sailors in threescore countries to prevent a disaster. May the Lord have mercy upon those who try to weather this storm without charts and a compass!

We are a young people. We are proud of the fact. We could not possibly have accomplished that which we have actually achieved if we were not inspired by the enthusiasm of our own youth. But this attitude carries with it some serious defects. We always want to know about the "here" and "now." The "then" and "there" does not interest us.

As a result, we continually waste tons of energy and eons of time upon discussions which, like the coffin of the late Mahomet, are suspended in midair. And when we finally reach a conclusion, we not infrequently decide upon a policy which was tried and given up as ineffectual by Tiglath-Pileser five thousand years ago and which was discarded as preposterous by the contemporaries of Julius Cæsar.

The problem is as old as the hills of Connecticut. But there are few things about which the local bards have lied as cheerfully as about this. Of course it would never do to write "Our ancestors were poor churls who lived in the slums of Mankind until they went upon a foraging expedition and broke into somebody else's country and plundered themselves rich." And so the story is revaluated into terms of "divine guidance" and "a promised land" and "inheriting the fulness of the earth and the riches thereof."

But when we reach the era of the Romans and the Greeks and the historian takes the place of the skald—when the fountain pen takes the place of the undependable lyre—then we begin to see the question under a different and much more truthful aspect. Furthermore as

the "Roman immigration problem" lasted well over a thousand years, we are presented with a mass of data which might be of some interest if only we cared to consult it once in a while for the benefit of our own enlightenment.

It was in the sixth or fifth century before the birth of Christ that the wild tribes who inhabited the central part of Asia (our own esteemed ancestors) began to grow tired of a diet of sour milk and raw meat and commenced to look for something more enticing than a tent on the high plateau of Ust-Urt. Their *Wanderlust* drove them first of all in an eastern direction. There lay the golden cities of Cathay. There they hoped to find rich plunder. But the Chinese would have naught of these uncouth visitors. They built themselves a high wall and over the gate they placed a placard bearing the pleasant legend, "Hanging space only. Keep out!"

The barbarians laughed and pushed on. But an emperor who so dearly loved the future of his people that he was willing to burn all their books of the past was a man who did not believe in half-way measures.

When Shi-Hwana-ti died, the great central asiatic migration had started upon its westward course, and soon the burning villages of Dacia told the Roman governors that all was not well with the world that had been entrusted to their care.

## II

Twenty years ago while we were still in that happy state of mind when a simplified form of history served all our needs, the period of the so-called Great Migrations offered few difficulties. We all knew how it had come about. The Romans possessed the greater part of the western world. A triangle roughly consisting of all the territory between Syria, Scotland, and Morocco was the realm of true civilization. Inside of that famous enclosure there was peace (of a sort)—roads (of a better sort)—and law (of quite a superior variety). Outside of it there was constant strife, trackless forests, and anarchy.

Then the "outside," driven by hunger and greed, had tried to get "inside." There had been a war that had lasted almost ten centuries; the Romans had fought desperately "to keep the foreigners out"; the foreigners had been too powerful for them; the Emperor Valens had fallen in the battle of Adrianople, and that had been the end.

It was a gruesome and noble picture—a world-empire being overrun by the forces of darkness—Augustus Cæsar lying dead with a German spear through his heart.

But alas! it was not true.

This alleged superstate of steel and stone, which was supposed to have dominated western civilization by the brute strength of its arms and the cunning shrewdness of its rulers, was really a structure of very common clay.

Rome did not go to pieces because it had been too harsh in dealing with the immigrant.

It perished through sheer weakness.

To those who are interested in the subject I should like to recommend the scraps of personal information that have come down to us from the first, the second, the third, and the fourth century of our era. They make interesting reading. Change a few dates and names, and they sound as if they had been written day before yesterday in any of the thousands of cities that cover this broad republic of ours. And they show that the intelligent Roman (like his intelligent American descendant) did not wake up to the true significance of this menace until it was too late. Then of course there was nothing he could do about it. His laws, his manners, his customs, his morals, his language—they had all been absorbed by an alien race. He could count himself fortunate if he was allowed to go on living. Often enough even that small favor was denied.

I know that I am talking in generalities and treading upon dangerous ground.

This article, so far, has read like a *pronunciamiento* of one of the prophets of the great and glorious Race of Nordics. I can hear joy in the camp of our hundred-percenters. But let me explain. I do not mean to imply that I have the slightest sympathy for the poor Roman. He got what he deserved. For he was trying to interfere with one of the basic laws of existence, the law which states that Nature abhors a vacuum.

The vacuum in the case was of the Roman's own making. What his ancestors had had in mind when they grabbed the greater part of the inhabitable globe is immaterial. But the empty spaces which covered the greater part of the map, that bore the proud title of "Imperium Romanum" were of his own making. And because he refused to work and to exert himself, and to fill that geographical vacuum with the fruits of his own labor he lost what he had. This, no doubt, was very sad, but in the code of the jungle, "vain regrets" are quite as useless as "if only's."

## III

It flatters our pride to talk of the progress of the last hundred years. If only we knew a little more history we should understand ourselves better. We may think of ourselves as "modern people." In reality, we are cavemen driving in flivvers, neolithic aborigines going to our sleeping-quarters in electric elevators. And the law that the world shall belong to him who has the strength and the will to hold that which he has got stands true to-day as it did at the hour of creation.

This, no doubt, is most unfortunate, but in the language of the street, "try to buck that fact."

At the present time that part of the American continent which stretches from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific belongs nominally to the descendants of a group of people who hailed from the shores of the North Sea. They lay claim to this vast domain by right of "first possession." And they insist that they shall dictate the forms of language and custom and culture which shall prevail within this rich domain.

So far so good. I for one (belonging to the original race of settlers) have no fault to find with such a state of affairs. It suits my own interests and prejudices. There remains the question, "Can it be done?"

And then, alas, I can see only one answer. A great big *no*.

Not because we are in any way inferior in intelligence to those races that clamor for admission, but for the simple reason that we are inferior in numbers.

We are to-day the proud owners of the most valuable and the most envied bit of real estate on the entire globe. What we have got everybody else wants. But that is not all.

We cannot for and by and of ourselves make adequate use of the riches that were so unexpectedly dumped into the laps of our grandparents. We cannot by and for and of ourselves hope to defend a sparsely settled wilderness against the hungry claims of overpopulated and poverty-stricken neighbors who have reached the point where the demarcation line between "being" and "not being" is no longer visible to the average human eye.

Of course we shall try to do it. We shall try it with harsh measures (after the fashion of the Chinese) and with mild measures (after the way of the Romans) and with half-way measures of every sort and variety.

But we have allowed our chance to slip by. Forty years, even twenty years ago, we could have held the continent for our own race if only we had had the courage of our convictions. We could then have decreed, "We want this and that and the other race of men, and all others please stay away."

But we were afraid of the consequences. Our humanitarian brotherhood (the class of men and women who insist upon waiting for the anæsthetic while the patient is rapidly bleeding to death) was

up in arms against such harsh measures. And as a result we did nothing.

Instead of forming a nucleus of what we might roughly call "our own kind," so that in time this might become a closely knit unit, able and willing to hold its own against the claims of our rivals, instead of doing this, we allowed ourselves to be swamped beyond the saturation point by those who by the very nature of their inborn tendencies are hostile to our own civilization, and when that had happened, we sadly shook our heads and said, "Tut, tut! this is too bad!"

Whether it really is too bad or not, that I cannot say, and besides, it does not matter. Nature or Providence (or whatever you wish to call it) has a way of her own, her wonders to perform. The loss of the older form of American civilization may lead to gain somewhere else along the line and may give birth to something infinitely more beautiful and valuable than what exists to-day.

The old order, however, is not only doomed. It is already a thing of the past.

It belongs in a museum of ancestral relics and in the show-cases of "Ye Olde Antique Shoppes."

America to-day has reached a point corresponding vaguely to that of the Roman Empire in the year 378. If we recognize this fact and accept it, we may still be able to salvage some of the things which are most holy to us.

But if we fail to recognize it (we shall probably live just as happily and unconcernedly as before) then the law that shall rule our conduct shall be the law of "the stranger within our gate" and we shall be the guests in the house of our fathers.

We had our chance and we missed it.

# THE PERFECT SETTING

A STORY

BY ROY DICKINSON

STORIES of the mysterious East, they say, are popular. People crave to read of starlit mosque towers, of the dim forest of minarets against the dark sky, the wail of a lone camel in the white roadway. We of the effete West are interested in the ways of turbaned men and veiled women in that far land across the hush of many empty miles. A land of jackals creeping up toward the tents at night instead of motors creeping up on traffic towers, the moonlit courtyard in the house of Bel-Abid, the magnificent one, instead of the child's dancing-class in the ballroom of the Park Lane.

This then, is a story of the far East. There men have time to wonder, to love all beauteous things, and to ponder on life itself and the things that give life its pattern: the splendor and the sadness of it, its mystery. It is a story of Ghazipur, that town on the left bank of the Ganges north of Benares. The tragic experience which befell Rao Howkins didn't happen there, but it started in India near Ghazipur. It is, as you know, a place where almost anything might happen.

It may be that you have never seen Ghazipur, the city of roses and romance. Perhaps you have never stood on the gray steps above the grave of Lord Cornwallis and looked off over the heads of the picturesque crowds at the bazaars to watch the swarms of river craft crowding the broad Ganges, while the throb of tom-toms and the moaning viols from across the delta made known that within some far circle of flickering lights a sunset offering was being made to jealous Vishnu, father of gods. Perhaps you have never watched from a dark hillside the temple oxen with jewelled horns and aloe leaves about their necks, as they moved majestically toward the grove of trees where the high priests prepared for their mystic sacrifice.

You have never seen Ghazipur? Neither, unfortunately, have I.

Mine is a tale which was told with tiffin in the blue hills above Ghazipur a year ago, and told to me in the hills above the Ramapo by candlelight last week. Take passage now to Ghazipur.

Below them was the sprawling town, the Ganges beyond. The smell of curried prawns came from the kitchen to the rear of Howkins' house, and the first mangoes of the season were fragrant. The hookah was bubbling and lazy smoke rings hung in the heavy air. The sun looked down at a white veranda where three men sat under the dusty sky. They were all unimportant people, but one of them was very rich and wrinkled, with bitterness and dignity in the lines of his face and a manner of speaking in short quick phrases as he smoked. Rao Howkins was an Anglo-Indian with the dark eyes of his father, the fabulously rich merchant of Bombay, and the big frame of his mother, who had once picked hops in the fields of Kent. "Always the collector, from a boy," he was saying. "They taught me to trade in stamps at Winchester. Books of

them. I was never satisfied with ordinary stamps. Had to have the rare ones. All my pocket money went for stamps. When I went to Paris on vacation I saw little there except Von Ferrary's collection in the great palace he built for it. Spent more hours looking at Tapling's collection in the British Museum. They had rich settings and many of the stamps were very rare. I used to dream at night about the twenty-fourth blue Mauritius. There were only twenty-three known in the world, but in the darkness queer dreams would come to me about one more. There would be a little old man in a shop in a by-street. I could see him looking at it by candlelight and I peering in at the window behind his head. Then I would wake up. I searched everywhere unsuccessfully for it. I was never happy. I always wanted the thing I couldn't get. Almost is best. I found that out. Nearly is perfection. You discover that about life if you are a collector. You may be collecting snuff boxes or orchids, jade thumb rings or pottery. It is the nearly perfect combination of the thing and its setting which is the true perfection in this, our unhappy world. One step more and you are mad. You go over the line, off the blue edge of the world. One must stop short of that purple rim which limits us here. If you are the true collector you realize the complete futility of life in this plane: Why people have illness. Why the beautiful dancing girl gets wrinkles and dies of dropsy after all her charms have disappeared, and why old bent women who once were beautiful sell flowers at dawn in Paris streets. Collecting anything is like life itself. It is the long search for that which never was found, the quest unending for that perfect thing which cannot quite be attained."

"This endures when all created things have passed away," quoted Chan Arjuna, the Thibetan, with the somber eyes. "This is that Life named the Unmanifest, the Infinite, the All, the Uttermost. One would see that great desire every day if one could but look into human hearts. It is why we in the East are wise. We know. Those others who sing psalms know it not."

"I owned an island once," said the American consul, Sahib O'Rafferty. "It was just off the coast of South Carolina. At night in Ridgewood, New Jersey, where I lived then, I'd be thinking of it with its palm trees and the stars above, with the great green Atlantic growling in at its caves and cliffs. One day I was in Charleston ready to go out to my island. For ten years I had looked forward to that moment itself. The boat was to sail at five in the morning and I was there long before. The crew sang an old chantey as they loaded their cargo. I was looking off over the blue to the island that waited for my coming. The captain called. The ship was ready to put off. I let it go out without me. My feet stuck to the sand and only the eyes of me looked out where the ship went. I didn't dare to see what the place was really like, and it was better that way. The dreaming of it was the better way, and it's sure I am the broker I sold it to never had half the pleasure out of that island the dreams of it gave me on winter nights in the north. Dreaming is better than going. Is that what you mean, Howkins?"

"Something like that," continued the collector. "But it is far worse when one has always searched for the ultimate. One comes even closer to it. In collecting you come finally to search the world for some possible thing, and then to search again for the right background for it. They must be in perfect harmony. And when you won't be satisfied with less, you become a tragic figure like every man in all times who has sought for perfection and refused to be satisfied with less. Every such man or woman in all times and in all places has met sorrow at the end, has called in vain after the golden wings, forever lost in the blue sky. It is an impossible quest always.

"I, too, was an idealist. I went from

stamp collecting to snuff boxes and shawls. Then I collected jade. I had to have a bit of carved jade a priest owned in the hills up north of Darjeeling. Went after it as I always did. Campfires and the smell of camels. White nights in the snow. Long walks in the icy mountain mists. Incense smells in the cavernous chapels. Then we came to the burnished treasures smoldering in the gloom. Altar ornaments. Holy vessels embossed with turquoise and silver. There was trouble then in the hills. Darkness and knife thrusts. One of them missed my lung by an inch. But I came out with the carven god with the thin scorn still on his lips that had always been there when he looked out of the dusk of his temple and watched the centuries pass before him in slow review. There was no perfect setting for so beautiful a bit of jade. It was taken by force from a temple. A museum is not a good background."

"I have not heard you mention your thievery," muttered Chan.

"Like all life, the art of collecting is cruel and curious," continued the speaker. "Like life it is always a survival of the best equipped. One takes what one can, as one can, with what one has in knowledge and judgment, in courage and capacity.

"Then, like all collectors, I came finally to the gathering of rare jewels. And it is there that harmony is most important. Glass cases for pottery. Rooms for manuscripts or stamps. Palaces for paintings or sculpture, but jewels require beautiful women for a background. A beautiful woman for each rare jewel. Each jewel to its own type. Take for example that rare topaz the Maharajah of Kikaner paid the top price for at the Van Dam auction at Haarlem last year. Did you see him last month at Bombay? He is a collector but he, too, fails to attain absolute perfection. He was dancing there with a beautiful woman dressed in cloth of gold. The night lights and the full moon wooed the shadows in her golden hair. There was music of the new American variety. She danced well. Her lips were carmine and slightly open. Her white shoulders were as nearly perfect as any I have observed in a long experience in such matters. But the almost perfect harmony one would expect from a collector of Kikaner's standing and skill was somehow lacking. For a topaz requires for its perfect setting a woman with eyes of brown, and soft as a night moth's wing. There must be deep and smoldering fires in her golden hair. The Maharajah's companion was brown eyed but the eyes were of a metallic luster. Her hair was not softly golden. Although the lady was very beautiful, I know—for I also am a collector—that the Maharajah was not supremely happy at Bombay. Almost but not quite; that is the collector's curse. Perhaps it is Adam's also.

"I secured at one time a jade thumb ring brought from Persia by Nadir Shah. It was stolen first from the great Mogul. I presented that to South Kensington. It is lifeless under glass there. Then there was an emerald. Such an emerald. The French jeweler Tavernier purchased it for me at a small sale in Bourges. Then came the problem of its proper background. It required a woman with hair of red gold and eyes of gold also, shining with a slight yellow like the eyes of a shy animal at night. There was the Princess Catoni who seemed right for it. I met her first, as I remember, at dinner in the home of the Italian Ambassador to France. I saw her twice that week. Then came the fancy-dress ball at Cannes. She was beautiful that night. I watched her as she danced all evening long, looking in at the light from the dark balcony outside. At midnight I danced once with her and later I talked to her for a long time on the balcony. There was conversation and champagne. I held her close in the shadows. We drove later up past that beautiful Gothic castle above the town to the home of a man who sometimes buys jewels and other things

for me. Her husband, I am told, searched long for her that night. Her hair was red gold and very soft. The count searched late that night and for several months thereafter. You perhaps read the final chapter. It was in that wicked and wonderful Portuguese City of Macao on the Pearl River west of Hong Kong. The Count had followed us all the way from Cannes, but I did not know it. I had been out that night at the gaming tables and had done reasonably well. It was terribly hot. She fell from the window of our room. I had just come into the courtyard and saw it all, though I have never agreed with the suicide verdict. She died at one in the morning. The count, her husband, my agent there told me, arrived eight hours later, just after my departure. She was almost but not quite the perfect combination. Her eyes, as I now remember them, had no glint of yellow at all.

"Then later, as I continued collecting, there were rubies that craved for their setting a woman with black hair, as a raven's wing, and gray cool eyes like dawn in the hills. There were other jewels which required other types of women to wear them. The search was never ending. It led me to many places and I knew many women: beautiful women with soft hair. It has been discouraging but also wonderful and very often fascinating. Man is at heart the hunter, and what game more dangerous and more versatile than the sort of women who are born to wear jewels?

"The search for unattainable harmony has always lured men on to the edge of the purple rim at the far horizon. Beyond the almost is madness, chaos and bleak tragedy. That is why I collect no more."

The glare from the sun had become blinding. A lone fig tree shivered in the waves of heat. O'Rafferty had given up the bubbling hookah. He had been looking at the pattern of the Persian Rug on the opposite wall. It was a good pattern, he thought, a tree of gold that had apples against a background of blue like a dark night when lamplight streams out upon it. Bright colors against the somber life of India. He leaned back to send a thin thread of cigarette smoke straight upward, and asked:

"Did you then find the true and perfect combination? Did you go over the line?"

"It is not good to tell about," said Howkins. "I have never told. But I shall. You may apply it where you will. It may be that, if you have any philosophy in your practical country, it will add one thought. For it happened in your great country, my friend, and it concerned the Kashmir star sapphire. That was the greatest sapphire of them all. A true Asteria with a star of bright blue rays, which when the sun struck, would reflect deep colors as the sea on a cloudy day. It was owned at one time, you may remember, by the fourth Gaekwar of Kashmir, who secured it from a long-haired monk one frosty night on Panjal. It was a stone which had always caused trouble. It cost four lives on the way from the Murree pass along the Jhelum valley. The Emperor Akbar gave it to the Gurramen order of monks in 1586 when he annexed Kashmir to the Mogul Empire and it had been handed down from century to century. Always there was violence in its history. My own expedition to secure it caused some slight international complications. It was the occasion for a well-written state paper composed by a diplomat without imagination. I wore it in my pocket for seven years and felt it bruise against the flesh. At night, too, it was with me, close by in its silken case. Always I could see in my dreams the one woman who should some day wear it. She would have hair like flax with a glint of gold, curling in a thousand ringlets above a lovely arched neck. Her eyes would have the glamorous magic of bluebells under water, so hazily blue. About her hair there would be the odor of a rose garden after a summer rain. To see my star sapphire hang for a moment in that setting

was my dream by day and night. Plantin of Paris set it skillfully in chased platinum for me, and I carried the pendant in its case twice round the world looking for the one woman who could wear it. It was a long search and difficult. There were many women but not the one woman. In your great city of New York, one day in July last year, I saw at last the face I had searched the world for. It was gliding among the crowds. I followed as best I could through unknown streets. Several times I lost the face in the great crowds. One day the woman stood before a shop window on a side street and I approached her slowly from behind. Her shoes were shabby and her skirt frayed, but the sheen of spun gold was in her hair and her eyes were as soft and blue as two drops of the Caribbean. I tried to speak to her. Then suddenly she was gone. That time I lost her for almost two weeks.

"Every day I walked the streets looking for that elusive picture among all the throng. One morning I picked her face from out the crowd again and followed her. A few paces behind I walked. For many street crossings I followed, and each time in the confusion of the limousines at the crossings I almost lost sight of her. Again I would see her walking far ahead and follow on. Then she went into a tea room on Forty-eighth Street, somewhere near an Avenue called after one of your presidents. Madison is the name. I watched the little tea room from the street outside and discovered that the owner of the face of my dreams presided over the three tables at one side of the room. She was in fact a waitress. Not a very good one either. Every day for three days I went in at tea time and sat at one of her tables. I would order tea and toast and jam but never eat. Instead, I would observe closely. At first she seemed shy, then she became accustomed to me. In her maid's uniform it was more than ever evident that I had finally caught up with the unattainable, that I had discovered the true harmony of the collector's dream: the perfect type to wear the perfect stone. It was unbelievable. I became almost giddy with excitement. She was the one woman for the Kashmir sapphire. Then I should take away with me both the stone and its setting. There was something fine in the thought of taking her away from butter and eggs and discarded rinds of lemon left in used teacups, to some far place where I should enjoy to the full both the perfect stone and its perfect setting. After making her familiar with my appearance for the three days, the great moment arrived. I would personally hang the pendant around her neck.

"Unfortunately one does not attain the true and final perfection in this imperfect world. The vision is always far off. When one comes up with it as I did, there is always tragedy."

The speaker paused. "All right," said O'Rafferty. "Here comes the tragedy."

"Tragedy, my friend, is not always something so obvious as death," said Howkins, "though in this case it would have been far preferable. There is, or should be, something sublime about death. This was quite different.

"I rose from my chair to place the pendant about her neck. She evaded me, struggling. It was terrible. There were screams, tea drinkers rose from their seats and in a moment a rude policeman ran into the shop. The words she shouted in a harsh, loud voice will always remain indelibly imprinted upon my memory. See my friends, how much worse than death the situation became.

"'This old bum,' she cried, 'has been chasing me around for more than three weeks. All over town I see him following me. Every time I stop to look in a window, there he is looking over my shoulder. I ain't slept for days. Then he comes in here and orders tea for three days straight, lookin' at me like a wolf. Just now he jumps up and tries to tie a blue bead from Woolworth's around my neck. The old fool is crazy. I want him pinched, officer, put him away.'"

# I BELIEVE IN MAN

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

SOME anxious inquirers are in difficulty about their religion because they insist on starting their religion at the end farthest away from them. They strain after a cosmic theory, a belief in God as an hypothesis to explain the universe, and often they have a desperate time getting it. One may feel keenly the importance of such an inclusive cosmic faith and yet may see the necessity, in some puzzled minds, of being willing to start at the near end of the religious question if the far end proves at first too difficult. In some cases, if a man is having trouble endeavoring to say, "I believe in God," he may get light starting closer home and endeavoring to say, "I believe in man."

This affirmation is a basic article of the Christian faith if the Founder of Christianity is to be taken seriously. Indeed, it was this emphasis in Jesus' ministry which to his contemporaries seemed unique and challenging. They were disturbed little if at all by his teaching about God. When he taught his disciples to pray, "Our Father who art in heaven," he upset no current orthodoxies. When he told them that God could be interpreted in terms of human fatherhood at its best, or pictured God as sending rain upon just and unjust, no one objected. He could have gone on through a long and peaceful lifetime saying what he pleased about God, but he was hated and crucified because of his attitude toward man.

In his first recorded sermon he raised this crucial issue and he never stopped raising it. When in his home synagogue at Nazareth he preached for the first time, and for the last time too, he laid bare the immorality of the current racial attitude. He pointed out that, with many widows in Israel, Elijah had served especially a widow of Sidon and that, with plenty of lepers at home, Elisha had healed a Syrian. On the threshold of his ministry he made explicit his impatience with contemporary racial exclusiveness and his intention to consider man as man "for a' that and a' that." They nearly killed him for the heresy. They would not have been disturbed by his teaching about God, but his teaching about man awakened all their slumbering ire.

It was this aspect of Jesus' message which always angered his enemies. The three most familiar parables he ever told, those of the lost sheep, the lost coin, and the lost son, were a spirited defense of his attitude toward man. The outlawed publicans and sinners were gathering about him and the officials of organized religion were complaining "This man receiveth sinners," when he told those stories and, popular misinterpretation to the contrary notwithstanding, they are not primarily pictures of God at all. The housewife who would not stop her search for the lost coin, the shepherd who would not cease his quest for the wandering sheep, the father who waited with undiscourageable welcome for the prodigal are all pictures of the attitude of Jesus himself toward neglected and forgotten men.

The three stories are his vivid and passionate defense of his own attitude.

Always this was the center of the controversy which swirled around him. His first commandment about loving God awakened no question, but his emphasis on the second, loving one's neighbor as oneself, at once brought on discussion and in the end brought down on the young lawyer who started it the crushing story of the Good Samaritan. As that lawyer turned away with "Go, and do thou likewise," ringing in his ears, it is evident that he was not upset by Jesus' teaching about God but that he was anxiously upset by Jesus' teaching about man.

When at last Jesus began courageously unfolding the latent implications of this attitude, when he explicitly insisted that even the sabbath—most sacred of institutions—was made for man and not man for the sabbath, and that no sabbath law would keep him from serving man, the storm broke. This teaching and not his theology was the crux of his offending. He even said that at the judgment seat no technical, ecclesiastical reasons for perdition and salvation would obtain, but that human service to the hungry, thirsty, naked, sick, and imprisoned would prove the one passport to the favor of the Eternal.

In the end they crucified him because of this uncompromising humanitarianism and the conflict which it involved with their traditions. I often wonder how a clear and unmistakable statement about that came to be left out of the official formulations of Christian faith, as though they could be genuinely Christian without it.

JESUS' attitude toward human personality can be briefly described as always seeing people in terms of their possibilities. He habitually looked at men in terms of what they might become. We often do that with children, but the marvel of the Master was that he did it with most unlikely people. He saw prodigals in far countries and thought of what they might become, women taken in adultery and thought of them in terms of their moral possibilities. A disciple might cry, "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord," but Jesus answered, "Come ye after me, and I will *make you* fishers of men." People might grow bad, like the woman of Samaria, or encrusted in tradition, like academic Nicodemus, but Jesus thought of what they might yet grow to be. As the Fourth Gospel put it, he was constantly giving to those who would receive him "power to become."

To be sure, he was no sentimentalist. He could not well have been a sentimentalist in his attitude toward men in view of what men did to him. Enduring the contumely and public brutality visited upon him, Jesus could have been under no illusions as to human nature. He condemned hypocrisy and cruelty with scathing words and cried, "Beware of men." But like fresh springs beside the sea which rise renewed after the salt tides have gone over them, the Master's confidence in the potential worth of human personality was ultimately undiscourageable. In this realm he has been the supreme seer.

Indeed, this attitude of Jesus toward personality is one of the major springs of Western democracy. Democracy is not simply politics, election by a majority, government by a parliament. It is also the conviction that there are extraordinary possibilities in ordinary people and that if the doors of opportunity are thrown open wide enough surprising consequences will come from unlikely sources. We must not let the eugenists, with their lurid and needed warning about our folly in killing off the best breeds and multiplying from the worst, blind our eyes to this other, hopeful fact. Shakespeare was the son of a bankrupt butcher and a woman who could not write her name. Beethoven was the son of a consumptive mother and a father who was a confirmed drunkard. Schubert was the son of a peasant father and a mother in domestic service. Michael

Faraday was born over a stable, his father an invalid blacksmith, his mother a common drudge, and his education began by selling newspapers on London's streets. In France they selected by popular vote the greatest Frenchman who ever lived—not Napoleon, but Louis Pasteur, maker of modern medicine, the son of a tanner. Democracy is not simply a political system; it is a moral movement and it springs from adventurous faith in human possibilities. With all its futilities, blunders, and tragic ineptitudes, we must everlastingly believe in it, for unsuspected possibilities in common folk do appear when the doors of opportunity are opened wide.

In a real sense, this insight was Jesus' specialty. His estimate of human personality, its divine origin, its spiritual nature, its supreme value, its boundless possibilities, has been rightly called his most original contribution to human thought. And, in consequence, we know by a sure instinct that wherever a man holds this estimate of human worth and lives as though it were true, he is a man whom Jesus would approve. There are many places in modern Christianity where one wonders what the Founder would think. In great conventicles of worship with elaborate liturgies and gorgeous ceremonies, one sometimes wonders what Jesus would think. In ecclesiastical assemblies where men rally around partisan standards and grow enthusiastic over sectarian shibboleths, one wonders what Jesus would think. When Christians malign Christians about divergencies of theological opinion that never yet made any difference to character, one wonders what Jesus would think. But there is one place where uncertainty vanishes. Wherever a man cares for men, gives himself in service to them, sees beneath forbidding exteriors hidden possibilities, wherever in any church, or in none, comes the spirit of St. Francis of Assisi and Father Damien, of John Howard, David Livingstone, Horace Mann, General Booth—there one is certain what Jesus would think.

So basic is this faith in man in the religion of Christianity's Founder that there is no road to his view of God which does not start with his view of human personality. It is usually put the other way: believe in God, accept the church's faith in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and as a natural and spontaneous consequence you will take right attitudes toward men. Familiar as that approach is, it is fundamentally false.

Historically, it breaks down. The contemporary enemies of Jesus believed in God and in their most bigoted and inhuman deeds thought that they did God service. Any day they would have faced martyrdom for their faith in God, but they took no such attitudes toward humanity as Jesus did.

Experimentally, this approach to altruism by way of theology breaks down. We all know people who believe in God, who would no more be thought atheists than anarchists, but who in their human relationships are among the most undesirable citizens in the community. Hard as flint, arrogant as Lucifer, they walk among us believing in their God.

Moreover, this familiar formula which makes one's humaneness dependent on one's theology breaks down Biblically. Shall we say that a man first loves God and then spontaneously will love his neighbor well? But the New Testament reverses the order. "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, cannot love God whom he hath not seen." Shall we say that a man first is forgiven by God and then naturally overflows into magnanimous relations with his fellows? But the New Testament puts it the other way around. "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Shall we say that the worship of God comes first and love of man inevitably follows? The New Testament takes pains to state the contrary. "If, therefore, thou art offering thy gift at the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy

gift before the altar, and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." Shall we say that a right attitude toward Christ is the precedent condition of a right attitude toward men? But the New Testament says that it is impossible to take a right attitude toward Christ without taking an unselfish attitude toward men. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me." We may think as we please about the matter, but there is no question as to what the Bible thinks. In the New Testament there is no road to the heart of God that does not lead through the heart of man.

With Jesus, in particular, no other highway except this one which Seeley long ago called his "enthusiasm for humanity" brings one to his idea of God. We may deduce God from the vastness and order of the external universe; we may philosophize about God until we are intellectually convinced that theism is true; we may accept the creeds of Christendom as supernaturally deposited; but in no such way shall we reach Jesus' characteristic idea of the Divine. Like Millet, the painter, who picked up Normandy peasants that nobody had thought worth painting and in his "Angelus" and "Gleaners" made them strong and beautiful so that we cross the sea to look at them, so Jesus habitually treated human personality. Let a man start with that spirit and then rise from his care for men and his faith in them to think of the Eternal as the Goodwill behind his goodwill, the Purpose behind his purpose, and thereby he has gotten at the distinguishing attribute of Jesus' God. To God through love for man was the road traveling which the Master reached his unique heights of spiritual vision. He explicitly described it himself: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father who is in heaven!"

To be sure, the other side of the matter is true also: a vital faith in God so experimentally attained reacts powerfully on life. Religious faith in this regard is like scientific faith. A physicist in some special realm proves the uniformity of law and then moves up from his limited area of experiment to the comprehensive faith that the whole universe is law-abiding—a proposition which cannot be proved. Returning, then, with that inclusive conviction about the nature of the universe, he finds all his work supported and illumined and is sustained by his cosmic faith when, in this area or that, he cannot find the law or is baffled by apparent lawlessness. So a Christian rises in his thought through man to God and returning brings with him a conviction about the nature of the moral universe which sustains and steadies him. But he must go through that door of human sympathy and not climb up some other way if he is to understand Jesus. He who tries to say, "I believe in God" without knowing what it means to say, "I believe in man," has not come within reaching distance of the Christian God at all. An agnostic who reverently shares Jesus' attitude toward man has a fairer claim to the name Christian than a baptized pagan with a correct theology whose human relationships are untouched by the spirit of the Master.

WHEN, therefore, men say that Christianity has not been tried they are speaking truly. Many imitations have been tried but, except in limited areas, not this kind of Christianity, and a large part of our Western civilization to-day is an explicit and organized denial of it. The critical struggle for the dominance of Christian principles lies in this realm. The present protagonists of orthodoxy are locating Antichrist in the wrong place. To change one's forms of thought as new knowledge comes, to see the creative activity of the Eternal in terms of evolution instead of fiat, or to make the spiritual quality of Christ, not a miracle of supernatural birth, one's reason for reverencing him—such things are not Antichrist.

The real Antichrist is to be found in another place. All irreverent treatment of human personality in individual relationships or social institutions—that is essentially Antichrist. That is an utter denial of the Christian God and of Jesus as his revealer. Racial prejudice, social pride, industrial cruelty, war, personal selfishness and lust—these are the real sins against the real God and they have one common quality—they treat human personality with contempt.

To be a Christian is a searching matter and it starts close at home. If a man is having difficulty in beginning his religion at the far end let him not use that as an excuse for irreligion. He can at least begin at the near end. Celsus, the pagan, in the third century attacked Christianity's excessive valuation of the human soul and the idea that God takes special interest in man. That attack shows real insight. That is touching the nerve of the matter. That pagan knew what Christianity is better than many Christians have known it. Eliminate his scorn and the rest is true: the root of Christianity is reverence for personality and faith that God must care for the spiritual values of his universe.

## LOST—AN APRIL

BY MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

*HOW can new Aprils come, when one was lost*
*Out of the withering gold of all the years—*
*Brief fires burned to silver of long frost;*
*Spent ardors cooled in quietude of tears?*

*Last year I knew the beauty of a sea*
*Where faded cities hold an opal dream,*
*And climbed warm olive slopes of Italy,*
*And walked in Egypt by a glamorous stream.*

*These lands know starlight beautiful as death,*
*And year long wear their ardent colors still,—*
*Oh, shall there come again the March wind's breath,*
*And wild arbutus on a waiting hill?*

*How can they truly know the rapturous Spring,*
*If Beauty never lies upon a bier?*
*Oh, magic past the heart's imagining,*
*In that one April that I lost last year!*

# THE ONCE OPEN ROAD

BY CHARLES MERZ

THIS is a song of the once open road. Is there as much as five miles of highway left in the United States to-day without ten filling stations and at least one farmhouse called Ye Willowe Inne? Take your car beyond its accustomed haunts on a journey of exploration. The short stretch of road with its pop-stands, gas tanks, post cards, "hot dogs," ukeleles, kewpie dolls, and chocolate almond bars to which you are accustomed, and of which you think as something peculiar to your locality, is the broad and pulsing artery of a nation.

I am a traveler returned from a motor trip which was in no way exceptional, and which took me off the beaten track only when the signs said "Closed, Detour." It was a voyage of discovery none the less. It took me only a thousand miles or so; but this thousand was from New York into the Middle West—and there lay out over the headlights an impressive and hitherto unimagined Main Street, which showed no sign of stopping when I left it and which presumably runs on forever.

Perhaps you know the road. It is not hard to find. It begins almost anywhere, climbs a hill, and runs off between two rows of brightly painted numbers on its fences, trees, and posts. It is the Dixie Highway, or the Lincoln Highway, or the Lackawanna Trail, it is the Mohawk Trail, or the Yellowstone Trail, or the Roosevelt Million Dollar Highway, or the National Old Trails Road. It is a broad avenue, paved, and with our national talent for order we have plastered it with good advice. It is impossible to lose one's way, and difficult to lose one's life. Enough signals in the form of signboards, crossbars, death's heads, watchtowers, red lights, bells, and foghorns guard the approach to every danger spot to warn all but the insensible that locomotives run on railway tracks. The slightest deviation from the straightway is forecast half a mile ahead. Hills have their lefts and rights. A white streak cuts the road in two, with a keep-to-your-own-side code protecting the ascending sheep from being fouled by the descending goats. There is every safeguard here which engineering can devise, every service which can be performed by free-air tanks and expert tire-changers, every dissuasion which can be brought to bear to keep travelers from self-destruction. This is the road triumphant.

Over it travels, for many hours of the day, a vast company of motors. Up and down the well-protected hills, over crossroads carefully chalked for left-hand turns, and past such bits of roadside history on billboards as "Fremont—6 mi. from here—is the former home of the nineteenth President of the United States and a center of the cutlery trade," the long procession picks its way. America is cruising. It is bumper to bumper, sometimes, for a mile, with no interfering from the sidelines. Inside his gate a farmer pulls his team up short and counts a string of sixteen cars before he sees a loophole in the traffic. The pace is steady, seldom changing, just a little more than the law allows. Only rarely does the caravan slow down. Then horns toot and heads are thrust out nervously

to look ahead. Somewhere a slow-mover is holding up the line. He creeps along, deaf, dumb, and blind, rebellion in his rear. More sirens blare, clutches shift, brakes bite. What is the matter up there, anyway? Somebody must be looking at the scenery! Doesn't that fellow know that if the rest of us don't get to Jamesport at 2:05 we shan't reach Creston by 2:36—and if we don't reach Creston by 2:36—well, then we shan't reach Smithtown by 3:45? . . . Not that there is anything special for us to do at Smithtown. . . .

One car slips by. Another car. A third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth. The pace picks up again. All this company is hurrying on, plainly in search of something badly wanted. Impressions? Yes. Impressions of a never-ending road, a thousand farms, no-parking signs, successive towns passed through at twenty miles an hour, back-axles of no end of cars. Thrills? Yes. Thrills of scenery worth stopping for if there were only time, of police on motor cycles masked as fellow-tourists, of gorgeous sunsets well worth watching if the top were down, of getting home, at last, without a puncture. Trophies? Yes. Trophies to bring back memories of this day of travel: grass baskets, toy balloons, and paper-knives; bead bags, artificial fruit, and sea-shells with an echo. A family of six will drive two hundred miles to bring home three balls of glass with imitation butterflies inside. We are a great people for collecting local fauna. It was a cynical German who guessed, in war days, that France was fighting for Alsace-Lorraine, Britain for the Channel, and America for souvenirs.

## II

When the Via Appia was still a highway to be bragged about, and young Roman gentlemen sped from Venusia to Tarentum at so many *milia* an hour, there were occasional monuments and arches on the way. Some of them still stand, landmarks of achievement. History was written here; for each arch marked a new outpost and a new foothold for Roman culture. We cannot do, in America, as the Romans did, either in or out of Rome. But at least we have marked our own highways with appropriate symbols. What the arch was to Rome the filling station is to America.

For, as the Romans built their highway step by step, first to Capua, then Beneventum, then on to the very heel of Italy at Brundusium, so the march of the filling station across country marks the progress of a civilization which can live in new mobility, new comfort, and new speed. The change is unmistakable. Twenty years ago, before efficient manufacture and an inexhaustible supply of secondhand machines had brought motor travel within easy reach of the most average citizen, the filling station was an oddity on the road. The iron siphon, gargling gasoline for its customer in a glass jar for a moment, before spewing it into a waiting motor, was still uninvented. These were the days when travel was a matter of luck and the tourist outward bound stoked up with gasoline and oil enough to carry him from one city to another. He could not look for succor on the road. Unless he thought about his gasoline ahead of time he would have to walk a mile and borrow from a farmer. We had not yet marked our Roman roads with arches. These were the days of extra fuel carried in a can, of rear-door tonneaus, acetylene lamps, and rims which were not demountable. The filling station, where it existed in its rudimentary form, was still the mere adjunct of a garage whose weightier business lay in repairs to motors. It had not yet isolated itself or evolved its own characteristic architecture. It had not yet taken to the road. Nor had America. The rise of the filling station is coincident with the conquest of America by Americans. Gas tanks began to line the road as we acquired the ability to run over an entire country instead of staying put at home.

We do not stay put at home. We

ramble. It is left to the filling station to supply the nucleus of a new inter-city life. Here is a convenient stopping place, a friendly caravansary at which men pause, re-fuel, light pipes, counsel one another as to roads, trade warnings about speed traps, and pass the time of day. Here is amiability and conversation shorn of reticence: a first-edition Chevrolet is as good an introduction as a new Minerva. Here is a richer, creamier cross-section of America than is to be found on any Main Street: for the reason that many Main Streets have poured their quotas into it.

Nothing else in America caters to a clientèle so cosmopolitan. A moving picture theater cannot do it. Neither can a church, nor a ball game, nor the benches in a park. For all these draw their crowds from just round the corner. The filling station draws its crowds from everywhere. On the heels of a Rolls from upper Fifth Avenue, making time on its way to Saratoga, come six Alabama negroes, male and female, in a rebuilt Ford. Ten cars in a row may bear the license plates of five different states. All classes and kinds of men from all corners and sections of the country meet for a moment to discourse casually of fuels, markets, taxes, prohibition, Congress, Coolidge, Chaplin, Darwin, Darrow, glands, and cords. "I was talking last week with a fellow from down Florida-way," the Indiana farmer tells his neighbor, home from a jaunt to Michigan.

The filling station is a rare spot, in a country of magnificient distances, for the cross-pollination of ideas.

## III

Travelers from abroad who come to this country looking for something characteristically American in America, and who hesitate between lower Broadway, the Pullman smoker, Ringling Brothers, a Kansas farmyard, the quick-lunch restaurant, Chautauqua, and a night at Coney Island, can do worse than choose an enterprising gas mart on a national highway.

For one thing, it is regular. And what aims to be typical of America must be regular. It must permit of as little deviation as possible from a standard which has been agreed upon as perfect, whether it is a standard for a sleeping-porch, a bath mat, or a successful magazine. That is what we ask of our newspapers and our happy endings in the movies, our breakfast foods, our political parties, and our Sunday afternoons. That is what we do not need to ask of our filling stations. They give it to us of their own accord. Conformity to our best standards of efficiency, equality, and speed is theirs, at all points, in abundance.

For not by so much as three dents in the contour of its battered water-can does one filling station differ from another. Each is the product of a national art, perfected and unchanging. There is the low shelter with its gabled roof. There is the custodian in khaki trousers with a shirt open at the throat and a slightly perceptible scorn for anything which lacks eight cylinders. There are the two great pumps outside his door, precisely like all other pumps, at every other station: consistently of the same height, the same diameter, the same cheery shade of red. There is the half-circle of cement driveway which makes an arc between these siphons, from the road outside. At one end of this cement is painted in white letters IN. At the other end is painted in white letters OUT. Not once in years, in this conformist nation, does it occur to any traveler to mutiny at these designations and attempt the OUT end for his IN.

Here, if it is for something typical of America that you are looking, is a scene which can be reproduced on any frontier of the country: people doing the same thing in the same way in vast numbers for the same purpose. It is not easy in any other place to find so much like-mindedness, or to observe so successfully that certain American customs have

developed an uncompromising ritual of their own. A car pulls up. There follows, in regular order, the disagreement between passengers in the front seat and passengers in the rear seat as to what brand of gasoline was purchased at the last station, the dispute as to whether this new brand is the same or not the same, the corollary dispute as to whether it does or does not make the slightest difference, the descent from the car to stretch the legs, the salutation to the agent of the station, the setting of the gauge, the turning of the crank, the shaking of the hose for whatever residue remains inside, the comment from the purchaser, "That's right, I want the dividend," the observation from the rear seat, "Isn't Gus a scream?"

Blindfold a man, whisk him around the continent, set him down in an unknown city and, from watching its manners for an hour, he might guess its name. But put him down in front of a filling station, any filling station, and not even a sixth sense could tell him whether he was one mile from the Boston Public Library or lost on the Dakota plains.

## IV

Listen to the conversation of two travelers. They have pulled up at the siphons to buy oil. They are complete strangers: voyagers who have passed, met once by chance, and will not meet again. The first is eating a "hot dog" and waiting for his change. He is, as the crow flies, sixteen miles from home. For a traveler on the open road, a client at the filling station, that is a shamefully short distance. Wild horses would not drag the admission from his lips.

He looks at the customer on his left, and nods, "How far you come?" he asks, then adds, "Come thirty-five since noon, myself. Not bad for an hour, eh?"

The other cocks his head. He too is eating a "hot dog," while his son removes the wrapping from a chocolate bar.

"No, not bad," he says. "Come about that far myself. Let's see. Been on the road an hour and a half and covered forty-six." This with an unseeing glance at his speedometer, which shows plainly that he has covered twenty-five.

"Come from the west, through Freeport?" asks the first.

"Freeport? Yes, that was the name of it. A little town about six miles back."

"Roads good?"

"Roads fair. One detour, with a lot of sand."

"*Sand——!*"

"Yes, heavy sand. Of course it don't make any difference to *this* car."

"My car either."

"This car is great on sand."

"Yeh? My car is a bear at sand."

"Hills, too."

"Hills? Say, this car of mine will go up hills like a greased pig shot out of a barrel. Why, coming up a Lill near Schuyler Falls I passed three cars stalling, one of them an eight. Just have to touch the throttle—"

"I know. Same way with mine. Passed a Mercedes back there a way just like it was standing still. Say, this boat of mine—"

"And *distance!* Oh boy, but this car is a bird for distance. Never had her out in my life but I got twenty to the gallon. Never had her out, I guess, but I got twenty-one—"

"Yeh? This car of mine'll just about get that. Nearer twenty-two, I think. And run? Say, runs like a locomotive. Never have to touch her. Haven't had the hood up in two years, I guess."

"No? Me neither. Longer than that, I guess. Must be nearer three. This car—well, good luck and I'll have a look at that sand of yours. Here's my change."

Clutches grind. Off on the trail they go, one headed east, one headed west. What does it matter that five miles down the road both will have their coats off, bending over smoky motors? This is a humdrum, mechanistic age, but are men to have no chance at all to tell each other sagas?

The Indians are dead. There are no

Blackfeet left to conquer. There is no pioneering to be done, no corner of a wide country undiscovered, no stubborn soil which has never yielded to the plow. What is there left for Americans to make epics of, if not their motors?

## V

There is, I suppose, something to be said for the Woolworth Building and the county fair, for the roller-coaster and the nineteenth hole, for the non-stop elevator to the fifteenth floor and the cut-rate excursion to Niagara—as the most typically American thing about America. But the filling station cannot be ignored. Bright siphons gleaming in the sunshine, it is a symbol of speed, of regularity, of deep desire for adventure: all three are attributes of the American scene. But beyond these three, and above all else, the filling station is symbolic of the looseness of our attachment to the soil.

No other people run around on wheels as we do. There are motor cars abroad; but not a tenth as many in all Europe. There are touring clubs in France; there are treks from England into Scotland; but only Americans suddenly decide after supper to bring the family motor from its shed and take it of an evening for a run which would be thought a day's expedition anywhere in Europe. There is constantly in progress in America a migration beside which, from the point of view of numbers, the flight of the chosen people into Egypt was a mere local disturbance of a minor order. A few thousand people crossed the Nile. Hundreds of thousands cross the Mississippi. There are nineteen million automobiles in the United States. Assume that at any given moment no more than a mere one per cent of them is on the road. That still means one hundred and ninety thousand cars, forever flitting from one filling station to another, with half a million people on their backs. Where are they going, why are they speeding, what do they hope to find?

The spoils and knowledge they bring home are no answer to these questions. Surely it is worth no man's while to drive three hundred miles to add another pennant to his string, or to scurry across country for the ostensible purpose of viewing the scenery, without stopping anywhere en route save for a change of tires, or to bring back from a point one hundred and eighty-three miles distant an impression of two dozen policemen and seven cities all alike, or to hurry half the day for the apparent purpose of arriving at a point far enough away to make it necessary to turn at once and hurry home. No rational explanation can suffice for wandering so purposeless. It is not a matter of reason. It is something in the blood.

For the history of this country is the history of the chase. First there was the settlement of the East, then the push to the West, then the doubling back of those who could not find what they sought behind the hills and looked for it again in the haunts of their forefathers. We are a young nation, and the roving spirit is still robust in us. If we cannot rove for the purpose of settling a continent, we shall at least rove, daily or nightly, for the pleasure of seeing something, anything, or seeing nothing and merely having been. Europe may stand fast, in its love of stability and a settled home. Ours is freedom from the soil and independence of the dead.

Horns toot. One car slips past the slow-mover who is holding up the line. Another car. A third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth. The pace picks up again.

Twilight in September. Over the hills winds the caravan: lunches gone, lights twinkling, tonneaus full of goldenrod, America revisited.

# THUNDER ON THE LEFT

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS—PART III

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

*Summary of Parts One and Two.*—Thunder on the left, in the old Roman superstition, was a direct warning from the gods; those who heard it were wise to lay aside whatever they were doing and try to understand what warning the heavens intended to convey.

The story begins on Martin's tenth birthday, when he and his younger sister Bunny invite some other children for a small party. They discuss whether Grown Ups really have a good time. When the candles on the birthday cake are blown out, Martin makes a wish: it is not stated what this is, but the suggestion is plain that he wishes to go, unsuspected, as a spy in the world of adults to see what their life is really like.

The story is immediately projected twenty-one years into the future. The scene is unchanged. The reader divines that some of the characters are the children of the birthday party, now grown. Phyllis (Mrs. Granville) now has children of her own; she and her husband George have taken the old house for the summer, after it had stood vacant a long time. Phyllis finds a strange man in the garden, whom she takes to be an eccentric artist. This, of course, is Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Granville are making preparations for a picnic, at which there are to be three guests (Mr. and Mrs. Brook and Miss Clyde) who are the Ben, Ruth, and Joyce of the prologue. Phyllis invites Martin to join them. But his presence seems to act as a precipitating agent; the queer child-like candor of his personality has a dangerously explosive effect. Emotional tensions that have been held in uncertain balance now grow too strong for concealment. Martin, a kind of symbol of the unspoiled essence of life, is entirely unaware of sex, which is the lightning surcharged in the clouds that overhang the scene. Phyllis, only half-conscious of the crisis in which her husband is struggling, is strangely moved by Martin and seems to find in him some unguessed answer to her secret questionings. She is about to declare herself to Martin, but finds that he has run down to the beach with the children. George, before the arrival of the guests, tries unsuccessfully to explain to Phyllis his premonition of disaster, and his troubled passion for Joyce which has been an inward fever. Phyllis, similarly, struggles to express her enchantment to Martin, who does not seem to understand. Martin, bathing with the children, meets Bunny, his dead sister, who urges him to go away. The arrival of Ben and Ruth and Joyce brings all the characters onto the stage, ready for the quickening tensions of the evening.—*The Editors.*

NOW it was dusk: dusk that takes away the sins of the world. Under that soft cone of shadow, wagged like a dunce cap among the stars, are folly and glamour and despair; but no sin. The day was going back to the pure darkness where all things began; to the nothing from which it had come; to the unconsciousness that had surrounded it. The long, long day had orbed itself to a whole. Its plot and scheme were perfect; its crises and suspenses artfully ordered; now darkness framed it and memory gave it grace. Tented over by upward and downward light, mocked by tinsel colors and impossible desires, another cunning microcosm was complete.

"I like your orchestra," said Joyce. They were all sitting on the veranda

steps. From the garden and the dunes beyond came the rattling tremolo of summer insect choirs.

No one spoke for a moment. Phyllis was enjoying a relaxation after the effort of the dinner table. It was no longer necessary to think, every instant, of something to say. Darkness takes the place of conversation. It replies to everything. Like fluid privacy the shadow rose and flowed restfully about them; faces were exempt from scrutiny; eyes, those timid escapers from question, could look abroad at ease. Reprieved from angers and anxieties, the mind yearned to come home under the roof of its little safe identity. It had not forgotten the distractions that make life hard: quarrels, the income tax, unanswered letters, toothache; but these hung for a moment merely a pretty sparkle of fireflies. I feel as though I were really Me, Phyllis thought. I wish there were someone to hold my hand.

I wonder if I *do* like it? Joyce thought as soon as she heard her own voice.

Come home, come home to yourself, cried the incessant voice of darkness. The soulless musicians of earth fiddled with horrid ironic gusto. Nothing is true but desire, they wailed and wheedled. Now they were fierce piccolo and pibroch; now they had the itinerant rhythm of bawdy limericks.

Special intensity of silence seemed to emanate from Ben and Ruth, who sat close together on the top step. In the general pause theirs was like a hard core: it was not true silence but only repressed speech. The smell of Ben's cigar floated among the group like an argument. It had a sensible, civilized, matter-of-fact, downtown fragrance. It seemed to suggest that someone—even the crickets, perhaps—should put down a proposition in black and white. Joyce had a feeling that Ben and Ruth were waiting for anyone to say anything; and that when it was said they would jointly subject it to careful business-like scrutiny. Contents noted, and in reply would say—

"Orchestra?" repeated Ben, in a puzzled voice.

"The crickets." (She tried not to make it sound like an explanation.) "I'd forgotten that nights on the Island were like this."

Martin was sitting just below her. He had been playing with the pebbles on the path, picking them up and dropping them. He turned and looked up at her.

"Like what?" he asked.

She had the same sensation of disbelief she had felt at the dinner table. One must be strangely innocent or strangely reckless to ask questions like that. George's face shone in the flare of a match: he looked emptily solemn and pensive as men always do while lighting a pipe. Joyce felt as though there were a kind of conspiracy to make her take the lead in talking.

"They fiddle away as though it was the most important night that ever happened," she said, a little nervously. "As though they think it's a First Night and the reviewers are here from the newspapers."

"It *is* the most important night that ever happened," said Phyllis slowly. "It's *now*." There was a queer frightened tremble in her voice."

"There'll be a moon a little later," said George. He said it rather as though this would be creditable to him, as host.

"No, George, don't let there be a moon. Not everything at once; it's too much."

Something in George's outline showed that he thought Phyllis was merely chaffing him; but Joyce was more clairvoyant. For the first time she became aware of some reality in Phyllis: saw that she was more than just George's wife. There was in her some buried treasure that no one had ever taken the trouble to hunt for. Why, she's lovely, Joyce thought. In a sudden impulse she wanted to take Phyllis's hand; her own fluttered liftingly in her lap; she restrained it, for she felt that she would

want to kiss George before very long and it didn't seem quite square to be in love with a man and his wife simultaneously. It would be extravagant, she supposed sadly.

"We don't need a moon," she said, "with Mrs. Granville wearing that lovely silver dress."

"It makes me feel as though we ought to do something special," said Martin.

"We can have a game of Truth," suggested George.

No one showed much enthusiasm except Martin, who wanted to know how it was played.

"Everyone must tell some thought he has had but didn't say."

Ben and Ruth felt more certain than ever that the evening was going to be a failure.

"A thought you've had *ever?*" asked Martin.

"No, this evening."

"You suggested it, George; you can go first," said Ruth.

"Ruth evidently believes that unspoken thoughts are always terrible. Well, I'll begin with a very small one. I was thinking that I mustn't forget to put away the car. Now, Ruth, what's yours?"

"That Miss Clyde probably has a very becoming bathing suit."

"I was thinking I heard one of the children calling," said Phyllis. "But it wasn't, it was only a singing in my nose."

"What a funny nose," said Martin.

"Don't you know how something seems to get caught in your nostril and makes a kind of singing when you breathe?"

Ben had had time to make a careful choice of the least damning of his meditations. "I was thinking that the crickets don't really sound like an orchestra. They're more like adding machines."

"Why, that's true," George exclaimed. "They have just that even, monotonous, cranking sound. Adding up some impossible and monstrous total. Counting the stars, maybe."

"I hope you won't think my thought is rude," said Joyce. "It struck me that if it weren't for Mr. Brook's cigar I'd be convinced this is all a dream.—I don't mean it isn't a nice cigar, just that it smells so worldly."

"Well, our secret thoughts all seem fairly innocent. But we haven't heard yours yet, Mr. Martin."

"I don't think this is a very interesting game," said Martin.

George insisted. "Come, the Guest of Honor can't escape as easily as that. Out with it!"

"Do I have to?" Martin appealed to Phyllis. She came out of her reverie, aware that even darkness is inadequate as a sedative. The threads of relationship among them all had tightened.

"I know what Mr. Martin's trouble is," said Ruth. "He says everything he thinks, so naturally he has nothing left."

"Why, that's just it," Martin said. "How did you know? What would be the good of thinking things and not saying them?"

"You're not playing fair," George objected. "No one would be crazy enough to say everything. Besides, there wouldn't be time."

Martin was stubbornly silent.

"I agree with Mr. Martin," Phyllis said. "It's not a very cheerful game. If we didn't say our thoughts we must have had some good reason for keeping them silent. Besides, I want to see if Nounou's back yet."

"I'll take the car to the stable."

"Can I go with you?" Martin asked.

George had still cherished a forlorn hope that the world was large enough for him and Joyce to have a few moments alone. For several days the stable had been sanctified in his anticipation. In the hayloft above the old disused stalls there was a big doorway that opened toward the sea. That mustily fragrant place was his favorite retreat when solitude seemed urgent. There, he had thought, he and Joyce

could talk. He had even put an old steamer-rug on the hay so they might sit more comfortably. There would be moonlight over the water. . . .

"Is it the same stable where we used to play as kids?" cried Ruth. "Oh, let's all go. I want to see it again. Why, that old haymow was the first place Ben ever kissed me."

"What did he do that for?" said Martin.

"Perhaps he'll do it again," said George bitterly. It was just like Ruth to ruin the stable for him.

"Well, I don't want to spoil anyone else's plans," said Ben.

"We could play hide-and-seek in the hay," Martin suggested.

Now they were all piling into the car, to ride round the house to the stable. This was of a piece with the absurdity of everything else, George thought. People were always driving up in crowds to visit his secrets. Like sightseeing busses loaded with excursionists. The world loves to trample over your private ecstasies and leave them littered with scraps of paper and banana peel. And this fellow Martin, with his cool mockery, was beginning to get on his nerves.

The engine leaped into life with the same eager alacrity as if they had been starting off for a long drive. Yes, the human objective means nothing to the routine of Nature. She looses her lightning indifferently, whether between the sooty termini of a spark-plug or from charged cloud to earth. She squanders as much energy in a meadow of hallooing crickets as in a human spirit tormented by conflicting passions.

They made the circuit of the house. Down the drive from the front door to the main road, along the side of the house, then up the back lane by the kitchen and the circular bed of cannas. Only a hundred yards, but it seemed interminable because it was futile and meaningless. Something had gone wrong in his time-sense. As the car passed the kitchen window he could see Phyllis talking to Lizzie, holding a loaf of bread as she spoke. At the same moment Ruth was saying something about the moon coming up. His mind went off in a long curve. He felt a gush of anger at Phyllis because she had been so unaware of his feeling for Joyce. If she had been spiteful, or jealous, or suspicious, how much easier it would have been. Her pettiness would have driven him and Joyce blissfully into each other's arms, without the faintest sense of remorse. But this strangely detached Phyllis who seemed to move in a dream, instead of the familiar Phyllis of tempers and reproaches, was a different problem. Even sin, he thought furiously, is to be made as difficult as possible for me. And I had always imagined it would be so easy. Will God ever forgive me if I don't commit the sins I was intended to? God will get no praise from me. He's packed the house with a claque of crickets to put the show over. Through the window Phyllis's golden head shone in a haze of lamplight. As always, when angry at her he loved her most. When you love a woman, why make her life miserable by marrying her? Marriage demands too much. . . .

From this speculation he came back to find Ruth just finishing her sentence, the car still opposite the window, the loaf of bread still lifted in Phyllis's hand. It occurred to him that this evening was damnably like the slowed motion-pictures in which the stream of life is retarded into its component gestures. Now he was to have the embarrassment of witnessing the actual rhythm of living, the sluggish pattern that underlies gay human ritual, the grave airy dancing of creation treading softly its dark measure to unheard undreamed music. The smallest alteration in the mind's pace changes everything, as some trifling misprint turns a commonplace newspaper headline into obscenity.

They drove into the stable.

"I miss the nice old horsey smell," said Ruth. "Too bad, it's only a garage now."

"Which was it you wanted to revive, the horsey smell or the embraces of Ben?" said George. "The loft hasn't changed much, I think."

He snapped on the light. While the others climbed the narrow stair behind the old feed bins he filled the radiator with water and poured oil into the crank-case. Morosely he heard their words overhead.

"Someone's left a blanket up here."

"Look, the bay's all full of moonlight. I didn't remember it was like that."

"We were children then, we didn't know about the moon. We had to go to bed too early."

"The old swing's gone." (This was Martin's voice.)

"Why . . . how did you know? Yes, that's where it was, that beam . . ."

I thought that lunatic had been here before, George said to himself. He seems to know his way about.

He started the motor again. He thought he had noticed a faint roughness in its turning. He listened attentively, marvelling at the strong hurrying fidelity of those airy explosions. I know why this car has kept her youth, he thought. She hasn't had any proper care, but she's been loved. A soft throbby purring, with a sweet quavering rhythm; the sound of sliding, of revolving, of vapor evenly expelled. It was a consoling, normal kind of sound; complete in itself; it shut out the voices upstairs. A touch on the throttle and it rose to a growl of unused power, a shout of fierce unquestioning assent, not much different from defiance. The old barn rang. It was as if an officer of some colonial regiment called on his legions for a fatal exploit and heard in their answering yell a voice of savagery that might turn against himself.

He switched the key; the sound slid off into a soft conclusive sigh. There was an almost human breath of frustration in it. He closed the hood, his mind too vague for thinking, and saw Joyce standing there.

"I thought Mr. and Mrs. Brook would like a moment of privacy," she whispered.

He had her in his arms. On her soft lips was all the bittersweet of their long separation, of their mirth together, of their absurd and precious passion, denied by men and ratified by crickets. It was the perfect embrace of those who are no longer children, who can sweeten the impossible by mocking it a little. The tingling triumph of social farce, undreamed by poor candid Nature—the first illicit kiss!

"I suppose," she said tremulously, "that this really is what they call a Guilty Passion."

"My dear, my dear. What a queer world, where one has to apologize for loving people."

As though down a long avenue of distance he saw her in the perspective of her life: an exquisite gallant figure going about her brave concerns, so small and resolute in her single struggle with the world, and coming to his arms at last. He knew then that poets have not lied; that fairy tales are true; that life is hunger, and for every emptiness caters its own just food. Her mind that he had loved was tangled up with a body. Chastity was probably a much overrated virtue. For her sake, if she desired it, he was willing to make the heroic effort which is necessary to yield to temptation.

He held her close, in silence. Austere resolutions slipped away like sand in an hour-glass. For an instant his only thought was a silly satisfaction that she must reach so far upward to meet his lips. His mind taunted him for thinking this.

"Dear fool, dear damned fool," he said. "Yes, you're just as you should be: lips cool and eyelids warm. And as soft as I always imagined. Oh, it's not fair that anyone should be so soft. Joyce, do you know why I had to have you here? It's just a year . . . you remember?"

"Yes. The day you were looking out of the window. How long it seems."

"We begin to feel like a nice old unmarried couple."

She laughed, her rare broken laugh.

"Oh, George, then it *is* really you. The Fourth you, I mean. I couldn't quite believe it."

Voices came down from the loft. First it was Martin:

. . . "That's what I like about her. She looks as if she's happy inside."

Then Ruth, with a scornful snicker:

"Happy? I dare say. Did you see the way she looked at George at the dinner table? That kind of woman's always happy with someone else's husband."

There was an inaudible murmur, then Ben's voice:

"It's a form of nervousness."

Joyce drew back from his arms. Her eyes were dark with horror.

"Oh . . ." she said with a sob. "Why are people so . . . so *inadequate*?"

Ruth's little sneer, falling on them like a crystal spirt of poison, burned George's bare heart.

"Joyce, dear Joyce. . . " He put his hands on her shoulders. "I must tell you, I must. I've waited so long. Oh it's so long since I've done anything I want to, I've forgotten how. Joyce, you don't know how I needed you. I was hungry, I was a beggar, you fed me with laughter and taught me how to suffer. You taught me how to love, yes, everything I love I love a thousand times better because I know you. God help me, I love even Phyllis better because of you. . . ."

With a gesture of pathos and despair she buried her face in his coat. They heard the others beginning to descend. To postpone for a few moments the necessity of speech, he turned wildly to the car and again started the engine. As Ruth appeared at the foot of the stairs, her mouth opening to say something, he speeded the motor to a roar.

"Oh, George," piped Ruth as they were walking back to the house. "I've left my scarf. I must have dropped it in the loft. Ben'll get it. Have you locked the barn?"

"No, we don't lock anything around here."

"You laugh at locksmiths," said Joyce.

"I'll go," George said. "I can find it easier than Ben; there's a flashlight in the car."

He walked back to the stable. A lemonade-colored moon was swimming above the maple tree. He did not bother to get the torch but slipped up the stair, moving noiselessly on rubber soles. The scarf was lying just at the top, where the steps emerged into the old harness room. He was about to glance into the hayloft, to satisfy his sentimental vision of how it would have looked to him and Joyce, a cavern of country fragrance, a musk of dead summers still banked there in pourried mounds. He was halted, with a catch of breath, by murmuring voices. He peered round the door-post. A slope of powdery moonlight carved a pale alley through the heavy shadow. On his rug, spread toward the open window, sat Nounou and some rustic swain, ardently enlaced.

The whispering pair, engrossed in rudimentary endearment, was oblivious of all else. It amused him to reflect that they must have been hiding anxiously somewhere in the loft while the visitors palavered near. A single cricket, embalmed in the hay, chirped sweet airy *prosits*—solitary lutanist (or prothalamist) of the occasion. George stood smitten by the vulgar irony. There was cruel farce and distemper in finding his own dear torment parodied in these terms of yokel dalliance. The parable was only too plain. This backyard amour was as rich in Nature's eyes as the kingliest smoke-room story of the Old Testament—Nature, genial procuress, who impartially honors the breach and the observance.

With the crude humor of the small boy, never quite buried in any man, he

emitted a loud groaning wail of mimic anguish. He thrilled with malicious mirth to see the horrified lovers leap up in panic. He tiptoed stealthily away, leaving them aghast.

This has got to end, he said to himself.

## XIII

If there were only one moonshiny night in each century, men would never be done talking of it. Old lying books would be consulted; in padded club chairs grizzled gentry whose grandfathers had witnessed it would prate of that milky pervasion which once diluted the unmixed absolute of night. And those who had no vested gossip in the matter would proclaim it unlikely to recur, or impossible to have happened.

Mr. and Mrs. Brook and Martin had gone on toward the veranda. Joyce lingered where the edge of the house's shadow was a black frontier on the grass. The lawn was a lake of pallor. Under the aquamarine sky, glazed like the curly inmost of a shell, earth was not white or glittering, but a soft wash of argentine gray. There was light enough to see how invisible the world truly is. The pure unpurposeful glamour poured like dissolving spirit on the dull fogged obscure of ordinary evening: the cheap veneers of shadow peeled away, true darkness was perceivable: the dark that threads like marrow in the bones of things—the dark in which light is only an accidental tremble. Where trees and shrubs glowed in foamy tissue, hung chinks and tinctures of appeasing nothing. This was abyss unqualified, darkness neat.

She was drowned at the bottom of this ocean of transparency. She felt as people look under water, pressed out of shape, refracted, blurred by the pressure of an enormous depth of love. In such clean light a thought, a memory, a desire, could put on shape and living, stare down the cautious masks of habit. The trustiest senses could play traitor inside this bubble of pearly luster; the hottest bonfires of mirth would be only a flicker in this dim stainless peace. Better to go indoors, join the polite vaudeville of evasion, escape the unbearable reality of this enchanted . . .

"Here you are!" said a voice. "Thank goodness. I want to ask you things. You're different."

"What's the matter with all these people?" he exclaimed. "Why can't they have fun? Why do they keep on telling me they love me? I don't want to be loved. You can't be happy when you're being loved all the time. It's a nuisance. I want to build castles in the sand and play croquet and draw pictures. I want to go to bed and get a good sleep for the Picnic; and that lady wants me to kiss her. I did it once; isn't that enough?"

Here was a merriment: to expect her, at this particular junction of here and now, to join his deprecations.

"Quite enough," she said. "But it depends on the person. She may not think so."

"It's Mrs. Phyllis. I asked her if she was ready for me to go to bed, and she said I mustn't say such things. What's the matter with her? I think she's angry. Everybody seems angry. Why is it?"

Her pulses were applauding her private thought: If Phyllis loves *him*, I can love George.

"And I saw Bunny in the garden. She says you're the only one who can help me because you almost understand."

"Bunny! Bunny who? What do you mean? . . ."

He must be mad. Yet it seemed an intelligible kind of madness: some unrecognized but urgent meaning sang inside it like a sweet old tune. In the misty moonlight she saw the great wheel of Time spinning so fast that its dazzling spokes seemed to shift and rotate backward. But her mind still intoned its own jubilee: If Phyllis loves *him*, I can love George. It's all right for me to love George. Be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors!

"Bunny Richmond, of course. She's playing some kind of hide and seek round here. It's not fair."

"It *is* fair!" cried Bunny passionately. He could hear her calling to him from somewhere just around the corner of the path. "Oh, Martin, Martin, can't you see? I can't *tell* you, you've got to find out for yourself."

Bunny had cried out so eagerly that even Joyce almost heard her. She turned to look.

"What was that, some one whispering?"

"It's only Bunny," he said impatiently. "She's playing tricks on me. She wants me to go away."

She had stepped out of the shadow, and now Martin partly saw.

"Why, I know who you are. Why . . . why of course. They called you Miss Clyde, that fooled me. You're not Miss Anybody, you're Joyce . . . the one who gave me the mouse. *You* don't love me too, do you? People only love you when they want you to do things."

Bunny kept calling him, but he closed his ears to her.

"No, I don't love you," she said slowly. "I love George." But she had to look at him again to be sure. He was very beautiful and perplexed. Perhaps she loved everybody. For an instant she thought he *was* George; she could see now that there was a faint resemblance between them. Then she noticed that George was there too. He had come along the path from the stable. His face was sharpened with resolve. He paid no attention to Martin but spoke directly to her.

"Here's your scarf," he said, almost roughly, holding it out. Then he remembered it was not hers, and thrust it in his pocket. He made an uncertain step toward her.

"Oh, we can't go on like this," he said harshly. "This has got to . . ." He made a queer awkward gesture with his arms. She went to them.

"How funny you are," observed Martin from the shadow. "First you want to push her away and then you hug her."

Apparently George did not hear him.

"Why did you wake me?" he was asking her. "Why couldn't I go on sleepwalking through life? If I had never known you how much anguish I'd have missed. Oh, my poor dear."

"You mustn't talk to her like that," said Martin. "This is Joyce, she thinks once is enough. She isn't like Phyllis."

"Go away, Martin," called Bunny. "It's no use now."

George held her fiercely. His voice trembled on broken words of tenderness. His bewildered mind craved the ease of words, a little peace, a little resting time. Must this glory of desire be carried forever secret in his heart?

"You'll hurt her," said Martin angrily.

This they had stumbled on, George's heart cried. It was none of their seeking. She belongs to who can understand her, insisted the sweet sophistries of blood. Joyce leaned up to him, the dear backward curve of woman yearning to the face of her dream. "Don't you know me?" Martin appealed to her. "You gave me the mouse yesterday."

He was unheeded. They did not even know he was there.

"You're doing it too," he said to her bitterly and went away.

"George, when did I give you a mouse?"

"A mouse? What are you talking about? You're going to give me something much better than a mouse. Do you know what I said to you once in a dream? I said, 'the worst of my love for you is that it's so carnal.'"

Her eyes met his, troubled but steady.

"And do you know what you answered?"

"No," she said pitifully. "Oh, George, George, I don't know about these things."

"You said, 'Perhaps that's what I like about it.'"

She clung to him in a kind of terror.

"I don't know whether I said that. George . . . don't let's be like other people. Does it *matter?*"

They stood together and the crickets shouted, rattled tiny feet of approval on the floor of the dunes like a gallery of young Shelleys. The whole night was one immense rhythm; up the gully from the beach came a slow vibration of surf. She was weak with the question in her blood, her knees felt empty. Perhaps that's where your morality is kept, in the knees, she thought. She slipped her arms under his coat, round the hard strong case of his ribs, to keep from tottering. The tobacco smell of his lapel was infinitely precious.

"How do I know what matters?" he whispered. "We can wait and see. If it's important, the time will come. But I want you to know my love for you is complete. It wants everything. Can't you hear the whole world singing it? Everything, everything, everything."

"I don't like the crickets. They're trying to get us into trouble."

Everything is so queer this evening, she thought. How did all this happen? I'm frightened.

"We've always been different from other people," she said. "We're absurd and pitiful and impossible. Don't let's spoil it, let's just be *us.*"

His arms held her more gently. For love is beyond mere desire: it is utter tenderness and pity. Sing, world, sing: here are your children caught in the chorus of that old old music; here are Food and Hunger that meet only to cancel and expire. Here, cries Nature in her deepest diapason, here are my bread and wine. Too great to be accused of blasphemy, she shames not to borrow the words of man's noblest fancy. Take, eat, she cries to the famished. This is my body which is given for you. Do this in remembrance of me. And her children, conscious of lowly birth, can rise to denials her old easy breast never dreamed.

"George," said Joyce quickly, "is anyone watching . . . listening to us? I've had the strangest feeling—as though someone was trying to tell me something, calling me."

"A singing in your nose, perhaps."

"No, but really."

"*I've* been trying to tell you something."

"Where did Mr. Martin go? Wasn't he there?"

"I didn't see him."

They turned toward the house. Its dark shadow hung over them, clear, impalpable, black as charcoal. They felt purified by mutual confession and charity.

"I think it was the house listening to us," she said. "Why am I so happy?"

He knew that he loved her. It was not lust, for though he desired her and a thousand times had had her in his heart, yet he shrank from possession, fearing it might satiate this passion that was so dear. So it was a fool's love: perhaps a coward's, since to be taken is every woman's need. But who shall say? Life is a foreign language: all men mispronounce it.

He loved her, for he saw the spirit of life in her. He loved her as a dream, as something he himself had created, as someone who had helped to create part of him. He loved her because it was secret, hopeless, impossible. He had loved her because he could not have her: and now she was here for his arms. The Dipper and the wind in the pine trees said, Poor fool, if you want her, take her. The black flap in the sky, where the starry pinning has fallen out (it opens into the law of gravity) said, It concerns only yourselves, no one will know. The tide and the whistling sand dunes said, She's yours already.

From the sleeping porch over their heads he heard one of the children cough.

"George," she whispered, "I'll do whatever you tell me."

He turned to her. "I'd like to see *anyone* laugh at locksmiths."

## XIV

They were entrenched in a little fortress of light. The tall silk-shaded lamp made the room an orange glow, an argument against silver chaos veined with brute nothing. The clock, the clock, the clock, measured itself against the infidel crickets. Phyllis, in a corner of the big sofa, was in the center of that protecting glitter. She was panoplied in light: it poured upon the curve of her nape, sparkled in the bronze crisp of her hair, brimmed over the soft bend of her neck and ran deep down into the valley of her bosom. It rippled in scarps and crumples of her shining dress, struck through the gauzy chiffon, lay in flakes on the underskirt, gilded the long slope of her stockings like the color of dawn on snow. She could feel it, warm and defiant, wrapping her close, holding her together. Even her bright body, in such fragile garb, was hardly dark.

But the reality was still that pale emptiness outside. Where she sat she could see, beyond the dining room and the high rectangle of French windows, a pure shimmer of white night. Down the broad open well of the stair the same tender void came drifting, floating sinking. Summer night cannot be shut out: it is heavier than thin lamp-shine, it spreads along the floor, gathers beneath chairs, crowds up behind pictures, makes treacherous friendship with the gallant little red-headed bulbs.

She felt soft and ill. She felt her pliant body settling deeper into the thick cushion, her hands weighing inert upon her lap. She wished Ben and Ruth could be restful for a moment. Ruth was flitting about, looking at the furniture; Ben, though sitting quietly, kept blowing cigar smoke in a kind of rhythmical indignation. She could see his mind toiling, so plainly that she would not have been surprised to read words written in his spouts of smoke, as in the balloon issuing from the mouth of a comic drawing. If Mr. Martin would only say something. He had just come in from the garden, without a word, and sat expectantly at the foot of the stairs. He was outside the circle of light, she could not see him clearly, but he seemed to be looking at her with inquiry or reproach. For being such a dull hostess, probably.

But speech was impossible. Now, with eyes widened by terror and yearning, she was almost aware of the sleepy world that lies beneath the mind's restless flit: the slow cruel world, without conscience, that the artist never quite forgets. In the glare of the lamp the room burned with subordinate life: the grainy wood of the furniture, the nap of the rug, the weave of the sofa, were fibred with obstinate essence. Being was in them as in her, went on and on. It seemed as though one sudden push, if it could be made, might break through the fog of daily bickerings and foresights and adjustments, into that radiant untroubled calm. But conscious life tends to take the level of the lowest present: how, with Ruth and Ben and even the house itself, steadfast against her, could she speak out? The darkness that, outdoors, had been sweet privacy, was here obverted into secrecy; secrecy lay under the chairs, behind the doors, between the ticks of the clock. She had settled this room, only a few hours before, with so much care—dusting, arranging; everything in its accustomed pose. Now it was too strong for her, and every pattern in it ran with shouts of taunting laughter. . . It was just like George to linger in the garden, leaving her alone to "entertain" these guests.

Then she was aware that someone had spoken. She had not caught the words, but the sound poised in her mind. It was a pleasant sound, it must have been Mr. Martin. Perhaps she would go through all the rest of her life without knowing what he had said. Yet it might have been a cry for help. You never know, she thought, when people may leave off pretending and

lay their heads on your breast. What a silly way to put it: lay their head—his head—on your breasts; because you have only one head and two breasts. Perhaps that's why the insects make such an uproar, shrilling sour grapes. They're jealous because they're not mammals. . . .

"He went back to the stable to get my scarf."

"I hope they won't catch cold," said Phyllis. It's so much cooler to-night."

"You oughtn't kiss people when you have a cold," said Martin.

This, Phyllis supposed, was a little reckless aside for her alone. She felt a bright seed of anger in her; it was sprouting, climbing up the trellis of her nerves. She had a fine fertility for anger: her mind was shallow soil as its bottom had never been spaded: such seeds could not root deeply and slowly, so they shot upward in brilliant quick-withering flower. The rising warmth medicined her empty sickness. He was cruel, but she loved him for it and could have prostrated herself at his feet. What right had he to be so untouched, so happy and certain and sure? His mind was one, not broken up into competing yearnings.

"Competition is the life of trade," she said.

Looking up, she wondered if she had said something accidentally witty. From the other side of the room Ruth was regarding her strangely. Beyond Ruth, black against the blanched evening, were George and Joyce on the veranda steps. . . . Oh; so that was what Martin had meant?

Ben's face was so perplexed and bored, she took pity on him.

"What would you people like to do? Play cards? We can't dance, there isn't any music."

Ruth was quite content not to dance; she suspected she would have had to take Ben as a partner. "Ben's favorite game is Twenty Questions," she said.

"Gracious, I haven't played that in ages. It'll be rather fun. Here come the others, let's do it."

George seemed almost like a stranger, Phyllis thought. She had an impish desire to ask to be introduced. It amused her to think that anyone should want to kiss him.

"What a gorgeous night." He spoke loudly, rather as if someone might contradict. "Here's your scarf," he added, almost roughly, holding it out to Joyce. Then he remembered, and gave it to Ruth.

"How funny you are," said Martin. "You made the same mistake again."

"Thank you so much," Ruth said. "I'm sorry you had such a long hunt for it."

Joyce crossed the room in silence. Ruth's eyes followed her, and it was in Ruth's face that Phyllis first saw Joyce was beautiful. She brought some of the moonlight with her. No man can ever admire a woman's loveliness as justly as another woman, for he rarely understands how her fluctuating charm depends on the hazard of the instant. Something had happened to make Joyce beautiful, and Phyllis was surprised by an immense compassion. This creature too was lonely, had her bewildered tumult in the blood, was defenseless and doomed. Ruth's watchful eyes, unseen by Joyce, were asking her whether she had anything to say for herself, anything that could be used against her. And Ruth (Phyllis could see) was as outraged by Joyce mute as she would have been at anything she said.

Joyce was helpless: helpless, because she was happy; helpless, for she had brought no words with her. She had brought only moonlight and it was declared contraband. In the instant that the girl hesitated in the choice of a seat, Phyllis knew that she could have loved her; they could have come together in a miracle of understanding, but Ruth had made it impossible. Ruth, the comely fidget, who would never know the stroke of any grievance greater than her own jealous mischiefs.

What could Ruth know of the great purifying passions, who had always forestalled them by yielding to the pettiest? The seedling anger in Phyllis's heart, sensitively questing an object, swayed outward as a young vine leans toward sun. She would not think of the Brooks again as Ben and Ruth. They were Ruth and Ben. She knew now why Ben peeped so warily from behind a rampart of sedentary filing cabinets. His soul lurked behind the greatest of hiding places, a huge office building.

With a swift impulse she reached out, beckoning to a place beside her on the sofa. Joyce's hand was cold and seemed surprised. The two hands, like casual acquaintances meeting by accident, lingered together wondering how to escape politely. Phyllis realized it was not a success. She leaned forward to speak brightly to George, so that her fingers might seem to slip free unawares.

"We're going to play Twenty Questions."

"Fine!" said George. This, he thought, would prevent general conversation, the one thing most to be feared.

"Ben, you go out," Phyllis suggested. Ben deserved some amusement, he had been rather patient in the middle of this silent turmoil.

"Let Ruth," said Ben. "She's clever at guessing things."

"No, Ben, you," Ruth said definitely. She was having too good a time guessing as she was.

From the sofa Joyce could see into the little dark sitting room—*her* room: her only retreat. It drew her strongly. The frame of the window opened into moonlight and a queer twist of shadows. If only she could go in there, get away. Here, under the lamp, everything was too full of dangerous artifice. The light held everything together tightly, in a bursting tension. No one could say anything for fear it would have a double meaning. One meaning at a time was burden enough.

Was there anything queer about that little room? Mr. Martin, sitting at the bottom of the stairs, was close to the door; he was looking there too. In the back of her mind she remembered that she had started to say something to him in the garden; or he to her—she was not certain which; but something had been left unfinished. George was watching her, watching her; she could feel it, and needed to escape into herself. How could she escape?—he knew all about her now, she found him round the remotest corners of her mind. No, no, there were lovely things about her that he did not guess. If she could be alone for a few minutes she could find out what they were. . . . So this was love, this dreadful weakness. It ought to be so easy; free and easy—that gay old phrase; and the taut web of human nerves frustrated it. Beside her, in a glitter of light, Phyllis shone mysteriously. The touch of that warm hand had shocked Joyce. She knew now that they could never be at peace together.

"I'll go," she said suddenly.

Phyllis, still leaning forward, was listening.

"Was that one of the children?"

As Joyce rose, getting up with difficulty from the deep settee, Martin closed the sitting-room door with a quick push. Why did he do that? Now it would seem rude to go in there. George, whose ear was cocked toward upstairs, looked angrily at him.

"I didn't hear anything. You've got the children on the brain, Phyl."

"I'll go on the veranda while you think of something," Joyce said.

It was amusing to see how eagerly they all turned to the old almost-forgotten pastime. She heard them mumbling together while they concerted their choice. They were like savages at a campfire, rehearsing some cheerful ceremonial to dispel sorcery. The bare mahogany of the dining table was glossed with panels of dim color. This led her eyes upward to the red-and-blue window. It reminded her distantly of some poem, some perfect enchantment

that mocked the poor futility of her own obsession. That most magic outcry of unreflecting love, from the most wretched of poet-lovers: the eternal collision between life as dreamed and life as encountered.

There was a burst of laughter.

"She'll never guess that," she heard Ruth saying.

"All ready," George called.

"There are five of us, you can go round four times. You must ask questions that can be answered Yes or No."

She began in the traditional way.

"Is it animal?"

"No," said Ruth.

"Is it vegetable?"

"Yes," said Phyllis.

"Is it in this room?"

"Yes," said Ben.

The part of her that was asking questions seemed separate from her racing undertow of feeling. She was the frightened child who was shy about games because she was always playing and watching simultaneously. What should she ask? It was vegetable and in the room. She had a preposterous eagerness to say something wildly absurd, she was weary of telling lies. If it had been Animal, she might have said "Is it George's love for me?" Their faces would have been comic. But it was Vegetable. . . . *My vegetable love shall grow vaster than empires and more slow* . . . but if I quote that it will have to be explained. Why do poems insist on coming into the mind at instants of trouble?

"Is it Mr. Brook's cigar?"

"No," said George.

"Is it associated with some person in this room?"

"Yes," said Martin. A little self-consciously, she thought.

"Look here," George interrupted, "that answer of Phyl's wasn't quite right. Is it fair to say it's vegetable?"

"It *was* vegetable, vegetable in origin," Phyllis protested.

"Yes, but in a way it's animal too. It's *becoming* animal."

"Is it—anyone's affection for anyone else?" Joyce demanded promptly.

"No," said Ruth, amid general laughter.

"The difficulty with this game," said Phyllis, "is that there are so many questions you can't answer with just Yes or No."

"That's why it's a good game," said George. "It's like life."

Joyce tried to recapitulate. It was in this room, associated with a person, it was vegetable in origin but becoming animal . . . but how absurd.

Perhaps they mean becoming *to* an animal, she thought.

"Is it Mrs. Granville's silver dress?"

"No."

"Is it anything to wear?"

"No."

"Is it associated with a man or a woman?"

"I can't answer that with Yes or No," said George.

"Well, with a man?"

"Yes."

"Is it something I can see now?" she asked, looking directly at him.

"You're asking him twice," Martin said. "It's my turn."

Why did her mind keep straying away? Standing in the middle of the circle, she could feel them surrounding her, desiring her to divine this thing. Perhaps it was something she didn't want to guess, something that would mean—

She repeated the question, looking at Martin this time.

"No," he said, smiling.

Her mind was a blank. She went round the group again, asking almost at random. The succession of Noes had a curiously numbing effect. But she knew, without having put the question directly, that it was something connected with Martin.

She came to Ben, on the last time round. She stared at his white canvas shoes, trying to think.

"Is it . . . is it . . ."

She turned away from the strong

scent of his cigar. The glimmer of colored light on the dining-room table caught and held her. It suggested—

"Something to do with a cake?"

"Yes," said Ben, amazed.

They were all startled, for her last attempts had been far off the track.

"Two more tries," said George, encouraging her.

She had a queer sensation that the back of her dress was open, and reached unconsciously to button it. How silly, of course it's not open, it fastens on the shoulder. . . . A cake, a cake . . . there was a warm whiff of burning candles in the room. She knew now what it must be; what he had begun to tell her in the garden. . . . They were all crowding round her, tall people, voices coming down from above, wanting her to explain. Two more questions . . . *one* would do! Martin was standing behind George, he looked eager and yet anxious. She remembered now: the mouse, the mouse she had brought him; it was such a little thing; chosen and cherished for her difficult own; and the joy of giving away what was dearest . . . joy embittered by hostile scrutiny. . . .

Everything was all tangled up together. What had she given, a mouse to Martin or her truth to George? Oh the pride, the fierce pride of now telling her pitiable secret. She could see the stripy pattern of George's coat, she smiled to think that she knew exactly how it smelled. George looked eager and yet anxious—

No, George, no! her mind was crying miserably. It wasn't you, it wasn't you; I gave it to *him*—

She must not tell him that she had guessed it. George must be spared this last inconceivable edge of irony; and Martin must go away before either of them found out.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I can't get it."

George caught her arm as she swayed.

"I'll don't feel very well. Please forgive me. I think I'll go to bed."

"I knew she wouldn't guess it," said Ruth.

"Of course it wasn't really fair," said George. "She couldn't possibly know about the slice of cake Mr. Martin had. But it was queer how close she came."

## XV

George stood uneasily on the landing, half-way up the stair. The house seemed overpopulated. Upstairs was a regular dormitory, he thought angrily; all down the long passage he could hear the stealthy movement of people going to bed: doors opening cautiously, reconnoiterings to see whether the bathroom trail was clear. And the ground floor was worse: Joyce in the sitting room filled the whole place with her presence. He could not stay in the hall, the dining room, or the porch without being in sight or hearing of her sanctuary. Against his will he lingered on the thought of her there, the small ugly chamber transfigured by her intimacy. Even the dull brown wood of the door was different now, it thrilled him with unbearable meaning, his mind pierced through it and saw her loveliness—perhaps tormented like himself with farcical horrors. It was unbearable to think of her going away into the dark nothing of these empty hours, uncomforted. Why couldn't he go and tuck her in like one of the children? She seemed to him just that, a frightened child who had somehow crept into his arms. She was there, divided from him only by that senseless panel. He imagined her prostrate on the couch in a quiver of silent tears; she, exquisite, made for delight, whose pitiful reality had shaken his solid well-carpentered life into this crazy totter.

My God, he reflected, I thought I had got beyond this sort of thing.

There was a creak at the stairhead; he saw her above him, shadowy against the bay window. In her translucent wrap she was delicately sketched in cloudy brightness, young and firm of

outline. So the door had been mocking him. With a twinge of self-disgust he shrank, stumbled down the stairs, tiptoed out, and took refuge at the far end of the garden.

A splinter of light drew him to the table under the pine trees. The jug and glasses, left there since lunch time—mutely pathetic, as forgotten things always are. There was still a heeltap of tea in one of the tumblers; he drank it and found it sirupy with sugar. It's a mistake, he thought, to eat sweet things late at night: they turn to sour in the morning. Night is the time for something bitter.

In the house yellow squares flashed on and off. Downstairs he could see Joyce's shadow against the blind. At the other end of the building, in the gable, the spare-room window went dark. Martin had slipped off to bed rather oddly after their game. In the embarrassment of Joyce's momentary dizziness he had simply gone, without a word. George found himself thinking that much of the evening's difficulty was due to this bumpkin stranger. He was probably well meaning, but either with his idiotic pleasantries or a silent smirk of censure he had a gift for blighting things. There was nothing about him that you could put precise finger on, but he had a way of making one feel guilty. How queerly, too, he had looked at Joyce.

The evening was changing. The air had shifted toward the northwest; suddenly, over the comb of the overhanging dune, a silvery spinnaker of cloud came drifting. It was like a great puff of steam, so close and silent it frightened him. For an instant, passing under the moon, this lovely island of softness darkened the night to a foggy gray. It was something strange, a secret between himself and the weather, encouraging his silly wits not to be afraid of the desperate magic of fancy, the fear and tenderness hidden in men's hearts.

He turned again toward the house and saw that now Joyce's window was black. She was there, at rest; he blessed her being in that little room. He had thought of it only as opening into the main thoroughfare of the house; but it was open, too, into the garden and freedom. What did the door matter! She was there, shining. He could speak to her. He imagined her voice, her trembling husky whisper, when she heard him at the sill. Why is kindness always whispered, while anger is so loud? How delightful if people *shouted* "I love you!" as though it were an insult. Glorious, to stand under the window and halloo it at her, watch the house rouse with scandalized life! Ah, what friends we might have been if they hadn't made us whisper. Why did they force us to be lovers?

Then he remembered—the accurate circumstantial memory of the householder. The window was screened. To speak to her through a wire mesh—intolerable. Besides, it might only make matters worse. He could never tell her his own joy, and might merely smirch hers. They might only struggle dumbly in the grotesque antic of spirits whose moods cannot mingle. The moment had passed. Life had gone by him, while he was fretting over paltry trifles, and left him a drudge. There was nothing to do but go indoors and work on the booklet. How exciting that brochure would be, what marvellous Advertising, if he could really tell what summer was like at the Island. Why, the company would have to run special trains. The very aisles would be packed, people sitting on up-ended suitcases, if they knew that this dangerous coast was the place where Temptation really broke through . . . where the old Demiurge laid his cards on the table. It would become a Resort—yes, an asylum for lunatics, people ridiculed by transfusions of the moon. How a poet might write it, telling the color of that world. Warm tawny flanks of sandhills, sprawled like panthers. The sun a coal of topaz, veiled in white flame that sheeted the whole summit of sky.

Light so fierce one never looked upward. Wherever one turned was a burning and a glitter; the air was a lens and gathered all its rays into one stream. Always one's knuckles were sweet with salty smell. Repressed thunder yawning in the blue elixir of afternoon: deep deep afternoon, penetrated with lawless beauty. The small sorry whisper of the wind sang it in the keen scimitar grasses; smooth beams of driftwood, faded by the sea, felt it; sandpipers, drunk with it, staggered on twiggy legs. Bronzed thighs and shoulders, shining in the green shallows marbled with foam. . . .

The transitive billow of cloud slipped away beyond the roof; again the strong resinous air was clarified, streamed with gracious light. His mind almost smiled at his fatuity: the sentiment did not graduate into an actual smile, but spent itself in a tiny whiff of self-deprecation through his nostrils. He stretched upward, raising his arms, standing tiptoed, feeling the calf-tendons tighten and coolness in his fingers as the blood sank. His hands met a low limb that reached across his head. He gripped it and chinned himself. There was good animal satisfaction in feeling the quiver in the biceps, the hanging weight of his body. Well, we're not done for yet, he said to himself. No sir, not yet. He capered a few dance steps on the silky floor of needles, and pulled out his pipe. . . .

She was coming. He saw her coming, swiftly across the lawn. No, not swiftly; evenly was the word; unquestionly; as he had always known she would come. His mouth was open to warn her of the croquet hoops, but she passed surely among them. When he saw her face he knew this was something not to be spoiled by words. Her face was enough.

In that unreasonable glamour she was pure fable: the marble (Oh, too cold, too hard a word) come to life. There was no pang, no trouble, no desire; he knew only that there is some answer to the gorgeous secret—the secret that the world is in conspiracy to deny—No, not to deny; more cunning than that: to admit and pass heedless on. There was meaning in everything; significance in the shapes of things. The black plumes and pinnacles of the trees were fashioned exactly so, could never have been otherwise.

They were away from rooms and roofs. They were on the beach; the tide was far ebbed, they ran over mirrors of sand, they were in sparkling black water milder than air. Still there were no words; their white bodies gleamed in silver, laved in snowy fans of surf. They were just themselves, chafing impediments were gone; nothing was between them, and they wanted nothing. They ran, breathing warmly, to burrow in the powdery cliff, where the acid smell of sharp grasses sifted down from the dunes. They lay in a hollow of sand; she curled against him, nestled smoothly close—he could feel her thrilling with small quivers of joy. There was no pang, no trouble, no desire; only peace.

Everything else they had ever known had been only an interruption. This had always been happening, underneath. It was the unknown music for which their poem had been written. They were quit of the pinch of Time, the facetious nudge of Custom. Quietness was in them, satient like fresh water in a thirsty throat. Here was the fulfilment men plot and swink for; and how different from crude anticipation. What could there be now but pity and kindness? Here was triumph: Man, the experimenting artist, had created fantasy above the grasp of his audience, Nature. Like any true artist, he must always play a little above his audience's head.

"Now I'm going to tell you the truth," he said happily, and waited a moment, for the luxury of her voice.

She was silent. He turned to look; her face was anxious.

"Why is it," he said gently, "that when you announce you're going to tell

the truth, people always expect something disagreeable?"

Then he knew that the sand was chill and gritty. A breeze was blowing, the light was dim and meager. This was not the glad forgiving sun but the cold and glassy moon.

"No, no!" she cried. "You must never tell the truth in a dream. If you do . . . it happens."

"But this was a lovely truth," he began. A window snapped into brightness beside him, just above his head. Phyllis was looking from the pantry.

"George! What on earth are you muttering about, out there? Come in and help me cut sandwiches."

## XVI

He was startled to find Phyllis at work in her nightgown. Another hallucination perhaps, he thought sardonically. Everything seems to burlesque everything else.

She had thrown aside her blue quilted wrapper and was busy slicing and spreading. The table was crowded with bread, ham, beef, lettuce, mustard, jam, and cheese. The Picnic. George had forgotten the menace of the Picnic. It struck him as pathetic to see her valiantly preparing the details of this festival which was already doomed and damned. She was chopping off little brown corners of crust. Wasteful, as usual; besides, the crust is the best part. He managed not to say so, remembering that he had made the remark every time he had ever seen her cut sandwiches. The lace yoke at her neck had two tiny buds of blue ribbon stitched in it. There was something pitiably nuptial about them. How soft and young she was in her flimsy robe. Her eyes were smudged with fatigue. How beautiful she would have looked to any other man.

"My dear child, cutting sandwiches in your best nightgown."

"I haven't anything better to do in it, have I?"

"Yes, you have. Go to bed in it." He held the wrapper for her.

"Put this on. I'll open the door. Whew, it's hot in here. I'll finish all this for you."

The blade of the long carving knife continued, small definite crunches.

"You can have your sardines. I found a box in the pantry. There isn't any key for them, you'll have to use the can-opener."

The warm kitchen air was like a stupor. This was the steady heart of the house. Ghostly moonlight might wash up to the sill, fragile fancies pervade other rooms: here strong central life went calmly on. In the range red coals slept deep, covered and nourished for the long night. The tall boiler, its silvery paint flaked and dulled, gave off drowsy heat. Under the table the cat Virginia, who was not to be shocked, lay solidly upright with her paws tucked in, sated with scraps, vibrating a strong stupid purr. The high grimed ceiling was speckled with motionless flies, roosting there after a hard day. Packages of groceries, series of yellow bowls and platters were ranged on the shelves in comfortable order. This was not a modern kitchen, shiny, white, and sterile like a hospital. It was old, ugly, inconvenient, strong with the memory of meals arduously prepared—meals of long ago, for people now vanished.

"The weather's changing," he said. "I don't know if to-morrow will be fine or not."

He wondered at himself: able to speak so lightly, as if everything was usual. His mind was still trudging back, up clogging sandhills, from a phantom bend of shore.

"If it rains we'll have our sandwiches at home. I've promised Lizzie the day off."

He saw a quick horrible picture of the Picnic spread in the dining room, rain driving outside, the children peevish, themselves angrily mute.

"There's cold chicken in the ice-box; please get it out and slice it for salad

sandwiches. I don't think Mr. Martin cares much for beef, I noticed at lunch."

"What does he think he is? Some kind of Messiah? If he doesn't like our ways, what did he come butting in for?"

He checked himself. The moment was ripe for quarrel, the gross mustard-sharpened air seemed to suggest it. He put the carcass of fowl on the scrubbed drain-board by the sink and began to carve. Standing so, his back was toward her. He made some pretext to turn, hoping to divine her mood; but her face was averted. There was ominous restraint in the shape of her back. The anticlimax of all this, the delicatessen-shop smell, after his ecstasy in the garden, fretted his nerves. Brutal shouts of wrath clamored in his mind. It was infuriating to see her so appealing: can't one *ever* get away from it, must a man love even his wife? He wanted to ask her this, but feared she would miss the humor of it. He longed to horrify her with his rage, so that he could get rid of it and then show the tenderness he secretly felt. Certainly I'm the colossus of sentimentalists, he thought. I can turn directly from one kind of love to another. Queer, the way it looks now it's my feeling for Joyce that is disinterested and pure, my love for Phyl that's really carnal. How did this morality business get so mixed up?

He amused himself by putting the slivers of chicken in two piles: the dark meat for Martin, the white for Joyce. How white she had been in the surf. . . . But that was only a dream. This is real, this is earnest. This is Now, I'm cutting sandwiches for the Picnic. This is what time is doing to me; what is it doing to *her*? How did our two Times get all knotted up together? He found himself affectionately stroking a smooth slice of chicken-breast.

There was something in Phyllis's silence that pricked him. He looked uneasily over his shoulder. She had sat down in the chair by the table, her chin leaning on one wrist, watching him. He went to her and touched her shoulder gently.

"Go to bed, Phyl dear."

"George, can't we get away from this house?"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Get away. Take me away, George; we'll take the children and go. To-night. Before anybody wakes up."

She rose suddenly.

"I'm frightened. Take me away. George, I can't live through to-morrow, not if it's like to-day."

Just the way I feel, he thought.

"There, there, little frog, you're all frazzled out. It'll be all right, don't worry. Go and get your sleep."

"No, I'm not tired. I wish I were. I'm all burning up with *not* being tired. George, we could take the babies and just get in the car and go. Go anywhere, anywhere where there isn't anybody. We'll take Miss Clyde with us if you like. She's frightened too."

"Don't be absurd."

"George, it would be such fun; when they all came down to breakfast, Ben and Ruth and Mr. Martin, we just shouldn't be here. Never come back, never see this place again."

"You're raving, Phyl. Why, I took this house specially for you. Besides, you know I can't go away now, I've got this booklet to finish."

She looked so miserable, so desperate, his anger began to throb.

"You can write a booklet about something else. You know you can, they're all crazy to get your stuff. George, you're so big and clever, you can do anything. Miss Clyde can illustrate it. I don't mind your loving her, I'll be sensible, just take us away before the Picnic. Go and wake her now, she can go in her wrapper, you'll like that."

"Damnation," he burst out, "don't talk such tripe. I believe you're crazy. It's this half-wit Martin who's got on your nerves. I've got a mind to wake *him* up, throw him out of the house. What the devil did you ask him in for?"

"It's my fault. But he's changed so, since this morning. We've all changed. We're not the same people we were."

She pushed her arms up inside the sleeves of his coat and caught his elbows. He remembered that cherished way of hers, unconscious appeal to old tenderness. He looked down on the top of her head, into the warm hollow where his head had lain. Her neck's prettier than Joyce's, he thought bitterly.

"It's queer *you* should hate him so," she said.

"What do you mean?" He pulled his arms away.

"Oh, I don't know what I mean. Perhaps he—perhaps he *is* what you said."

"What, a half-wit?"

"A kind of Messiah. They come to make silly people unhappy, don't they?"

He looked at her in cold amazement and disgust. Only a few moments ago he had been afraid of her; but now, by showing her poor thoughts, she had put herself at his mercy.

"You go to bed," he said. "I'm sick of this nonsense." He gripped her shoulders roughly and pushed her toward the door.

"Please, just let me put away the sandwiches. I want to wrap them in wet napkins so they'll keep fresh."

"Forget the damn sandwiches."

"Not damn, *ham* sandwiches." She couldn't help laughing. It was so paltry to have him propelling her like a punishable child.

"Ham, jam, or damn, forget them!" he cried, raging. "You and your Messiah have ruined this Picnic anyhow. You spoiled it because you knew I looked forward to it. You've plotted against it, sneered at me and at Joyce because you knew I admired her."

"Admired her! Oh, is that the word?"

The little sarcasm hummed like a tuning fork in some silent chamber of his mind.

"You fool," he said. "Are you trying to push her into my arms?"

"I guess she can find the way without pushing."

"Well, you *are* a fool," he said slowly, in a dull voice that struck her deeper than any temper could have done. "You throw away love as if it was breadcrusts."

With a furious sweep he was about to hurl the neat piles of her handiwork on the floor. In one last salvage of decency he altered the course of his hand. He seized a fistful of the little brown strips of crust and flung them wildly across the room. The carving knife clattered off the table.

"You're frightening Virginia," was all she said.

Anger, the red and yellow clown, burst through the tight paper hoop of his mind and played grotesque unlaughable capers. Bewildered by his own ferocity, he strode to the corner, swung open the door of the back stairs and pointed savagely upward. She went without another word. Her blue eyes were very large and dark, they faced him with the unwavering defiance he detested and admired. Good old Phyl, he couldn't help thinking. She's unbeatable. Now, as usual, he had put himself in the wrong. He crashed the door behind her, and stood listening to her slow steps.

He soothed the cat with some sardine-tails, finished making the chicken sandwiches, wrapped them carefully as Phyllis had suggested. I wonder what we'll be thinking when we eat them? As he put them away in the ice-box he noticed the cocoanut cake on a shelf. With a sense of retaliation he cut himself a thick slice. He became aware of the scrambling tick of the alarm clock on the dresser. A quarter past eleven. The house was thrillingly still. The serenely dormant kitchen slowly sobered the buffoon dancing in his brain.

He fetched his precious bottle of Sherwood and poured a minim dose. The golden drug saluted him gently. In this fluid too the flagrant miracle lay hidden, the privy atom of truth and

fury. The guest of honor, he thought ironically, feeling his vitals play host to that courteous warmth. The guest of honor, always expelled. A spark falls into your soul. Shall you cherish it, shelter it to clear consuming flame, or shall you hurry to stamp it out? Can a man take fire in his bosom and his clothes not be burned? The smell of burning cloth is mighty disagreeable. Vacantly he studied the label on the bottle. *Manufactured prior to Jan. 17, 1920. These spirits were tax paid at the non-beverage rate* FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES ONLY. *Sale or use for other purposes will subject the seller or user to very heavy penalties.* Well certainly this is a Medicinal Use, he thought. "If ever a seaman wanted drugs, it's me." Where did the phrase come from? . . . Yes, old Billy Bones, in *Treasure Island.*

Well, these foolishnesses would have blown over by to-morrow. Do a little work on the booklet and then turn in. He must get the thing done, earn some money. The gruesome burden of expenses. How little Phyllis realizes the load a man's mind carries. I suppose she carries one too, poor child. Every mind carries the weight of the whole world.

He was on hands and knees, picking up the scraps of crust that had fallen under the boiler. In a luxurious self-pity he found himself humming a hymn tune. Blessed solitude, where a man can sing to himself and admire the sweet sorrow of his own cadence! An almost forgotten poem came into his head and fitted pleasantly to the air.

"The Silver Girl she came to me when spring was dancing green,
She said, 'I've come to wait on you and keep your cabin clean;
To wash your face and hands and feet, and make your forehead cool—
[illegible] get you into Heaven yet, you Damned Old Fool!'"

Something in this appealed nicely to his mood. He allowed himself an encore. His voice, rising behind the stove, got a good resonance. Then he heard a footfall, a door opening. Ah, he thought, Phyl has come down to say she's sorry for being so crude. Well, I'll let her speak first. I'm tired of always being the one to make advances.

He waited, industriously gathering crusts, though he felt that the posture of Lazarus was not advantageous. There was no word.

"Well," he said impatiently, "have you had enough of your funny business?"

He turned, and saw Nounou's amazed face in the aperture of the back door. With an incoherent murmur he rose, took his bottle, and stalked out of the kitchen.

## XVII

"It would be interesting to speculate," said page 38 of George's treatise, "how such a cheery little town obtained the name Dark Harbor. Perhaps it was due to the scenic background of rugged hills that overlooks the picturesque old fishing port and reflects its invigorating pine woods in the water. At any rate the future of the place is bright indeed. The Eastern Railroad's express service now stops there, and large metropolitan interests have pledged themselves to the erection of a modern caravansary which will supplement the long famous 'folksy' hospitality of the Bayview Hotel. Separated only by a lengthy trestle from the mainland, the Island spreads its varied allure of rolling sand-dunes, pine groves, and broad shallow beaches. Shaped like a crescent, its outward curve is buffeted by the mighty ocean; on the inner side, sheltered from easterly gales by the unique sand-hills, is the comfortable cottage colony where a number of wise people have been vacationing for many years. Many artists have discovered the pictorial charm of the region, and find in the forests or in the maritime life of the Bay subjects for their water colors and oils. Canvases that have later become famous in Acade-

mies and exhibitions have first felt the brush in those shingled studios clustered about the old Inn, renowned for its savory chowder. There is a brilliance in the air, an almost Italian richness of color, in the Island's landscape. It will be many years before so vast a terrain can become crowded, but many new bungalows have been built lately and the newcomers pay tribute to the good taste of those who, a generation agone, divined Dark Harbor's magic as a haven of summer tranquility."

He felt a rational pride in this composition. It was in the genially fulsome vein esteemed by railroad companies. Even if people weren't tranquil in a place so competently described, they ought to be. He thought there was a neatness in that touch about Dark Harbor and its bright future. Phyllis was probably right when she often said it was a shame Mr. Granville should spend his talents in mere publicity work when he might so easily write something famous—fiction for instance. These are my fictions, he always replied, pointing to his private shelf of advertising pamphlets, nearly bound and gilded as his Works.

He had spread out his papers on the dining table, where he could write without seeing Joyce's door. But he couldn't seem to resume the flow of that slick treacly style, which the experienced brochurist can smoothly decant, like a tilted molasses barrel. The discomforting irony of the last word penetrated him. He changed "Italian richness" to "Italian passion," but that was as far as inspiration carried him. It was vain to remind himself that Walter Scott had written novels all night long, that Napoleon had planned campaigns in the agony of stomach ache, that Elbert Hubbard was never at a loss for a Little Journey. In a nervous fidget he pared his nails, sharpened pencils, rearranged the glasses on the sideboard, emptied Ben's cigar debris from the living-room ashtray. He trod stealthily, in stocking feet, for fear of disturbing Joyce. Without his usual couch to sleep on, his usual table to work at, he felt homeless. There was a dull pain at the bottom of his ribs. He tried to remember whether he had unduly bolted his food at dinner. Perhaps he was going to have appendicitis.

He had a sort of insane desire to justify his existence, to atone for a day of such incredible futility, by getting some work done. If every possible extraneous trifle could be attended to perhaps his mind might be calmed. He crept upstairs to clean his teeth and found that Phyllis had put his dressing gown and pajamas and slippers on the window seat. Was that a softening overture, or a hint that she did not want him in the bedroom? He tiptoed warily onto the balcony to glance at the children. Even in sleep Sylvia was still the coquette: she lay with one hand curled against her cheek, the most ravishing pose, her face a lovely fragile gravity. Janet was restless, muttering something about bathing.

He undressed, sitting on the window seat. With a vague notion of postponing the struggle with the pamphlet, he went through his routine with unusual care, watching the details. He noticed for the first time his ingenious attempt to retain the tip of each sock, by curling his toes into it, as he removed it. The purpose was evidently to turn the sock completely inside out in the one motion of stripping it off. For the first time in weeks he decided to fold his trousers neatly instead of just throwing them on a chair. He gave them a preliminary shake and found that the sand lodged in the cuffs flew unerringly into his eyes. He discovered that if he tried to put the left leg into his pajamas first, instead of the right, it didn't feel as though he had them on at all. The laundress had managed to let the end of the waist string vanish inside its little tunnel of hem. It required some very sharp work to creep it out again. What a good booklet could be written, for some pajamas and underwear manufacturer,

on The Technic of Getting Undressed. How pleasant that if you lay out your clothes just in the order of their discarding they are exactly serialized in the correct sequence for dressing tomorrow.

All this, he knew with subtle horror, was just a postponement of something inevitable, something he knew was coming but could not identify. Some great beauty of retribution had him in its onward march.

He was unworthy of the glory of living, he had niggled and haggled, and somewhere in his bunglings he had touched some fatal spring. He had broken some seal, let the genie out of the bottle. The little whiff of fragrant vapor had flowed and spread until it darkened the whole sky. It hung terrible above him and the four tiny Georges cowered beneath it. And behind and within every other thought was Joyce. He could see her, perfect, inaccessible, afraid. This dear device of Nature, this gay simple ingenuity of dividing life into halves and making them hanker for each other! Oh, Joyce, Joyce, it *does* matter. Joyce, I need you so.

A craven impulse tempted him to turn in at once, on the window seat; but its curved shape was not comfortable; moreover how could he possibly sleep? Downstairs the big couch had a lamp by it; he could read and, while reading, think. The principal pleasure, of reading, he had always found, is to fix the attention of the course outer mind, allowing the inner faculty to slip free. As he went down the clock startled him by counting midnight. He timed his step on the creaky treads so that the chime would silence them. But that settled it, he thought. One can *continue* working after twelve, but one can't possibly begin work at that hour. Besides, it's impossible to be conscientious in dressing gown and slippers. Morals, conscience, ambition, all the cunning artifice of custom, are laid aside with the garments of the day. The sophistries of virtue avail you nothing now. The thing in your heart that you are angriest at and most ashamed of, that is God. And that's what gods are invented for: to be despised and rejected. A god who was honored and welcomed, how unhappy he would be.

He lay down on the couch with a book, but his mind ran wild behind the printed lines. The weight and breathing of the silent house pressed about him. How well he knew that feeling of a house at night. All the others, broken at last by the day's long war of attrition, lost in their silence; himself the sole survivor, gleaning stupidly over the battlefield. Matching his lonely wit against destiny, aware of a shuddering compassion for all this unruly life under his charge. What was it that kept them all going? Only his dreams, his poor busy ideas. For the moment he could feel the whole poor fabric transfigured with truth and tenderness; with love that was furious and clean, with work that was sane and absorbing. What did he really care whether thousands of people did or did not spend their summer on the Great Scenic Route of the Eastern Railroad? Or whether they bedded on the Morrison Mattress, that Makes Sleep a Career?

He slipped to his knees beside the sofa, but he could not even pray. He was aware of the door behind him, and of Phyllis in the room overhead. How terrible if anyone should find him on his knees. Praying is only respectable if done in congregations. He remembered those cold evenings long ago, when he and Phyllis couldn't sleep unless she were pressed close behind him, her arm across his chest. And now he was living among strangers. I'll do whatever you tell me, I'll do whatever you tell me. But by heaven he had glimpsed it: he had seen beauty within breath and grasp: too close to mar it by selfishness. No, said his demon, you shan't even have the consolation of fine words. You shall have all the mockery and none of the bliss.

I suppose biology's pulling my leg, he reflected. . . .

He must have been kneeling there a long time. His forehead was numb from pressing on the ridged tapestry of the couch. At least you don't need the light on when you're trying to pray. The bills are big enough as it is. He rose stiffly and snicked off the current.

At the foot of the stair he paused. If Joyce were awake he might hear her stir. His hand gripped the carved newel. He stood a moment, and turned away.

The bedroom was dim. The blinds were not all the way down, dregs of that sparkling moonlight flowed underneath. Phyllis was asleep, he could see her head against the white linen. She lay as she always did, at the far side of the bed, turned away from the door, her arms crossed, one hand perching on her shoulder, the other tucked under the pillow. He went softly round the foot of the bed, stepping aside to avoid her slippers. He knew by instinct exactly where they would be.

Crouched at the bedside, he slid one arm under the pillow to find her hand. His fingers met a small damp handkerchief.

He gathered her into his arms. Out of some far-off vacancy she moved drowsily and welcomed him home. They knew every curve of their old embrace. Here was no fear and no doubting. Here was his consolation. Who was ever more beautiful? The tiny flattened handkerchief, was it not a pathetic symbol of the bruised mercies of love? Ah, be slow to mock the plain simplest things: good-byes, angers, fidelities, renunciations.

He held her close and more close. Then, with a gruesome pang, he checked the name that was on his lips. In the poor comedy of his heart there was room for but one thought: gratitude to Joyce; Joyce who, in the unstained bravery of her spirit had taught him anew the worth and miracle of love, and whose only reward had been suffering. Her name, so long echoed in his unuttered voice, now filled his mind and terrified him. Here, with Phyllis in his arms, he was thinking of her; this frail ghost of passion came between them. In physical sickness his embrace grew faint. It could not be: the last scruple of his manhood revolted against this consummate deceit.

Still half in dream, Phyllis divined him laggard. She crept closer. "Oh, Martin, Martin," she whispered. "I knew you'd come."

Now he knew where the dark current of the hours had been bearing him. Nothing else was possible. Quietly, without anger or surprise, in the relief of one free to face his destiny, he left the room and went down the stair. His hand was out to turn the knob when he saw that Joyce's door was opening toward him.

TO BE CONCLUDED

# THESE AMERICAN WOMEN

BY REBECCA WEST

THE Englishwoman who visits the United States is at a disadvantage when she seeks to come into relation with the American woman, because she is bound to be paralyzed with nervousness at having to take part in social functions which are quite unlike those given in England, and which are the expressions of a theory of society which is not held in England. I had two intimations of this during the first hour I spent in New York. When I came off the boat I was met by a group of people consisting of several Americans with whom I was to be associated in the enterprise for which I had crossed the Atlantic, and an Englishman who manages my literary business in London and happened to be visiting the States at the time.

While we were waiting for my luggage to go through the customs there appeared an American lady whom I had met in London. I was delighted to see her, for she is a person of a lovely eagerness to know all the best things in the kingdom of the mind, and she expresses her curiosities in a funny, flat, wistful voice that is somehow more childlike than childhood and very endearing; and I thought it very kindly of her to come down to the unattractive pier to greet the newcomer. But I was amazed by her effect on my business associates. They had none of them ever seen her before, they could not know about her mind, and they heard but little of her voice; but they were tremendously impressed by her coming. And gradually I gathered from them that they felt that it was a good thing for me that she had made this demonstration of friendliness, that it gave me a certain prestige, because she was a very important person in New York society. They evidently felt —and they were shrewd and sensible people—that her recognition was a sort of certificate, the validity of which would not be disputed by the ordinary American.

Now that astonished both my English friend and myself. And the ground of our astonishment was that the incident could not have taken place on the arrival of the boat-train at London. If a group of London business men were waiting for an American woman writer on Waterloo platform, they would not be moved to excitement by the appearance among them of any lady except Queen Mary. The case would have been different, of course, fifteen or twenty years ago. In those days if Teresa, Marchioness of Londonderry, or the Duchess of Devonshire, or any one of a dozen great ladies had swept her largeness down the platform past porters who would have touched their caps as if this had been a country station, and had saluted a visitor from America—any group of business associates that might have already gathered in welcome would have fallen into an awed and gratified hush. Her presence would have been a guarantee that various doors, and those belonging to the most magnificent of the monster stone cubes which line the London squares, would be opened to the visitor in spite of their (since lost) predilection for remaining shut; a considerable number of people who were anxious to placate her would nervously remember to be nice to her protégée; and these

things would have had their effect on the entirely respectful press, who liked to dine in great houses now and then.

But those days died with King Edward. No lady of modern London would make such a reassuring and edifying appearance before a stranger. There is no fixed ballet on the London stage, with prima ballerinas and obedient choruses doing their steps neatly in the hope of being some day advanced to the center of the stage. There is simply a flux of people which sometimes hardens here and there into a set, but which is never sufficiently settled for it to be organizable by a leader. And the press is eating its own very good dinner, thank you. And so if a lady of quality came to meet an American visitor to-day it would mean nothing except that she would introduce the stranger to her own friends, who would take her up if she were amusing and leave her alone if she were not. There would be nothing remotely hieratic about her function.

## II

That first incident made me realize that there were here conditions such as I had not previously encountered; and I realized it again when I bought an American newspaper in the lobby of the Waldorf and found in it the photograph of a lady who was described as "an exclusive social leader" of Chicago. It was, honest Injun, the first time I had ever seen that phrase. It struck me as fantastically foreign, as the extremest statement of the distance between England and America, both then and every time I subsequently saw it (which is to say every time I opened a newspaper during my stay in the United States). For it is a phrase that is never used in England, that is unknown to journalistic vocabulary because the conditions it implies do not exist over there. The word exclusive is never used in that sense, for there is really nothing to exclude people from nowadays and nobody to do it if there were.

The phrase made me feel apprehensive concerning the evidently immense differences in social customs to which I should have to adapt myself; and I should have felt much more apprehensive had I known how fiendishly these differences have been planned by the President of the Immortals to militate against mutual liking on the part of the two countries. For I understand now why English travelers often seem to Americans glacially blank: it is because they are taking part in a social ritual which is utterly strange to them and which numbs them with the constant fear that they are doing or saying the wrong thing. I know too why Americans who visit England frequently think they are treated rudely; they misread as evidences of chilly, casual feeling the lax forms that are all our national informality will permit.

In England, if you do want to do a guest supreme honor you do not give a party for him or her. That must seem to the American an unholy paradox, but it is true. If a person of distinction from a foreign country has presented a letter of introduction to me, I have heretofore given a luncheon-party or a dinner-party to him or her only if it was a matter of admiration and moderate interest. But if I very greatly admired his or her mind and wanted to come into close contact with it, and also if I wanted to be really helpful with suggestions of what and whom to see in England, I would ask him or her to come to see me alone. The luncheon or dinner might follow or not as time permitted, but the intimate conversation would be the real evidence of welcome and good will. This is so much taken for granted that when I recently gave an Englishwoman visiting New York letters of introduction to certain of my friends, she wistfully reported to me that though she had liked them she feared that they had not liked her, for not one of them had ever asked her to see them alone. There one has the neatest possible example of the difference in point of view.

Her hostesses, holding the conception of society as a set and glittering ballet, participation in which is a satisfying function of the normal, would never have dreamed of taking up the time of a celebrity on a brief visit to New York save to give her a party. She, holding practically no conception of society at all, imagined that they gave her parties because they thought it would be tedious to be alone with her.

Since my return to England I have been leading through London life a distinguished and earnest American woman, and I have detected in her very often signs of doubt as to whether we can possibly be at once sincere and such mixers; whether the Liberal journalist can really be so very Liberal and dine so amiably with the Conservative Cabinet Minister, whether the Socialist artist and the coal-owner can really have any differences to sink if they sink them so easily. Her suspicions are quite unfounded, for this is only the social manifestation of that instinct for tolerance which makes England, with all her strong bent for orthodoxy, allow all manner of heretics and rebels to speak their mind every Sunday afternoon in Hyde Park. But I can see that it does start a feeling that we are listless folk, and that this is intensified by our curiously impersonal behavior. We speak about anybody's work except that of ourselves and the stranger's. We may admire the stranger's last book enormously, but we will say so in just a sentence for fear of embarrassing him or her. We will not in any circumstances make any comment on his or her personality, we will not tell him or her in any but the most subtle ways that we like him or her. In England, incredible as it may seem, a woman will drop her voice and say, as one who imparts an indelicacy, "My dear, I know it's bad manners of me to tell you, but I think your gown is perfectly lovely." And if the dinner-party is succeeded by a week-end in the country, the guest will become even more convinced that his or her hosts find his or her personality lacking in interest. For, not realizing the American's never-ending abundance of vitality, they will think that their visitor will be glad of a rest and will leave him or her about for long spaces of time without making the slightest effort to provide any entertainment. I can understand the American making the return journey across the Atlantic in a state of acute resentment.

We cannot help our behavior. Indeed, it is quite well adapted to contact with our own kind. For instance we do not talk to people about their own work for the reason that English life produces, much more than American, the type of person who works almost entirely in the unconscious. To judge from my own experience, and that of a great many of my friends, the talent of the English author is apt to be localized in his right hand, not above the wrist. He never knows more than vaguely what he thinks about a subject till he comes to write about it. He never remembers what he has noticed in a scene till he comes to describe it. If he wants to give a lecture he moons over the subject in a sort of trance state, and when he comes before the audience he finds in his mouth an address which bears evidence of having been prepared from its consistency with the rest of his work and by its use of his knowledge, but which has been prepared on the other side of the threshold of the conscious mind. If he consciously prepared it, so that he could tell a reporter what he was going to say the morning before his lecture, he would find himself burdened with a discourse which is so little expressive of real feelings and so little characteristic of his mental processes that he would be as likely as not to forget it.

The greatest living English novelist illustrates this national character in an acute form. I am convinced that if Thomas Hardy were to publish an essay on his own novels, the result would be dismissed as the effort of a mind no doubt sincere but far too limited to com-

prehend the vast significances of the great genius. Now the American works far more with his conscious mind. I was always being amazed by the extent to which Americans knew what they were doing, by the way they sat down at their writing table with a perfect knowledge of what their pencils were going to write, by the way they can tell you accurately the thesis of the lecture they are going to give next week. And Mr. Hardy's American contemporary, Mr. Henry James, as aptly illustrates his fellow countrymen's idiosyncrasy by the accurate inventory of himself that he was able to take in the Prefaces to the New York Edition; he showed that he had known what he was doing all the time. This is a real difference between the two peoples, and its practical effect is this unfortunate opposition of opinion concerning one's own work as a topic of conversation.

Our failure to speak out our mind concerning an admired personality springs from something not less profound. It is a remote consequence of the eccentricity which, as I have said before, is a marked characteristic of the English nation. Since we intend to make our personalities just what we please, and to let our neighbors do the same, we school ourselves in an elaborate pretense that our personalities produce no effect on us at all and take one another for granted. This puts us out of the habit of bestowing either praise or blame, and when we wish to break down this inhibition we are hampered by another which springs from our national mania for understatement. That is an offshoot of the irony with which our military past has infused our spirit; for irony is the form of humor that can most easily be practiced by men who are keeping a stiff upper lip on land or sea, and we have done a lot of that.

## III

But I will not attempt to justify my country, for if the Americans only knew it they get their own back. No inhabitant of the United States can guess the bewilderment and panic which comes upon the English visitor when he or she is first introduced to American hospitality. I do not mean that they do not like American parties. They do. They must. For American parties are glorious. And to the woman who cares about women, they are exhilarating. For, always before this business of housekeeping has been a burden to women; but these American women are tossing it up into the air and catching it again as if it were a ball. No German *Hausfrau* ever had a neater house, and no woman since the world began has ever practiced such lavish and involved hospitalities, yet the American hostess looks as free from care as if she had followed the raggle-taggle gypsies. She, and all those present, would in any case be impressive and invigorating to encounter because of their extreme vitality. Nobody born on the other side of the Atlantic can understand what it means for a European to come into a gathering of Americans and find that they all possess that glittering energy which he has encountered before only in individuals and has put down as their fascinating idiosyncrasy. That a whole society should pour out this nervous radiance without cease is just such a revelation of the amazing potentialities of the universe as the idea of radium was at its first discovery.

In England, where society does not do this, when a family goes away for the week-end they go with the firm intention of spending the time quietly with such friends as they may have invited to stay with them. The only time when they seek out their fellows during their visit is when they go to the golf-house or to an infrequent dance. What they want to do is to potter about in their own park or garden, and spend the evening at home. The American habit of building palaces in the country, where the socially established inhabitants of a district can go and spend the entire week-end in one another's society, would

appall the Englishman—partly because he has not the money to pay the subscriptions that such palaces entail but chiefly because he would regard it as a hardship to be so social. And while Americans could not understand that I held Saturday to Monday as sacred, they expected me to hold all sorts of things sacred that in fact I did not. Repeatedly they spoke of extinct social institutions of my country as if they were still inspiringly extant. When I was in America a Duke's daughter was taking part in a theatrical performance in New York, and I was often asked whether English society was not greatly concerned when she took this step, though certainly fifteen years have passed since any such event would have caused a ripple of excitement in London. The thing rises to fantastic heights at times. In a certain Middle-Western town I learned that when the daughter of a leading citizen had been married, a week or so earlier, she had worn for that great day the dress she had worn on the great night when she danced with the Prince of Wales. . . .

Was it right of the American woman to be quite so social? Was her gregariousness simply the trivial enjoyment which was all that a limited imagination could distill from her unequaled material advantages? There existed a great many American novels to tell me that it was. But I did not believe it, because she bore in most cases unmistakable signs of belonging to the race of those who give themselves away. The proof of that lies in her gratuitous feminism, so magnificently undictated by her circumstances. She had such a chance as was never offered woman before of being comfortably and securely kept, and she has not taken it. Passivity, which is the most sensible course, could have been hers in the most attractive conditions; and she is about as passive as Napoleon. If one were told of a country where a greater proportion of men than the world has ever seen enjoyed ample means, one might be tempted to guess that the women of the country would be very largely parasitic on the male and would behave as parasites do: moving about to extract nourishment from their hosts but avoiding any incautious movement that would lead to expulsion. But in fact the American woman does neither of these things. She is as little a parasite as any other woman in the world; and she adjusts herself far less than any other woman to suit what men think of her. She loves men. What is more remarkable to the European observer, she likes them. But she does not surrender the sacredness of her own. Even the little amateur vamp (*scuola di* Gloria Swanson) though obviously richly responsive to the idea of sexual love, shows, in the way she holds up her chin as she talks to her boy and never lets her little shrill voice dip into acquiescence, that she would preserve the integrity of her standards from interference by the other sex as any strong-spirited boy would do.

No. If American women go in for society there must be something in it. And when one looks into the case one finds there is. Merely a good part of the politics of future America, merely a wholly necessary part of the art of future America.

## IV

The channel through which so much of the American woman's social activity flows—the Woman's Club—seemed to me to be of immense importance politically because its routine is planned to be compatible with the domestic arrangements of married women. It has recently become obvious that the reason women have not produced nearly so many of the great as men have is, not that what we regard as the characteristically masculine activities demand different powers from those demanded by the characteristically feminine activities of wifehood or motherhood, but that they demand the same. For now that the raising of the marriage age and the lowering of the birth rate allow more

women to follow at any rate the initial stages of an artistic and scientific occupation, we find that the women who show most promise are usually those who are most sexually attractive. To take a conspicuous instance, there are probably no more beautiful women in England than our finest woman pianist and 'cellist of the younger generation. In fact, the women who would make the best artists, scientists, or politicians are the very ones who are most inevitably called to another career which is usually incompatible with any other. In the past this coincidence of sexual and creative powers meant utter frustration of feminine talent, since these were the very women who were most certainly doomed to marry young and be bound to such an unremitting toil of childbearing, childrearing, and housework that when their children were grown up they were in most cases too tired to do anything but rest.

Nowadays the physical conditions of life are so much improved that it is no more natural for a woman to be exhausted at the age of forty-five, after having been a wife and a mother, than it is for a man to be exhausted at that age after having practiced as a lawyer or doctor. We must resign ourselves to the fact that, in spite of this improvement, it will be very difficult for such a woman to return to the practice of an art or a science. She will have forgotten its technic, and since domestic life calls (above all things) for a chameleon adaptability of mind that can shift from object to object as emergency dictates, she will have impaired her power of concentration. But there are other careers, and in particular there is the political career. This is the ideal field for the middle-aged woman who has acquired a sense of values by many years spent in the cultivation of human relationships, if only she has meanwhile kept in touch with affairs. That is an immensely difficult condition; and the woman's club seems to me the best device yet framed for fulfilling it.

The development of this device in the United States may be due to the fact that in one important respect it has better material to work on than it would have in England. American women do not dislike men as much as Englishwomen do. Englishwomen probably love men more for, owing to the more sedative airs of Great Britain, they are apt to sit still and feel, while the exhilarated Americans run about and receive new impressions. But they do not like men. It may be objected that I am speaking of my friends, who will be alleged to be disgruntled intellectuals. But it is precisely not of that type that I am speaking; I maintain that the ordinary, domesticated, upper- and middle-class Englishwoman feels a bitter resentment against her menfolk as perfect nuisances to whom she has been unfairly bound by her natural affections. This is a consequence of the ridiculous English custom of sending boys away to boarding schools from the ages of eight or nine. They have not had enough of their mother at that age; they go away from her to a life of much greater physical hardship than they have known at home, and they make her a symbol of the comfort and childish irresponsibility they have left behind them. As a result the average Englishman is always attempting to make his relationships with women replicas of the relationship with his mother, and to that end he behaves like a child, with the selfishness and unreasonability and lack of self-control that are characteristic of children.

There exists a considerable body of literature, the most conspicuous examples of which are written by Barrie, which glorifies this tendency as something touching and lovable and productive of great emotional satisfaction in women. It is in fact a neurosis which is loathsome to women. Nobody has a right to behave like a child except a child. It is a theft from real childhood, for a woman who has constantly to be mothering her husband has not so much time or energy to mother her children. This falsification of one of the

most important relationships of her adult life leaves the English middle-aged woman very often much more spiritually exhausted than the American woman of the same age. This is the great advantage the American woman has over the Englishwoman. They seem to me to start fairly equal. Indeed, if anything, the young English girl of this particular moment has the advantage over her American equivalent, for she does much more walking in the open air (since she rarely possesses an automobile) and this gives her a fresher and fitter look. But the number of serenely energetic American women between forty-five and sixty-five far surpasses the number in England who manage to preserve the integrity of their nervous system.

Certainly the United States has need of these and any other women who will take an interest in politics. I have often suspected from the condition of European affairs that incapacity for political thought and action ought to be scheduled as a tertiary sexual characteristic of man. Although Englishmen think and talk perpetually of politics (from a necessity I mentioned in my previous article) masculine achievement is so far below its usual level in this one department of life that it seems obvious that, in handling it, man is working against his true nature. It would have been impossible, for example, for Mussolini to have been tolerated in any other sphere. If a similar charlatan had appeared in medicine, in literature, in art, or in law he would have been swept away in a flood of criticism; but he was able to get away with *Fascismo*, which ranks as the governmental equivalent of Doctor Abrams' electric box, because so few people are sufficiently at home with the principles of politics to be able to indulge in the kind of positive and fearless criticism that alone impresses public opinion.

My incredulity concerning the masculine aptitude for these matters was enormously increased when I visited the United States and saw how American men, compelled by the need of their country for economic exploitation to take less interest in politics than the European, overshoot the mark and take none at all; and my suspicion that women have more aptitude for the work —based on observation of the way the emancipated Englishwoman takes to politics, at the first opportunity, as a duck takes to water—was as enormously increased when I saw how an otherwise politically barren land blossoms forth from coast to coast in Leagues of Women Voters. Indeed, it is almost beside the point to discuss whether the women of the United States have a special aptitude for the work, since they are the only people who seem to be ready to do it. And there are the vast carcasses of Russia and China—sprawling helplessly over the map, magnificently endowed with population and natural wealth but insufficiently innervated by governmental systems—to prove what happens to a country that is not a political entity.

## V

But the American woman's social activities are most admirable when they are merely social. It is then that she is taking care of the art of future America. Because in the course of these merely social activities, "exclusive social leaders" emerge, prominent families, an aristocracy, a class system. And being English, I know how useful a class system is. It is a silly thing in itself, but a most useful defense mechanism. Genius, once the necessary irritant has been introduced into its imagination, can develop anywhere. If one had given Shakespeare a few years in Warwickshire and then put him on an iceberg with no company but polar bears, he probably would have led a richly satisfying creative life. Reading a Yorkshire vicarage for an iceberg and curates for Polar bears, as spare an environment nourished the Brontës and did not starve them, because they had read a few books. But mere talent cannot perform such miracles of self-suste-

nance. It is not sure of itself. It loses faith in the standards of the intellect. God forgive it, it reads its press clippings, and studies its book sales, not because it wants to know how much money it is going to make but to see whether people think well of it. It has, therefore, a great need to be able to fall back on some useful myth of rightness and authority. And if there is a class system it says to itself, "Well, the people may giggle, but that simply shows how absurd they are, for I am the right sort of person, for I am a Smith of Mympton Parva."

Who doubts it should look at the part which Ireland has played in English literature. Ireland has the class system in a very emphatic form, owing to the circumstances of its conquest. There one has an Anglo-Irish, Protestant ruling class who came over from England to live on lands granted them by the Tudors or the Stuarts or Cromwell, and were imbued with an unequaled sense of snobbery because they were always contrasting themselves with the native Irish whom they had defeated in battle, who were of a different religion, of inferior education, and in less prosperous circumstances. This snobbery has now effloresced into the most amazing growth of the sort that the world has ever seen. There never have been, there are not, there probably never will be again such snobs as the Anglo-Irish. Now most of them are merely snobs, but some of them have stepped out of their ranks and written nearly all the good comedy and satire that has been written in English. Swift, Sheridan, Oscar Wilde, Synge, and George Bernard Shaw are all of that blood. They were able to laugh at life because they were lords of life. Shaw himself has described the way it works in a passage wherein he describes how he has missed much of the misery of life because he has always been quite sure that he was a gentleman; even when he was so poor that he had to wear a hat which made the passer-by wonder if he had snatched it off a dustbin, he never doubted that he was a gentleman. What is more important, is that he never doubted, however unpopular a truth lay on his lips. If you doubt what value that assurance was to him and others of his stock, you need only refer to the different destiny of the native Irish who, though of infinitely more sympathetic and ardent character, have created little literature of positive force and practically no satire at all; and have consistently been guided by the beautiful but fatal morality, which governs slaves of noble character, to choose as their medium for self-expression rebellions whose foreseen climax is sacrifice.

England is covered with persons who carry themselves proudly because they are second cousins to baronets. They may jeer at their emotion, they may advocate measures which are hostile to whatever interests baronets as a class may have, but the defense mechanism is there and they avail themselves of it in their inevitable moments of weakness. Moreover, since titles themselves have become discredited (owing to the free purchase of such from the political parties by vulgar people) the emphasis is now laid on the element of continuity; and that the people have always had. The cottager has always been proud that his name is in the parish register and on the churchyard graves with dates of long past centuries beside it. His pride is stouter now that he feels no real conviction that the squire and parson are of better clay than himself. It makes us a confident people, who can give away to the national tendency to experiment and try such new forms as the Labor Government.

A world devoid of such defense mechanisms would be safe only for genius; and they are created by the merely social activities of women—by "getting together" that seemed, no doubt, pointless at the time.

## VI

It is magnificent to see American women working to make their national

equivalent of this defense mechanism. There was a city in upper New York State where I spent some days which I shall never forget, because of the different sorts of very intense and beautiful impressions they gave me. My hostess was a person who alone might have contented me with my visit. She had that enchantment which belongs to women who could have been great actresses if they had gone on the stage, but who have never acted and therefore pervade any hour of their week with the magic that they would otherwise have concentrated on six evening performances and a matinée. One could never tell when she would not delight one with a significant movement, a significant inflection, which for the moment promised that chaotic life was going to resolve itself into a drama with a meaning.

This had once been a frontier town. It was still a frontier town. Its frontier quality had been built enduringly into its houses, it had been bred into its women. For my hostess and her friends were tall and far-gazing, as is to be expected from the descendants of a stock selected by its adventurousness; and they spoke with the real Yankee drawl, which is one of the most aristocratic accents in the world—since it is charged with noble history, being essentially an echo and an inheritance from the voice of a brave man discomfiting peril and cheering himself by ridiculing it. And they had evidently perpetuated in the social life of their town that amity of frontier life which must have been as fine as its sternness. There was a village atmosphere—and by this I mean something opposed to the unneighborly indifference of urban life—which, despite the expansion, curiously persisted in the long avenues of neat frame houses that look unrelated enough in other towns. The place dwells in my mind as being as exquisite an entity as Chester or Shaftesbury, though it had hardly any looks at all. It was as satisfying in its refreshment of one's deep need for reassurance that this terrestial thing is worth while. It was strange and mystical to perceive how this entity was the creation of these club women. I do not merely mean that by their cultivation of the social arts they were able to present themselves and their surroundings in the best possible light and present the happiest interpretation of everything. They were responsible for the quality of the life and the power of its being. By forming so close and active a society, they had kept within the country of their childhood and had not been deprived by time of their frontier heritage; and their community, keeping in touch with its past, had roots and was strong.

That was good, and it was not unique. There was a Middle-Western town which was specially memorable because it possessed so apt an architectural symbol of its social life. It was a dull town, with skyscrapers that looked like giant petrol cans and suburbs of frame houses that were as monotonous as hencoops; but it contained a public library which might have stood beside the temples of Pæstum and not made the ancients too greatly angered with the New World. Also it contained a society, not less classic nor less beautiful than the library, which presented to the world a balanced conception of life in which the pursuit of economic ends was plainly given no false prestige, but thought did not insolently withdraw itself from the common man. A hundred years ago there was nothing there at all save the prairie. It was in this town, miraculous to the European mind, that the young lady had been married in the dress in which she had danced with the Prince of Wales. Looking at the gay yet scrupulous faces of my hostesses as they performed, so much more earnestly than Englishwomen would have done (who have not had to perform such miracles), their masque of hospitality—and thinking how they had created this graciousness by merely living, it seemed to me that her sense of romance had been too remote.

# THE FETISH OF THE JOB

ANONYMOUS

The author of this article has held several important executive positions: she has been the editor of a magazine and has been prominently connected with a national welfare organization. We can vouch for the truth of this account of her revolt.—*The Editors.*

A FEW months ago I threw off the burden of a lie with which I have struggled for fifteen years; a lie which has distorted my whole life; a lie which has kept me spiritually a coward, although outwardly I am a glossy, successful business woman. That lie is the myth of The Job.

It began when I was a little girl. We were poor people, and ever since I was old enough to understand the talk it was always about jobs—losing jobs, getting a new job, somebody having a better job than you, somebody taking your job away from you. Having a job seemed to be what life was for. Not having it was failure and death. Never an intimation of any purpose or reason in life beyond the job. It was nicer, of course, if one got a job one liked, but always the best job for a person was the job that paid the most money.

Now we had not always been poor. My father and mother had come from a country where there was leisure and tradition and certainty for them. Here there was nothing for which their easy, lazy manner of living fitted them, and probably it was because it was hard for them to make a living that we heard so much about jobs.

It was no better at school. When it was time to graduate from grammar school my teacher called each of us separately to her desk and asked us, little children of thirteen and fourteen, what we were going to do. Everybody was going to do something—study stenography or be an errand girl or an office boy or a tailor's apprentice. A few were going on to high school. I wanted to go to high school. But that whole school term there had been talk at home of how soon I should earn money, and how much so-and-so earned already, and she only two years older than I. Nothing was urged on me at home; my father and mother were too gentle and too hopeless of us all. But under their despair, and under the prompting of my schooling, I too told my teacher I would get a job. And I did, wrapping bundles in a department store at three dollars a week. I could not break the string correctly. It demanded a certain twisting of the cord around certain fingers in a certain way, and then a deft and quick sundering wrench. But what cut instead was my flesh, and after two weeks I was fired because I was no good at the job and my third finger was cut almost to the bone.

Discharged, unfit, I thus came by my first failure—came by that sickening self-loathing in which I morbidly counted over, step by step, every reason why I had failed—and went out like a scared, sick rabbit to hunt other jobs, to face other terrifying persons and situations.

The strange double life I came to lead, even as a young girl!—by day typewriting letters about mining stocks, typing orders for caffeine, for saccharine, typing articles of divorce, saying "yes, sir" continually; by night writing an essay on

Savonarola, or discovering for myself the humanly evil pride of Milton's fallen angel. At home the life I loved and could understand still went on: my father sitting up all night, studying a book he already knew by heart, my mother singing songs of her home land, showing us photographs of her beautiful sisters who had got their Ph.D.'s at the Sorbonne, telling us the escapades of her hot-tempered, graceful brothers who beat the countryside at riding, at hunting, at dancing. In that old life there was no mention of jobs. Seemingly no one had held them, and they didn't matter. What mattered in that life was who had painted a good picture, the praise which came to father when he had composed a beautiful oratorio—what had mattered was wit and learning and spirited, lazy living. Money didn't matter, or social position, or ambition of a mean order, in that wonderful world. But that was the Old World, as my father called it, and it had no relation to the life which I and everyone in the world I knew lived. Promptly at eight o'clock everyone seemed to board cars and go downtown. Promptly at twelve the whole world emptied itself from its hives and ate. Promptly at one it went back to its hives.

It did not occur to me to question the rightness of such a world, because I was a good girl and anxious to do what was right. And all the magazines and newspapers were constantly printing the pictures—as in later years they printed mine—of men and women who had "made good" on their jobs. The greatest person was the one that had the biggest job and made the most money. If you didn't, if you couldn't make a lot of money you weren't successful. That axiom was universal, and I never questioned it. I never questioned that those who ran the world didn't know what was right. It was right to make lots of money, to work hard all the time, to hold on to your job—no matter what happened, to hold on to your job.

I had just tumbled into any job, but this primitive method of my youth has been improved upon by the modern pseudo-sciences. Now there are vocational experts who will fit you for the right job. They will fingerprint and chart your mentality so that from your earliest years there shall be no divagations—your straight and narrow path will lie before you, and you will make good with all the intensity and narrowness that is possible. In schools and colleges the emphasis is not on the beauty and the adventure and the pity of life. It is on "how to make good"—one of the mean catchwords invented by shrewd and sharp old men to hem in the wandering, noble, and helpless phantasy of young people.

You may not stop and waste time smelling a primrose by the river's brim, unless it's on your half-holiday, or you'll be docked for coming late to work. You can't get the right job early enough. The instinct to hunt it begins at college. Make friends with the right people, be in the right set, and you will be taken care of right through life with the right kind of jobs—jobs that get you into the good clubs, jobs that fix you up for life. The result is solemn and ox-eyed young people instead of eager and delighted and troubled and exasperating ones, as properly spirited young people should be.

I haven't been able to be solemn, and my sense of proportion has held me back a good deal. Once a dearly beloved, profane old boss of mine and I went out one day to celebrate the closing down of our offices. He gave me good advice, now that he was no longer my boss and that I had a new job to get. "The trouble with you is that you don't take yourself seriously enough," he insisted. "Now I'm old in this business and I know what goes. I get a lot of money because I'm big, and fat, and I always look wise, and make 'em think my job's harder than the president's. You do a hard job with a crook of your finger and laugh and joke it off. It makes the other guys sore because

they're not so smart and you're showing them up. People don't understand you. Take my advice and forget how to joke while you're on a job. Look solemn and treat your job as if it were the—damnedest thing you ever tackled. Then people will give you a lot of money. Take it from me, I know. They mistrust people who have a sense of humor about themselves."

On my various jobs, though I have not learned to be solemn, I have learned how to obliterate my own likes and dislikes and beliefs completely. I have nodded sympathetically while people have told me that Catholics were the scourge and menace of our country; that all Jews should be burned; that all Protestants were burning Ku-Kluxers. I have nodded sympathetically when people I worked for have told me they fired all people they suspected of being radicals because their names bore some South European ending. I have laughed with Y.M.C.A. leaders who told of the difficulties they had in collecting the "good old stuff" for their newly enlarged wine cellars. I have sat in the Senate lunchroom and given cynical advice to political leaders whom it was my business to propitiate. I have entered with seeming enthusiasm into the plans of women's organizations for business purposes. I have condemned and discharged women for doing things which would have been none of my business had they been men. I have spoken for people not what I really believed, but what they wanted to hear. In all this I was not a slinking hypocrite—indeed I was exercising my private conscience overtime—I was simply doing my job well, whatever it was. If my job demanded that pink be called blue, I did so; or red, yellow; and I always tried to do it as well as I could; to do otherwise would have been to violate the interests of my employers. If I made a sharp distinction between what I believed and what I professed for business reasons, I was doing only what most successful people around me were doing: A political leader who told me all this stuff about not recognizing Russia was nonsense—yet whose public stand was right with Secretary Hughes; an editor who in 1916 told me the outcome of the war would be state socialism, which he believed to be the only efficient modern form of government, wrote editorials in which he invented all the Hun epithets and led the newspaper rabble which cried down every sane thought. Indeed, I was simply following my leaders, as my underlings were doubtless following me.

The crisp sureness, the crisp glibness of the whole affair! Everyone in line, marching to the tune, saying the right things, doing the right things! The only ones who were out of line were the occasional free-lance writers and artists you employed to write and illustrate advertisements and books—always the unsure, soft attitude of amiable puppies about them, save in their eyes. In their eyes there was an aloofness, a strange sureness that looked beyond you, that made you uncomfortable. Yet these soft, shabby creatures somehow challenged all the sureness, all the shininess of your job. The girl with bobbed hair, when bobbed hair was something questionable, who came in and sold you a capital story about Russia or London at the net space rate of eleven dollars and fifteen cents—not very good business for her—had something in her bearing that was gay and brave. Even when she asked for a job and you repulsed her with unnecessary asperity, it didn't seem to crush her to the ground as it should have—as it would have crushed you. She lived in a world beyond jobs.

## II

I know an old fellow who fancies himself a little Roosevelt. In his self-imposed role, he is always saving the country. He notoriously underpays his servants and employees, but as head of a great corporation he is always sending out long high-sounding pronouncements on the virtues of faithful, unquestioned

servitude. He writes long eloquent letters to the headmaster of the school his grandson attends, extolling the glories of hard work and honesty and patriotism, and these letters are duly read aloud at chapel to the scions of the high houses of America. One of this old man's diversions and noble duties is to hire an editorial syndicate service to which he sends editorials on the perils of socialism; in which he broadcasts canards like the one on the nationalization of Russian women, and predicts that the radicals and liberals will soon bring a like state of affairs in our own homes; and to which, lastly, he sends editorials on the iniquity of federal and state control of his kind of business, which is notoriously served by highly paid lobbies. Truly, a successful, a great man, who lunches with head-line names only, whose photograph is sold by every press service. Yet this man is a martyr. He has his own tragedy. His own son is worthless—that is, he hates office jobs—and is vain and charming and gay. The old man hides away in some hole in the countryside, when he could be living in the expensive palaces of Newport, and sticks by his son, in endless martyrdom.

What matters the truth that his son has taken a run-down farm, and by years of hard work transformed it into a place whose beauty is the talk of the county? What matters that he works from seven in the morning until six at night, and on Sundays too? What matters that he is his own architect and builder and his own landscape gardener, building with a quicker taste than many a professional, and saving thus to his father many many thousands of dollars? What matters that with him at home the place is full of delight and wit and a sense of beauty—that without him it is a dead, cold place filled with old dull people? You cannot count his success in dollars and cents. He is the lifegiver to a whole circle of people, including his eminently successful father; yet by our standards he is a miserable failure, dependent on his father for his bread. There is no honorable place in the American scheme for this kind of man. He is regarded as a failure. He may work every day, but it isn't *real* work because he doesn't go down in the commuting train every morning, and he makes no money, and he doesn't lord it over a stenographer and a telephone.

He doesn't make any money. We disparage anyone who doesn't make money no matter how worthily he occupies his time. Success in our country means making money. A foreign woman and I were discussing a certain person. Is he a success? she asked. Yes, he makes lots of money. I understand that, she murmured, deprecating my vulgarity. I mean, is he a successful human being? It was the first time in my life that I had heard the question couched with spiritual rather than material implications.

Are these successful men of ours successful human beings? In my mind I run over the men I know. I think of a man who was once my boss, sixty by now, unmarried, with an innocent heart, and innocent of experience. Since he was a little boy he had sat in his shop. His eyes, like those of a shy fawn, evaded yours in embarrassment. He could make powerful things with figures on paper. Aside from that, he was lost and alone. Aside from that, he had the vague, sweet yearnings for beauty that assail every adolescent. So he gave a million dollars to found an art museum—the only effort he could make toward gaining for himself any place among the things that seemed to matter in beautiful living. I pitied him. In a kinder, more leisurely civilization with a tradition of honorable leisure he could have had real happiness pottering about in his garden, noticing the arrival of a new pair of robins, writing books on roses, fussing with his pipe and a book, sitting long, lazy hours on a chair out on his wide, quiet lawns—really living with the dignity and the simplicity and the kindliness of the warm cultivated human animal he was meant to be instead of giving

dollars to pile up what must for him personally ever remain sterile marble halls.

Indeed, jobs are both an escape from human individual failure, and a cause of human individual failure. When one has no routine job one is forced to face one's inadequacies, one's lack of purpose. In America living and having jobs seem to be synonymous. And we don't know how to live. We will not take the chances individuality involves. We will not realize that a higher form of life comes from taking a chance, that life comes through fear and pain and the chance of failure as well as through being good and always being right. The person who has a job is always right. He can look any man in the face and feel that the world is on his side. He moves in a mechanical groove sanctified by systems instead of out in a trackless world where he must find a path made by his own peculiar needs and desires and hungers.

It does not take courage, independence, daring, initiative to hold a job. It takes tact, obedience, subservience, subtlety, shrewdness, hypocrisy, intrigue—even servility. I have had my lessons in job holding and in being a boss. By chance I once read a note returned to my office for want of a clear address. It was written by a member of my staff, and from it I learned that I had the reputation of being a martinet and a gruff and brutal tyrant. I have come to realize a great part of that must have been true—it is still true when at times I put myself in the perilous position of directing others. Having been an executive at an early age, I was necessarily always in the right.

What is the use of taking such a way of life too seriously? Here I am, thirty-seven years old, and as soon as I have given up my job my social importance drops from me. Here I am wanting to know how to embroider and how to dance the Charleston and how to be a charming home woman, and the fact that I have had the biggest jobs won't help me. Women have sighed with envy when talking to me. Women with jobs may be more interesting than women who are just lilies of the field, but that is because in any situation in life they would be alert and eager-minded. If you work as long as I have done, you get to the place where it holds no false thrills for you. I like to change places with my housekeeper. I like my children to be with me all day, instead of with her. I like to be the one to take walks with them, to read to them; I like to cook and to sew and to be restful and leisurely. Why are we rushing girls into jobs, teaching every one of them a job or a trade, no matter how much money they have? Is it because we have lost the art of leisure? Is it because the pace is so fast that it has withered the amateur's attitude out of the women, too? Are women to forget how to spend their lives valuing things that have no money tag? Enjoyment of life is the end of life, not enjoyment of a job. Even in the Christian philosophy, the Marys, the life-givers, the charming, delightful women, were given precedence over the workers; and if you hold jobs long enough you're apt to become a pretty dull girl indeed, knowing one thing only, with few accomplishments, with few delightful ways of just being alive; taking things too seriously, budgeting out all the things which can't be systematized and analyzed and accounted for. We women mustn't take jobs so seriously.

## III

I don't say job-holding isn't necessary and admirable for some people, but I object to its being made the end and all of life. I object to its emphasis in our civilization. Work in itself is not the end in life for cultivated, intelligent people. Growth of understanding, enjoyment of all the fine things of life, toleration, kindliness—these are some of the real ends of life, and jobs atrophy, rather than strengthen, our faculties in these directions. I have won the right

to say these things because I am always introduced to audiences as "the first woman who ever" did thus and so: I have been written up in success articles, and I am asked to speak before clubs on how to do likewise. And because I have progressed beyond jobs, I would especially like to warn young women against taking this religion of jobs too literally. I have got to the place where I am willing to do—and want to do—my own housework, to practice all the little economies, because in this way only can I get a chance to be a leisurely human being, with time to do all the things one never has the time to do when one is working.

It was almost with a feeling of relief that, a few months ago, I read of the first woman cashier who ran off with her bank's money. At last, I thought to myself, business women are growing up: they are coming to understand what a job really is. Women have humbly swallowed all this bunk about jobs where men, although they pay it lip service, have a tacit undercurrent of rebellion against jobs. They go to baseball games and out to the country clubs when they are supposed to be sweating over their desks; they know how to be lazy, how to bluff, and they respect one another's bluff, even in the long dreary panegyrics they write about how they eliminated one waste movement in a manufacturing process and gained millions as a result. Men swagger, and their opponents know they swagger; whereas women serving their business novitiate are grim and on the make. It puzzles women to see men who are the fiercest business rivals sit down the next moment and call each other Bill and Joe and have a pleasant drink together. Women, too, must take jobs as a game, and stop all this talk of giving up husbands and children and homes to live in little city cells so that we can efficiently follow "our careers."

I happen to have read the manuscripts of two books coming out this fall. Both were written by young men who ran off to Europe rather than continue to work in Wall Street, and both novels deal with the revolt of their heroes from office jobs. To these young men life was something greater and beyond what they found in offices, yet there was no place here for them. We have too great a tendency to call those men parasites—or bums—who know how to live fine ridiculous, gay, carefree lives. Why? Why should they add to the piles of money? They've too much sense. Is it their fault that we have been so busy grubbing for money that there is no tradition of leisure in this country—no tradition of life spent in dignified play and in public service without gain? It is because so many young men and women have begun to question this Mumbo-Jumbo God of the Job that the art of this country is becoming vigorous.

## IV

I have asked many young Americans I met in Paris, in Berlin, in Vienna, why they were there. Because living is cheap, they answered. Because I can live my life without ridicule or disapproval, think and do as I please on the little money I have. Because I don't have to bend the knee to a bourgeois society in which only one thing counts—money . . . money and dead, very dead, and very old masters, bogus or genuine. We who are alive don't count in America, and they laugh at our art. That was the gist of the talk. Sons of wealthy parents, young men from middleclass homes, from the homes of clergymen—invariably these young men had revolted from jobs.

And their parents? One of the most absorbing sights in Paris to me was the lounge of my hotel after the dinner hour. Patronized mostly by middleclass Americans, the women sat all dressed up, each in her Spanish shawl—miraculously acquired in her very first day in Paris—and over the cards, and during and after dinner all they talked about was the bargains they had picked

up. They would pass bead bags, bought in little alleyways for a few francs, and finger them and relate the whole battle of the bargain, and where so-and-so got her hat, and where thus-and-so got her real lace and how—it went on hour after hour, night after night. Their men would sit by, middle-aged, bald and heavy, silent, twiddling their thumbs, glancing at one another—the men always in groups separate from the women—making a few tacit grunts and relapsing into silence, never looking about them, never curious, never a keen, an alert glance from them. Like pallid old birds they sat, yet they must on their own heath have been keen to have made the piles of money their women were spending with such zest. Here was a world of color, of clash, of romance, yet they sat miserably longing for coffee as only it was made at home; longing for the office and the loud friendly joshing of the Rotary Club lunch.

Then one would look at a Continental family group in the same room. To begin with, they sat around the little marble tables, taking coffee. Men and women together, with a friendly family priest, all laughing and talking together, lively, mature, sophisticated, interested; understanding one another and human. By their side our American fathers looked like shy boys. Their jobs being the only thing they could talk about fluently, they were silent in an atmosphere where the fact that the bottom had fallen out of the market didn't matter. Busy all day at the office, they had no time or patience with wild vagaries, with the art of just conversing, with the subtle, mysterious flowerings of the mind. In Europe modernism is an accepted fact with the middle-aged because they have enough leisure to be bored with the old and enough curiosity to welcome the new, no matter how half heartedly. But the American business mind, though it can play with the fact of paying more for an old master than has ever been paid before, cannot play with the mysterious fact of artistic creation in its own day and age. And the older man has his absorption in his job to thank for his lack of contact with the spiritual and artistic life of his own sons.

This morning I cooked an excellent shoulder of veal *en casserole*, with rounds of carrots and potatoes and onions stewing in butter. And as I cooked I sang, and as I sang I thought about this article, and thought how if I were at work in an office I could not have sung—indeed I knew a little girl once who was fired because her boss heard her whistling. I recalled that no one sings in offices. In the thousands and thousands of offices in this country where millions of young men and women live out their days no one sings—that most natural and joyous form of human expression. To be able to sing on a lovely summer morning—that alone is worth the price of admission to this life. I have been singing and thinking and working at something very pleasant. I might have been spending this lovely morning sitting importantly at a desk, talking in competition with the shrieking auto horns outside the windows, having conferences with various men and women on my staff—always being right, always handing down the law, everybody deferential to me, my self-esteem gradually swelling me up to where my greatest emotion would be "Well, I'm pretty good, I am. I guess I'm about the best woman executive there is." That is all I should have amounted to as a human being—a conceited, bullying thing triumphing by the exercise of a certain cheap kind of shrewdness—of knowing what "will go." Instead of this I take my chances as a simple human being at living and feeling all the things that are around me in my home life, in my village.

Money means little to me. So long as I can make my living expenses—which are one-third what they are when servants do my work—I am willing to pay with the hardships and inconveniences involved. What do I do with my time? Well, I live out a day going

to the nurseryman's and picking up some exceptional plants and learning something from him about rare flowers, instead of just mailing him an order. I laugh with my butcher about the amusing foibles of human beings; I cook, I clean—only as much as is necessary—I take my children to see Peter Pan in the movies, and then we go to the Greek's for our rare ice cream soda. I walk, I gossip, I read—and I write a little. That is very little to want from life, but that little which means true and joyous living to me I should never get from the most important jobs I have ever held.

We have got to admit that it is really more important to live out life with the dignity, the acceptance, and the fullness of animals than it is to hold the best job in the world. We have got to admit in our creed of success that it is more important to be a lovely, brave, and beautiful human being than it is to hold the biggest job or to make the most money in all the world. I cannot do that and hold a job, so I have had to give up the jobs.

## REFLECTION

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

*WHEN my poor beauty passes to its doom*
*I will not let it go through any room*
*With mirrors, nor by any hall*
*With burnished metal things along the wall,*
*Nor linger in the forest ways alone*
*Without someone to throw a stone*
*In all the pools, and watch them break, and swear*
*There was no lady leaning there.*
*I will have done with shining surfaces*
*And I will fare*
*In peace without this cloud of witnesses.*

*I think if this can be arranged*
*I shall not realize that things have changed;*
*The ghosts that go*
*Unchallenged need not ever know*
*That they are ghosts; and if I never pass*
*Except by ways made temperate and wise,*
*With nothing like a looking glass*
*To stare and stab, and never gaze too deep*
*In forest pools where the brown autumn lies*
*With its lost leaves asleep . . .*
*But then what will I do about your eyes?*

# WHERE THE NEXT EUROPEAN WAR WILL START

BY FREDERICK PALMER

It will be recalled that the Peace Conference of 1919 gave Poland access to open water by running a strip of Polish territory (called the Polish Corridor) through Prussia to the Baltic Sea, as shown in the map on page 741. The city of Danzig lay in the Corridor, but was set apart as a Free City, under the jurisdiction of the League of Nations.—*The Editors.*

I HAVE been over the ground where the next European war will start. Previous experience that great wars cast their shadows before them was my guide. When I saw the Russians at Port Arthur twenty-five years ago I knew that they had signed up for a war with Japan. The only question was how soon it would come. It came in 1904.

"Look for trouble in the Balkans which will turn Europe into an inferno," was a saying among traveled men long before it came at Sarajevo.

Insist, if you will, and advisedly, that the causes of war are economic. Ambition for gain and material well-being may be the culture of the germ; but the germ itself is national antipathy growing in the soil of a sense of economic oppression and fertilized by racial recriminations.

No one knows this better than a man of distinguished position, an old friend whom I recently met abroad for the first time since our service together in France. I censor his name in order that his remarks may be uncensored. He knows Europe as a Congressman knows the patchwork interests of his district; he knows and hates war; he is an old student of its human origins.

"So this is to be the new toxin in the age of preventive medicine," he said at the opening of the Paris Peace Conference. "Self-Determination is to be the serum for the war germ. The brooding points of racial illwill which cause war are to be removed by a system of racial frontiers."

Later when the peacemakers, laboring over their colored ethnic maps, were concluding their labors, he exclaimed:

"It is to be worse than I feared. Now they've given us this Polish Corridor. This is like feeding the fever patient with roast pork and plum pudding; innoculating the tiger against man-eating by a taste of human blood; administering a dose of germs instead of the serum. Well, wait five years! Then, if you want to go to the seat of future trouble, I know from what terminus you will take the train and what will be your destination."

Recently, after seven years during which European statesmanship had been unceasingly exercised in the effort to keep the peace, my friend reminded me of his prophecy about the Polish Corridor. He did so without vanity—as if it were something that any one might have looked up in the almanac as he would the changes of the moon.

"It's odd that the League of Nations should be the goat," I said.

"Not at all," he said. "That was the part prepared for it. And there is Silesia, too. Temporary pacts are only the mud poultices on an irritated skin which covers the growing tumor."

As he had prophesied, I was to take

the train from Berlin to Danzig, as sure of my compass bearings as any other explorer. Danzig is more remote to the American mind than the Tacna-Arica dispute between Chili and Peru, which at best could lead only to a localized war in South America. Danzig is as vivid to the German mind as the Boston massacre to the New England patriots, or the sinking of the *Maine* to American public opinion in 1898.

## II

At dawn, when the train came to an abrupt stop, I raised the shade of my sleeping compartment to see in the open country, far from any town, dead bodies being borne away on improvised litters by peasants. The cars of the through train in the opposite direction lay telescoped and splintered on the embankment.

"A bad wreck!" I exclaimed.

"Thirty killed," said a German. "But we are in the Polish Corridor."

The accent on the word Polish! It was another way of saying that the shiftlessness of Polish track maintenance of what had once been a section of an efficient German railroad system had done murder to Germans. The Polish answer was that German chicanery had derailed the train in order to make propaganda against the Poles.

Nine out of ten passengers on the wrecked train were Germans. The Polish theory was that, to gain a point in the race war, the Germans had been destroying their own. One could come to believe in any kind of depravity if one took either race's view of the other.

"Danzig has more than three hundred thousand population," the German continued. "There is now no direct night sleeper as in the old days—and this cannot last." He was red-faced at the thought. "So now Danzigers have to take the Kōnigsberg sleeper, changing at Marienburg—that is, those that don't go by plane. You escape the Poles by plane."

He did not say "lousy" Poles. He was trying to be diplomatic to a foreigner. But "lousy" Poles is the favorite German description. It comes as naturally to the German tongue as *sale Boche* to the French during the war. A Pole finds himself cramped in mentioning a German without calling him a "brute."

Marienburg is in East Prussia, that nesting place of Prussianism, which spread its mastery until it made the German Empire. The Corridor cuts off East Prussia from the rest of Germany. All goods between two parts of the same country have to pass in bond through the territory of another country. It is just as if a strip of Massachusetts extending to the Hudson River were foreign soil separating the rest of the United States from New England. This is excellent economic culture for racial-antipathy germs.

From Marienburg to Danzig takes about the same time by train as from Worcester to Boston. We had gone two or three miles when all passengers had to descend for passport and customs inspection.

"We are back in the Corridor now," I was told.

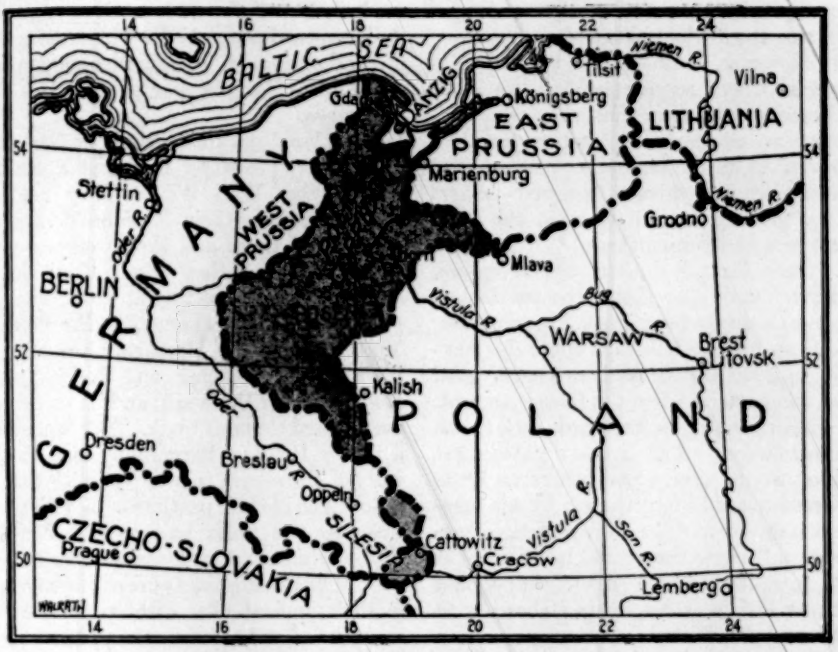
Another two or three miles and we had to descend again.

"We are back in East Prussia now," I was told.

There were six inspections from Marienburg to Danzig. Ethnology had drawn the frontier without regard to existing railroad lines. At every station a number of government officials were twiddling their thumbs between inspections.

Danzig is neither in East Prussia nor in the Corridor. It is a pocket in a pocket that is in another pocket. It is in the same position as Boston would be if it belonged neither to the alienated strip of Massachusetts nor to the United States, but had a government of its own.

Having recreated Poland by again amalgamating the subject Polish sections of the old German, Austrian, and




THE POLISH CORRIDOR

The shaded area indicates the territory lying outside the pre-war boundary which is now a part of Poland.

Russian empires, the map-makers of Paris, studying how to prevent at the source any future racial antipathies, concluded that the new nation must have access to the sea. Without this it would not be a complete nation, and a sense of dependence upon other nations for its trade contacts with the outside world might arouse covetousness which would result in seeking to secure a port by force.

So the blue pencils of Paris ran two lines from Northern Poland to Danzig through German territory. Danzig cried out in protest that eighty-five per cent of her population was German. So intermixed residentially were the fifteen per cent of Poles with the German majority that the thorough application of the principle of Self-Determination would have made every Pole and every German in Danzig a state in himself.

The map-makers called in historical precedent to effect a compromise. Danzig had been a Free City in the ancient days of the Hanseatic League. It was made a Free City again under its own legislature and a Commissioner to be appointed by the League of Nations.

Now all would be well, thought the harassed and conscientious map-makers. The Danzigers would be an independent happy family. The Poles had the Corridor as their very own; they had guaranteed to them free use of the port just as if it were their own. Their new nation—which was the very flower of Self-Determination—would recognize the right of all other races to share its benefits. All Poles would glow with gratitude for release from tyranny. They would look back at their past as proof of the folly of extreme nationalism. All causes for racial bitterness having been removed, the two neighboring products of Self-Determination would thrive and

prosper in the mutual understanding of a new era in the history of mankind.

However, the Poles had the feeling of each people represented at the Paris Peace Conference: that they were getting no adequate recognition for their sacrifices in winning the war. They were not thinking of what the map-makers had given them but of what the map-makers had denied them.

Once they had their nation secure, they found that there was no dealing with the brute Danzigers. Former under dog on top, with former upper dog having a good throat hold, are never good at compromise when the feud is ancient.

Polish enterprise kept pace with Polish imagination. The Poles decided that they would have a port where no brute German would foul the air by his presence or, to use the words of the Danzigers, "where they could be as lousy as they wanted to be"—a port that should be as Polish as Naples is Italian, or as Liverpool is British.

Otherwise, they could not feel that they had really achieved national dignity in return for their miseries of the centuries while the miseries of the other Allies had lasted for only four years. It was a wholly irrelevant fact to them in their enthusiasm that Danzig was the natural harbor which had been chosen by the Baltic traders of primitive days—one fully equipped to care for all the modern shipping in sight.

At Gydnia, five miles from Danzig, there is a litter of dumps and piles and new railroad sidings. With capital supplied by French capitalists in return for timber concessions, the Poles are building new piers and dredging out peat beds between two promontories to make a port within the Corridor. Off the half-completed breakwater I saw a Polish gunboat. A maritime nation must have a navy. The Poles have the beginnings of a navy and three admirals. And Gydnia, at the end of that narrow strip of Polish soil, is like an apple at the end of a limb which awaits the descent of the provoked sword-slash for both limb and apple to fall. It is a piece of pitifully exposed property for whose defense Poland must arm. It is further economic fertilization for the war germ of racial bitterness.

The Danzigers smile grimly at Gydnia as a veteran cowboy might at a small boy playing Wild West. They might laugh and shrug their shoulders if laughter were in them and they were an expressive race. If they were, I think that they would take setting-up exercises in grimness lest they appear like the Poles. The heads of the Danzigers are hard; their aspect angular and forbidding. Emotion is for the weak; and no one will ever regard them as weak. They squeeze a penny tight in bargaining; but they will not allow gain to interfere with their indulgence in their pastime of baiting the Poles as the Poles bait them. Fierce Baltic winds and ruthless winters have kept their Prussianism pure at the source in their ancient city with its medieval warehouses and towers—the picturesque background for modern German architecture of a defiant solidity.

I have seen cities in time of war, with rations and ammunition short, with women and children under fire and with officers and soldiers ashen faced as they prolonged resistance against the inevitable. When Danzig knew such sieges in the Middle Ages, in the defense of her wealth and economic independence from the buccaneering leaders and their ruffian soldiery of the hinterland, her aspect must have been one that suggested the caves of the moon.

For I have never known a war siege as grim as this peace siege in which no quarter of sentimental allowance or racial tolerance is given. In the midst of the grisly sickness and filth of war sieges I have heard the jests of women as the wind of bullets brushed their cheeks and quips of satire and laughter from wounded soldiery and tributes from the breastworks to a savage enemy's courage and stratagems. But cheer of no kind is required to keep up the Danzigers' morale.

## III

I listened in wonder to talk of MacDonnell, the Commissioner of the League of Nations in Danzig. I felt that I had discovered in him a new type of man whose increase and the spread of whose gospel mean the hope of world peace. It was hard to believe what I was told —but there seems no doubt of it—that he never lost his temper and cried out, "A plague on both your houses!" His is the loneliness of an apostle of fellowship in a wilderness of hates. That the League should have found him and chosen him for this position is the best human tribute I know to the League and a warrant that its idealism can have a practical turn in its judgment of men. A product of the trained British Colonial Service, expert in the law, suave, sincere, a good linguist, a superman of patience, who has to make decisions in the eternal quibbling over Treaty provisions, he receives scratches from both Kilkenny cats whom he is trying to save from mutual extinction.

There is no praise for him from either side. For either to admit that he had made his decisions as a jurist on the evidence would be for the Germans to admit that the Poles might be right about something and the Poles to admit that the Germans might be. Each decision must have a personal bias; it must be pro-German to the Poles or pro-Polish to the Germans. No Pole ever admits that any decision is pro-Polish; no German admits that any decision is pro-German.

But mention MacDonnell's name to foreign residents of Danzig who still have balanced minds, and there is an outpouring of admiration. More respect could not be paid to an angel. I should like to think that MacDonnell, for his own sake, goes by himself on week-ends to the Baltic shore and, looking toward the Arctic Circle, relieves himself by strong language which, it seems to me, any reasonable angel would excuse. My suggestion, for education's sake, is that the Council of the League go to Danzig for one of its sessions and that the next meeting of the League of Nations be held in the old Danzig Senate House.

It was there that I talked with Herr Sahm, President of the Danzig Senate, in his six feet four of Prussianism, as he sat in a high-back chair in front of the row of portraits of past rulers of Danzig. That scene told more than Herr Sahm would say to a foreigner. Polish emotionalism would whip itself to pieces against the Prussian rock. All those faces were waiting "the Day" for which the Danzig schoolboys were drilling on one side of the border and Polish schoolboys were drilling on the other. They knew that all Germany was thinking with them: "It cannot last."

Danzig—their Danzig!—a Free City by grace of a Peace Conference celebrating a victory over Germany! The period of Free Cities was as out of date as the blunderbuss. In this period of great economic units Danzig belonged to the German family.

Meanwhile, let the Corridor rest between the pincers of East and West Prussia until they were ready to close. Well might German staff officers smile at the most tempting salient that ever invited attack. "Wait! Bide the Day!" wait not only in Danzig but elsewhere in Eastern Europe.

All along the German, or western, border of the Corridor and the main body of Poland as far as Czechoslovakia, the Poles, once the subject people, are masters over soil and populations where the Germans had long been masters and where now a German minority finds itself subject. A master ever makes a poor subject; and a subject suddenly promoted to power is often an intemperate master.

Minorities quickly find virtues in themselves to offset numbers. Posen might have been a Polish city and Upper and Lower Silesia Polish provinces by count of heads; but the Germans had the high percentage of literacy, they had the

wealth, they owned the great estates, they had been the overlords, capitalists, and organizers. By the same reasoning that Mussolini reads clear his mandate to control Italy with his two million Fascisti, the Germans hold that they have been defrauded of vested rights and the world defrauded in turn by Self-Determination's map-making.

## IV

As I went farther south, away from the bleak home of Prussian hardness and fortitude, my hope that softer manners and natures might make views more tolerant was broken. Leaving behind land tilled to the very house walls by the industrious German peasantry, I crossed the frontier in the congestion of mine shafts, furnaces and plants and dreary smoke-grimed rows of workmen's houses which shared with the Ruhr, in secondary place, the steel-making power of Germany. Frederick the Great, a believer in Self-Expression rather than Self-Determination, who never lost sleep over the rights of subject majorities, took Lower Silesia in order that he might have ore for his cannon.

Here, under the direction of the Commission appointed by the League of Nations, with French and British soldiers on guard, a plebiscite in the choice of nationality was held to guide the Commission in delimiting the frontier. While rail-fence irregularity might be an allowable compromise for a frontier (you may cross this one sixteen times, paying your respects to sixteen groups of officials, by one highway) it could not consist of a series of hoops reaching back of two towns that voted one way to include a town that voted another. But the Commission had to draw a line somewhere. It drew one which included in Poland towns that had voted German. The Germans will never forget this. Nationalistic bitterness could find no better theme to brood upon.

While the Danzigers hold their property under their own laws, German owners and managers have seen their properties divided. The integrity of that industrial area, which is the product of more than a century's growth, has been ruptured. In one instance the shafts of a mine were placed in Germany and the mine in Poland. Workmen going to and fro to their work must tarry for inspection in crossing the frontier. The complaint of our own capitalists against "fool" legislation is faint badinage compared to that of the German capitalists of Silesia against Polish rule.

Hate, which had only the quibbles over Treaty provisions for its fare in Danzig, here dines richly on concrete examples in practice. I wondered if even MacDonnell could keep his temper in Silesia.

"Mines losing efficiency," say the Germans, "workmen deteriorating, markets going, bankruptcy staring us in the face! Look at the roads on the Polish side! They were once as good as those on the German side. That filthy verminous hotel in Cattowitz was once a clean German hotel. This Self-Determination is industrial extermination."

"Conceited brute liars who think that they ought to rule the world because they are Germans," answer the Poles. "Better have a verminous hotel than a verminous heart. And the hotel is not filthy except as the Germans who stop there make it so. Give us time! We had no chance under German rule. We are making a chance for ourselves now, and the Germans hate us and malign us because we are. They hate us because we have souls. We are training engineers. We are learning to run our railroads. What is ours is ours. Nothing on this side of the frontier shall be German."

The former German municipal Opera House in Cattowitz gives only Polish plays and operas. A Polish secret patriotic society makes sure that there are no signs in German; it keeps an eye out for all treasonable German influences. Patriotic societies on the German side of the frontier are not idle.

Hate breeding hate to express hate's decree in more drastic form has reached its climax since I was in Silesia in the expulsion from Poland of all Germans who voted to retain their German citizenship. Farmers have had to leave their ancestral acres, shopkeepers their businesses, and others the only employments for which they are fitted and to tear up all their economic roots, and enter a land which is almost strange to them. Moving in the opposite direction are the Poles who have been expelled from Germany.

Imagine such an edict from the British government to all American citizens living in Britain, or from the American government to all British subjects living in America, or such an exchange of refugees between Canada and the United States—and you will better understand the feelings of Central Europe which may start a war that will involve the whole world!

Are nations to become alien-tight compartments? Will no one be allowed to reside in one country when he holds citizenship in another? Is this movement of "repatriation," which began with the expulsion of the Greeks from Turkey and the Turks from Macedonia, to be the ultimate form of Self-Determination which will eliminate the causes of war? Or will the expelled Germans and Poles become missionaries whose tales of their wrongs will do more to incite bloodshed than the cry of kinsmen for relief from across a border?

This I know. The imaginative, likable, enthusiastic Poles, who are in the expansive fervor of adolescent nationalism, have made amazing progress considering that they had little but emotion to start with seven years ago. I know that they will fight against any odds in an uncontrollable burst of patriotism rather than yield a foot of their soil. They have a large army, well equipped by French munition makers who took their pay from loans by the French to the Polish government.

Germany, disarmed by Treaty provisions, has only her hundred thousand Reichswehr, with no heavy artillery, tanks, or military aircraft. Therefore "Wait!" is the caution which follows the German thought, "It cannot last!"

Wait upon German economic recovery until Germany is free to arm again! Wait and grow strong in body and mind while all the athletic societies drill and Communists as well as Hindenburgers march in military formation on election days and holidays! There are thirty million Poles, sixty-five million Germans and one hundred and thirty million Russians. Wait on Russia! It is the other prong of the pincers for the main body of Poland, as East and West Prussia are prongs for the Corridor.

Wait upon the waxing of German nationalism in the course of German regeneration! Relish every little morsel that gratifies nationalism in these days of ill fortune when the memory of how Germany held off the whole world for four years keeps confidence in the future steadfast! When "The Covered Wagon" appeared in Berlin the German captions said that all the pioneers whose fortitude it celebrated were German. Another bit of Berlin motion-picture craft shows German athletes surpassing some of the victors at the Olympic games from which the Germans were excluded. Cheer scenes of the old German army goose-stepping by on the screen! For that is not forbidden by the Allied Control Commissions which are on the watch to prevent Germany from secretly arming. Make a virtue of oppression and recite shibboleths in self-pity biding its day of justification, as beaten peoples have always done!

Never were the German people so united. It is a unity from the bottom up instead of the top downward, as in the Kaiser's day; a self-contained, forward-looking unity of racial self-consciousness rooted in bitterness. The return of the monarchy would be only the incident of the headship of mass determination. Germany has a cause now, such as she had in the wake of

Napoleonic conquest—that of a sense of national wrong as the spur to preparedness.

The Day of which she dreams will not bring dominion over the sea or a place in the sun of France. That dream belongs to the past when she was near the top round of the ladder. Now she is beginning to mount again from the bottom. What Alsace Lorraine was to the French for forty years, the Corridor and Silesia are to all Germans.

In 1914 Germany looked to the West; to-day she looks to the East. The new Day, as the Germans conceive it, will come when German soldiers march through Cattowitz, be it five or fifty years hence, and when the toast that the departing officers drank is fulfilled by the presence again of a German garrison in the Danzig barracks. German eyes will greet the German flag flying from the Danzig Senate House with the same exultation that French eyes greeted the French flag when it was unfurled from the tower of Strassbourg Cathedral in 1918.

This will happen unless the MacDonnells multiply very fast and their spirit prevails in European councils. It was worth enduring all the heart-breaking, short-sighted, war-breeding display of racial antipathy just to discover a MacDonnell.

## NOT THE HUSHED GRAVE

BY VILDA SAUVAGE OWENS

*HILL-FOLK, who long have lived among the stars,*
*Fret in the valley, as at iron bars.*
*And those who by the surging sea have lain,*
*Are deafened by the silence of the plain.*
*How then should I, who love the sea and sky,*
*Not dread the darkness when I come to die?*
*How then should I, who love the sky and sea,*
*Lie within a small grave quietly?*
*I think in some way I should be aware*
*Of earthly beauty that I might not share—*
*The first frail crocus and the wild bird's call;*
*A breaking wave beyond the graveyard wall.*
*I think I could not bear it, lying there,*
*Wistful and lonely as unanswered prayer.*

*Then let the white fire have its way with me,*
*And the wild gales of heaven set me free!*
*So shall my timid body, purged of pain,*
*White as my shriven soul, ride with the rain;*
*Laugh with the winds that kiss the buttercup,*
*And skim the shallows where the gray gulls sup.*
*It may be I shall tire of sky and sea,*
*And the quick dust that was the heart of me,*
*Like homing dove that seeks her nest again,*
*Will find some dear, remembered English lane.*

# THE WAYS OF THE WEEVIL

SOME REFLECTIONS OF A MATERIALIST

BY HENSHAW WARD

THE most tragic moment in the history of the human race was when the first philosopher reasoned out the cause of thunder. Up to that day of woe men had accepted thunder as a big flash followed by a big noise. It was disquieting, but our primitive forbears lived peacefully through the summer storms. Then Ur of the tribe of Kink set his mind to work on the cause of the roaring up in the sky—and thus brought terror into the hearts of the three thousand generations who have lived since his time.

Ur had a superior intellect. He could perceive that there are meanings behind the veil of sense. So he despised the materialists of his tribe and applied his powerful reason to the heavenly crashes. "Thunder," he argued, "cannot be merely thunder; it must be, like all else in the world, born of something. What is its parent? The parent must of necessity be alive, for nothing is born of lifeless matter. Therefore the parent is a very large person. And it follows that this parent is angry, since the human mind cannot conceive that pleasure would be expressed by such terrifying noises. At what is this great person's wrath directed? Obviously at us living beings, for it could not rationally bellow at things."

This first philosophy was as convincing as all that has followed it. When Ur expounded it to the intellectuals of his day they at once saw the profundity of it and formed a club to discuss it. Ever since then the philosophers have scorned the materialists. They have filled earth and sky with the terrors of the spirits they perceive and have kept us in awe of their glittering systems of thought.

Does the thunder parable seem playful? It pictures the most momentous blunder ever made on earth and presents the most serious business that the human mind has to deal with in the twentieth century. To speak of Ur as a philosopher is not irony, but the plain truth about primitive thought, which is declared, for one example, by Edward B. Tylor, as keen and straightforward a thinker as ever lived. He shows to any candid reader that the savage was in very truth a philosopher and that his doctrine of spirits in nature is continuous to the latest refinements of the Bergsons and Hockings. In Frazer's *Golden Bough* we may see the same calm proof that the race has been forever terrified and blinded by the original assumption—so natural and unavoidable for our intellect—that the forces of nature are like the forces of man, that they are spirits. A regiment of persuasive authors — like Draper, Ellis, Sumner, Lippert, Haldane—have striven to inform us about the history of this assumption; but it is not yet understood by more than a small fraction of college graduates. There are still cultured people who chatter against materialism as a base and sinful way of thinking; they prefer the thrill of feeling that nature is spiritual.

It is the business of science to oust

these ghosts from our thoughts, and science finds them as tenacious as the legion of devils that once drove a herd of swine violently down a steep place into the sea. I am going to illustrate, by a homely story about pine trees, the difference between savage spiritism and scientific "materialism." Before I tell it I must remove the curse from that horrid word.

Apparently there have been scientists who have been so carried away by natural laws that they have argued, more artlessly than a savage, that there is nothing in the universe except those laws. I have never seen any such reasoning, but the dictionary asserts that it exists. If I ever encounter it I shall call it the weakest and most curious logic since brains began to work. To argue that there is nothing behind natural laws is sillier than to conjure up a magnified man who operates them. No sensible scientist denies that an infinity of spirit may exist beyond his laws. He denies only that he has ever found any spirits at work in thunder or trees. No more than that denial is in the "materialism" of this article. Perhaps I ought to choose a prettier word; but I prefer the ugly one because it is liked by the enemies of science as a target for their spiritistic chatter. I don't mind giving them every verbal advantage by adopting it. Readers who have higher interests than such logomachy will see that my "materialism" means science —the process of freeing ourselves from mental spooks by observing that our senses have never yet encountered anything beyond natural law.

Now for my story about the practical and metaphysical advantages of materialism for anyone who wants to succeed in either the world of the senses or the world of ideas.

## II

My cabin on the Maine coast was built at the edge of an open field, and I planted little trees about it to relieve the bareness of the place. A certain spruce had made a growth of thirty inches the previous season, so that it was a special pride and source of hope. One day I noticed that its vigorous green whip—its "leader," as the forestry people call it—was drooping. Harsh fate was upon me; an evil menace to all my trees was leering at me.

What to do? The answer of the very best intellects for a thousand centuries has been, "Pray." Mankind has known of a surety that a Very Large Spirit shows his anger in diseases. All the best minds of America fifty years ago knew that malaria was a visitation of God and that to discuss it as a purely physical matter was crass materialism. No doubt ninety-nine per cent of the human race still believe so and would refer my tree calamity to divine anger. I should have had strong leanings that way myself if the life of the spruce had meant my whole fortune.

If I had asked a philosopher what to do he would have answered in terms of the general metaphysics of witheringness, the general principle that all which is tends toward decline and droopitude. Philosophy, to be sure, is not unwilling to have lower types of mind investigate bark and leaves for the physical phenomena, but it considers such materialism as mere day labor. I am not using sarcasm, but am putting concretely what the philosophers claim. "Philosophy," says Simmel, "was the mother of all sciences. Its essence is its self-sufficiency. Every exact science has to submit to an investigation, by philosophy, of its presuppositions." His claim is taught to college boys to-day; one of them, now in the dry-goods business, has pitied me as a poor materialist because I called the claim absurd. When it is applied to modern thought it must mean that the particular science of forestry was mothered by philosophy and must submit its methods to philosophy if it wishes to diagnose my sick spruce tree.

No living forester can understand

this or can find an atom of evidence that forestry ever had the faintest remote connection with philosophy. All foresters are materialists.

My own poor mind, confronted with the problem of saving trees, relied on reason. It knew no better than to deduce a cause for wilting, and after some cogitation it decided that the spruce had exceeded its strength and was lanky, like a fast-growing boy. So I helped it out by lashing it to a stout stick till it could gain stiffness.

But my philosophy went wrong. The leader grew daily more limp and brown. It died. I cut it off and held it sorrowfully in my hand, pondering on the inscrutable malevolence of the aleatory element.

Then came the sort of accident which has always helped materialists. I happened to cut the leader in two. Why such an impulse came I have no idea; I only know that it was not a reasoned act. It was an accident.

What I happened to reveal was a burrow that some animal had been making under the bark. I followed this up and came upon a white grub that was busy eating. Dissection showed five other grubs equally busy. They had eaten all the nourishment that the tree had conveyed toward the top for a season's growth.

Spiritual minds would have known at once that the grub was merely the instrument of vengeance, and philosophy would have claimed the methodology which reveals grubs. But I was too engrossed with materialism to heed them. I was busy putting together memories of previous experiences with worm-shaped creatures that hungered for some of my property. I recalled how buffalo bugs eat and eat at household belongings, how cutworms become moths and breed many other cutworms, how borers eat and breed, eat and breed till they consume great timbers. I wondered what these nasty things in my spruce would breed; I inferred that they would be like everything else in the animal kingdom, capable of reproducing themselves in vast numbers where food was plentiful. I thought it possible that in another season the descendants would swarm over my acre of young pines and destroy them all.

In my fright I was entirely materialistic. Advice from divinity and philosophy made no appeal to me. I wrote an inquiry to a band of materialists at Orono. One of them told me that my enemy was *Pissodes strobi*, the white pine weevil, cousin of the cotton boll weevil, a member of the most voracious family of animals that ever learned to live by adjusting themselves to an environment. He sent me a pamphlet which told the life history of the grub.

It hatched in May from an egg which was under the bark at the top of last year's leader, and in its first hour of infancy followed an instinct to set its microscopical jaws into the soft tissue where it found itself imbedded. Little Strobi did no reasoning. If she had been philosophical, she would have eaten her way upward to gaze out on immensity —and a frost would have freed her soul from a life of hardship. She did what she was born to do, with no more consciousness than a root has when it pushes toward moisture.

No philosopher can rest content with her mere instinct. He feels the mystery of those unerring impulses so keenly that he must needs adorn them with some of his thoughts—such as "vital principle" or "appetence." To me all such terms are cheap things, mental conceits, a kind of diploma which our brain pompously confers on nature for learning one of our brainsick lessons in a tome of philosophy. To speculate about life in such fashion is prosy scholasticism.

A materialist can only wonder and enjoy what his eyes reveal as he watches Strobi at work. If he applied a microscope, he would discover that she is composed of tens of thousands of cells, each of which is an organ of a com-

plexity that is utterly beyond his observation and infinitely more to be revered than all the fancy-castles of all mentality. Every body-cell in Strobi is so far beyond our ken that imagination can nowise guess at even the most material part of its structure. Much less can we get any inkling of how the myriad of cells are co-ordinated into one being. Somehow they are organized to be served by an instinct which compels jaws to chew at the inner bark of a helpless tree that is dear to me. Strobi's appetite is entirely opposed to the moral law; it is in a wicked competition with me, destroying life and beauty, violating the social compact. If philosophers could have their way they would instruct her in co-operation and unselfishness, just as they propose to alter human nature in about twenty years and bring in the new social order of justice and good will. A materialist will merely try to see what he can learn from her about justice and the moral law.

## III

He will follow her down the stem, as she continues her course during June and July, till she has eaten out a tunnel ten inches long. On the morning of July 21st her appetite fails and a lethargy is upon her. For the first time in her life she lies quiet and has desires of a new sort: she wants to go to sleep, she yearns to have space about her, she wants a bed of chips. If she is a spiritually-minded grub, she perceives that she is going to heaven, and she has definite ideas of heaven. It is a warm place, snug but not too snug, resinous, lined with delicate mealy chips, where all the blessed ones slumber forever and never have to chew any more. God is a large grub of shining white, without any legs, whose pulpy jaws are eternally placid.

Strobi, you see, is more spiritual in her conceptions than we are, for she does not attribute her own sharp jaws to her god. We think that God looks just like us physically, as a Judge and a General and an ex-Secretary of State recently testified in Tennessee. We consider it spiritual to put our legs and arms on to God and to declare that he looks as much like a chimpanzee as we do. If you don't believe that God has this much resemblance to an ape, you are a materialist and will go to Sheol when you die.

Strobi composes herself for sleep in the chamber she has shaped; all memory of the grubby life goes from her; in dreamless peace she enters a new life.

It is not the heaven she anticipated, but it is bliss. For she is becoming a new creature, as different from her former self as a grub is from an egg. On her back she can feel wings sprouting, more delicate and marvelous in texture than human painters have put on angels. Over these gossamer sails are growing hinged covers, strong as armor and lighter than eggshell. On her sides, which have always been ribbed in soft folds and have had no limbs, six legs are growing. The prosaic jaws are disappearing and sloughing off; a shapely slender snout is extending from her head, at the end of which will be other jaws that are more refined and becoming. Glorious eyes are being placed in her head, faceted like a diamond, fitted to show her a universe of green and gold and blue. A beautiful plate, most deftly shaped and colored, adorns her shoulders; ornamental markings of luster and refinement appear from day to day; antennæ of more than maidenly sensitiveness are being formed for her delight, to reveal a world of odors which human beings shall never know in their nostrils. A book would be required to tell about all the detailed niceties of this new body, from the exquisite prongs of her feet to the exquisite scissors at the end of her nose.

Strobi moves slightly now and then, but for the most part she remains quite still, happy in the splendors that are coming upon her without any effort of hers. This must be heaven, for all

good things and graces come to one here without strife; whereas in her former life she could never remit struggle for an hour, and could gain for all her labor only a little more size.

Of course, Strobi is concerned with the outward changes, which are so entrancing that I don't blame her. But my materialistic mind is in awe at all the depth of metamorphosis that has utterly transformed her internally. Not a particle of the former organism remains the same. The mechanisms for breathing and feeling, for digesting food, for interpreting sensations — in short, for every function of life—are completely new. At the end of two weeks Strobi is as unlike her former self as a gull is unlike a starfish. When she first moves with legs and cuts through her prison walls with quivering proboscis, she is animated by a whole new set of instincts; she must be free, must soar in the ocean of air, must speed to distant ambrosial places that allure her, must respond to unknown ardors, must creep to novel perils and confront all manner of strange fears and enticements. She has no more knowledge of the grub life than I have of the place whence I once came trailing clouds of glory into the light of common day.

I suppose that even a philosopher would not ascribe spirit to a grub. I suppose I am right in thinking that Miss Strobi, past and present, is an aggregation of materials, of mere atoms. If spiritism attempted to invade these two regions of life, of grub and weevil, it would be dull and commonplace, telling of dry husks of fancy. I am glad to be free for wonder and reverence, to be liberated from the clanging trumpery of spiritism.

I can follow Lady Weevil for two months of idle pleasure while food is abundant and not much needed. She roams and explores, learning a lore of which we can know nothing, maturing her new powers, actively delighting in her boundless freedom. In September she seeks out a sheltered nook, shapes it to her desires, rolls herself in it, and lapses into seven months of hibernation.

The first warm day in April rouses her. She stretches, then awaits a second and a third warm day. Reason cannot tell her to do this, for she has no experience. Divine guidance is not to be thought of, since a mere weevil in a hole is conceded to be just a bunch of matter. So the materialist feels that philosophy has strangely underrated atoms, which are here seen to be wise and to have foreknowledge. Don't think of that statement as a rhapsody or a poetical license; it is plain, ordinary materialism recording a fact about matter.

When this prescient assemblage of electrons decides that the season is far enough advanced, it causes Miss Strobi to poke her antennæ forward, to take stock of the state of the weather, and carefully crawl out into a chilly world where patches of snow still linger and many hard frosts are still to come. And now there is stirring in her the longing for a mate. He comes promptly, enticed to a gusty pilgrimage by an ineffable lure that he knows nothing about.

Mrs. Strobi, like every other mother since time began, is now mastered by an impulse toward the future. She is driven to seek some place which she has never seen, never conceived of. Nothing will answer her need but some spot—how shall she describe it to herself? She cannot picture it or explain in the least what she searches for, but search she must. Every cell in her body drives her to something—oh, to an airy swing, high up, but not at a towering height, to a kind of nest that is all open, to some sort of basket formed of long spines, the bottom of which is full of throbbing life, and all of which is odorous with a divinely intoxicating smell of infant resin and the baby life of trees.

To Mr. Strobi this is all lunacy. His mind is logical and turns to a search for

food. Not finding any in a season of snow squalls, he logically lies down and dies.

Mrs. Strobi goes questing for the airy, waving place that obsesses her whole being. There it may be, yonder, ten feet above her. She spreads her wings, flies, alights, feels partially satisfied, begins to gnaw under a spicy tip of new spruce growth, then halts, walks round the stem uneasily. No, it won't do. It smells wrong; it is not the right kind of spruce. How can she judge of that which she has never smelled before, about which she has never taken any lessons? Nobody will ever know the answer, because it could be given only by some wisdom that is high above the wit of man, by some higher knowledge that understands how matter can carry the intelligence of endless generations of trial and error. A mind in a human skull assumes that it knows what matter is; it begins all its reasoning with the axiom that matter is an inert something. So it immediately jumps away from matter and begins a rigmarole of logic about that which is not matter—that is, about a fancy of its own, about spirit.

Yet a humble mind, if it is willing to observe what its eyes report, can learn that Mrs. Strobi is composed of matter which knows all about a most intricate adjustment to nature, and which can direct her what to do. If she relies on reason, as her husband did, she will violate every condition for which she exists. Trust her. She will not reason.

She obeys the guidance of the age-old wisdom that is in the molecules of her palps and ovipositor. She flies away from a balsam fir and hunts farther. She keeps to open fields, where there is going to be sunlight during the summer, avoiding this tree-top because it is too old and high, and that one because it is too thin and low.

For several days she has to fumble and blunder, since nature has made her imperfect, made her only skilful enough to provide for children by following an instinct. One sunny morning her goal is found: a bushy little white pine which stands four feet high and shows by its last year's leader that it is vigorous and will pump much rich sap under its bark this summer. With trembling joy Mrs. Strobi treads over its tip, feeling its budding life and smelling its promise for weevil infants. In a glad fury she walks down it and just underneath it digs into the bark with her sharp mandibles. Before the resin can collect she deposits an egg in the incision and tamps it well down against the slippery wood.

If she lives for some weeks longer, her life means nothing to her. She is empty of all desire. In calm peace she idles about for a time, and then whatever soul she has goes to whatever heaven is provided for those grubs who have fought the good fight against pine trees.

## IV

My own curiosity is much more excited about her destiny than about the acts of her bodily life; but since I can get no information of her spirit, I must be content with the egg she has left behind in this material world. There is sufficient wonder in it to content the profoundest philosopher if he could understand it all.

Have you ever asked yourself what is in an egg? Probably not. I can say for myself that I had diligently pondered about spiritual values for forty years before I thought of the content of the cell in which every animal begins its life. An egg is such a small thing, so purely materialistic, so very commonplace, that we regard it as a squashy bit of matter and let it go at that. Thus we are true to our savage nature, heedful of nothing that is usual, struck by anything that has a tinsel glint.

Rouse all the powers of your mind and attend to the speck of protoplasm which has been deposited at the top of a small tree. Can it produce a blade of grass, or a gnat, or a minnow? We

know with the most complete assurance that a new Strobi is to grow from it. This new creature will not be built on any original pattern, but on precisely the pattern of its mother. At first it will be just the same microscopic grub with which this story began; it will infallibly become longer by feeding in a certain preordained way; it is absolutely destined to work downward in just such a course as its mother took; we have complete faith that after a given period it will follow the same instinct to stop eating and make the same kind of nest for pupating; its transformation will not be into a ladybird beetle, or into a bean weevil, but into exactly the sort of pine weevil that any entomologist can classify as being indubitably of this species; it will have precisely such and such sutures on its tibias and identical gray bands on elytra of the unvarying brown shade. The whole of the future animal can be predicted as accurately as the second print from a negative. Shall we guess that some spirit presides over this development, to make sure in the case of every one of the million eggs in Maine next spring that the specific pattern is properly followed? There is good precedent for such a surmise; indeed almost the whole human race has always made that sort of explanation for itself. Or shall we be materialists and say, as we say of a photographer's results, that some mechanism in the egg insures the reproduction of every one of the countless refinements of an infinitely complicated structure?

Do not make haste to answer yes, for then you will have to assent to other proposals that will confound all your notions of matter and spirit. At present you are thinking of the egg as a sort of blue-print room in which there are specifications for all the countless details of bodily make-up; you can even imagine specifications for the two lives of grub and weevil, with the metamorphosis in the pupa stage. It is beyond understanding, but still can be conceived in a way, since it is bodily, material. What of the emotions in the brain of a grub? What of the instincts that instruct it to make a pupating chamber, to seek unknown foods as soon as it is an utterly new sort of animal in utterly new surroundings, to hibernate, to summon a mate, to seek out certain peculiar places having certain odors, to incise bark at a certain spot, to stow an egg in a certain way? A weevil cannot have knowledge of all these operations, but merely obeys impulses that come from somewhere within itself. The impulses are not random; they are precisely ordained and *provide* for results of which a weevil has no conception. Are there spirits that guide weevils? Or must we judge, considering how the impulses come with perfect regularity to all weevils alike, that instincts too are matters of mechanism? If we judge so, we believe that "mere matter" contains immaterial feelings. We are compelled to believe that the mere matter of an egg contains equivalents for desires and passions, for wise responses to a bewildering environment—in short, for all the purposes of a most intricate psychological life.

I do not urge this conclusion, because I know of scientists who flinch from it and who figure out in some way an escape from it. One of them has said to me, "At each stage of development in an insect's life there is no more in its mechanism than a provision for the next stage." But what is a "stage" in building a creature's body? The processes are continuous. And how could a stage originate anything? Every detail of growth must have an exact detail for its antecedent. If this is not true, then I may expect to see chicks originate in coconuts without eggs for antecedents.

There is another reason for not urging my conclusion about an egg: the idea is very unsettling. Its effect is to destroy all knowledge of the difference between matter and spirit. To most people the faith that they know that difference is pleasant and assuring—like the faith

that they know where "up" and "down" are in the universe. To face the idea that we cannot make a distinction between matter and spirit is a bold adventure, too hazardous for some to risk.

Yet it is wholesome and brings peace to minds that become acquainted with it. It is quite common nowadays among delightful people who labor for the betterment of the world. Witness John Dewey: "The 'matter' of materialists and the 'spirit' of idealists is a creature similar to the constitution of the United States in the minds of unimaginative persons. But the vague and mysterious properties assigned to mind and matter, the very conceptions of mind and matter in traditional thought, are ghosts walking underground." The more I reflect upon the grub of a weevil, the more I feel sure he is right. If I conceive the "matter" in its body as something superior to, or in any way different from, the "spirit" that sounds more cheerful to my friends, I am as superstitious as they.

I am not pleading the cause of materialism vs. spiritism. I am only explaining that the human mind has no conception of what matter is; that to give matter a bad name is to be silly; and that to invent some spiritual qualities for the glorification of matter is like making jewelry for a grub. Why must matter be decked out with the baubles of our intellect? As well try to decorate the nebulæ.

When a man calls himself a materialist he is only asserting that he wants to reverence nature as it is, not as a millinery philosophy would frounce it with intellectual bunting.

## V

What's in a grub? For me there is wonderment to supply a lifetime of cogitation. There is also a stimulating query that has a purifying effect and that will keep anyone occupied through fruitful years if he pursues it. When I think of the grub in a pine tree, I wonder in what ways my heaven-aspiring mind resembles that cluster of instincts. I can imagine how the grub may feel all its life that it is controlling itself and making decisions and exercising will-power and learning to think straight. But I can see that all the while it is being led by a heritage of emotions which direct it to destined ends and leave its mind almost nothing to do. I wonder to what extent I and my mind are like the grub and its mind. As an illustration: sometimes I review an argument I have had, in which I supposed I was using cold reason and reaching objective truth; years later I can look back and detect that there was no reason in me, for I was simply defending emotions. As another illustration: I read some modern philosophy—say of Santayana—and I learn this about so profoundly logical a reasoner as Kant: "His postulates and categories were mere tenets of protestantism, fossils imbedded in the old man's mind." So I wonder about the intellect of which we are so proud and from which we expect so much. Does it amount to anything? Sometimes I suspect it is just a kind of appendage to our inheritance of instincts, perhaps no more than a pretty iridescence on the surface of the body of molecules which carry the real personality.

Of course I have no such theory; I am only wondering. I have found that my brain works better and is much more cheerful since it became curious about this materialistic possibility. There is, for the cheerful and wondering brain, much virtue in your grub.

# THE OLD-TIME DRUM MAJOR

BY GILBERT P. SYMONS

WE have come in from the balcony where Lafayette once addressed the town. Armistice Day parade is all gone by. It was quite a sight and at times quite a sound. The Old Guard band from Aurora had the best uniforms and gave the best music, but the family voted the palm to the Silver Cornets from Plainfield because they had the only drum major.

The children didn't even know the name "drum major" and had to have the word explained to them. I voted for this fellow from Plainfield to make the decision unanimous, but I pouted to myself, mentally, that he was not much of a drum major. Why! The fellow was no taller than myself. He had the insipidity to wear a cap! In uniform he was the very lick of the piccolist in the rear rank! Worse than that, he twirled his baton in but one hand and never threw it skyward. Out upon such drum majors! In my time he would have received no vote at all. No small boy would have been seen near him. My thumbs are still down against this charlatan, though of course I daren't say anything to the children about it.

They were giants in our days, those drum majors. Where they came from in a domestic and private way no boy knew; and indeed no proper boy was so irreverent as to inquire. There *was* a boy in our block, I remember, who suspected aloud among us that a certain tall young policeman might also be a drum major. And why? Simply because he was very tall and sometimes twirled his billy. We decided that that boy had an indecent mind and sent him to Coventry. No doubt he grew up into a scientist with his prying ways, and invented truth-toxins. Or else he is by now an impious psychologist, happy enough if he can relieve our poor age of its last illusion.

No. Our drum majors came from the place where they kept the fairies and Santa Claus and the little god Pan. They awoke before Decoration Day for boys who believed in the Flying Dutchman and the Old Man of the Mountain. We allowed that a drum major might hunt down wolves with Hiawatha in the winter, and fish for sturgeon between parades. A great one might have a lodge in the Apennines with Julius Cæsar and Hannibal (winks in geography class over that when we came to Italy) and talk over old campaigns with them; but as sure as the shadow grew shorter on the sundial, he would take his orbed scepter down from the wall and go. The boys would be looking for him to lead the band.

Or he might hibernate after the fashion of Barbarossa. We allowed him that. He might even hibernate in a cave in the Catskills like Rip van Winkle. There was dignity in the thought. Such exertions, such defiance of the Fourth of July sun under a bearskin busby called for long rest. Perhaps, upon the right day, a gnome touched him awake with the pointed end of his silver staff and said one magic word, such as "Time!" or perhaps "Parade!" Upon thought, "Parade!" would be the word.

Then the drum major would stretch his great length. He had need to stretch like Achilles before the combat.

He would draw on his buff chamois breeches—breeches that would make long pants for any boy and then need rolling up at the bottom. Over these came the Wellington boots—those shiny black boots of a dragoon, rising high on the thigh in front but cut away behind the knee. A scarlet tunic with square gold buttons on the cuffs; a silver-steel cuirass over his great chest; a Hungarian lancer's green dolman over one shoulder—sleeves empty; and then the shako, black bearskin ever so high, but still with a pompom or an aigrette to carry it higher. And the face! The face of the terrible Maréchal Davoust, or of Hector saying farewell. The grimness of the shako's brass chain held below the lower lip! And yet in the eyes a twinkle of tolerance for proper boys: just that and no more.

At parade-rest our drum major was a god. At a halt he came to a pose with his staff under his arm. Then, *some* boys might choose to be allowed to look down the great bell of the tuba by a man who on other days kept a market and made good bologna sausage. *Some* might be charmed by the Circular Altos, who used their every halting moment to turn and turn and turn until out of their bells ran water—the troublesome water that makes burbles for all Circular Altos. *Some* might risk intimacy with the Side Drum, now drawing up his snares; and go so near as to let him do a short tattoo upon their close-cropped pates to the delight of the crowd. Or, shameful worst (and serve them right), they might have Side Drum openly and publicly inquire, "Say, boy! Does your Ma know you're 'way out here?"

Not so the choicest of us—the ones who are still the dreamers of our time—never mind if the income is small. We stayed by the drum major. He never passed remarks. He never slipped any fine-cut chewing tobacco, or even voice lozenges, into his mouth. He might once lift the shako off from his head to wipe his brow with his free hand, much as an archbishop might for a moment lighten himself of his miter, or a knight doff his helmet, or a king his crown. But no flippancies, no familiarities.

We gathered silent in a ring about his majesty, storing up sensations for the winter to come. I remember once standing beside that great chamois-leather thigh in the half vertigo of a devotee. A sudden breeze switched the fringe of the giant's gold sash in a spray against my mouth. I could have kissed it—if boys kissed anything but lucky marbles. The gold knop of the tassel smote my snub nose. It was an accolade. It said, "Boy, you seem to be respectful. You may attend me."

Yes. In repose he was a god.

But in action? At first severe, strict. Just an up-and-down thrust of the silver staff to give the tempo, like the beautiful piston-rod of a river boat's engine. Just enough of this to get the band into good step, and then the sign for Sound Off! Side drums ruffle out a long teasing roll. Big drum and cymbals chop off its head with boom and crash. Cornets and trombones join in on the step with a fanfare. They are heralds trumpeting from a high keep. Now harmony-parts slide in from tuba, baritone, fluegels, altos, and clarinets, and they build up the castle from below. You can smell oxen roasting for the barbecue. You can see a hundred pennants mingling their primary colors in the castleyard. The varlets are broaching red wine. The cooks are larding brown capons on the spits. There is custard by the firkin. There is mincemeat by the keg. The ladies all have golden hair. Their ribbons flutter while the chargers paw and neigh.

Is this not what a boy hears when the band is at full tilt behind him? Or did you see a diamond crown, deep in the thick crimson plush of a cushion upon an abbey altar, while the organ played processional for the coronation? How can words tell what goes on in a boy's mind as the genii of music transmute brass into gold for his ear?

Glory mounts within us until it would seem that the heart must burst. It is in

vain that relatives beckon to us with bananas—even with red bananas—and call to us to join them upon the sidewalk. We see nothing but the gallant figure of the drum major. We hear nothing but the golden breathings of his slaves there behind.

His knees lift higher. His Wellington boots smite the Belgian blocks with scorn of earth. He is a royal lion ramping upon his way.

The French horns tear at one's vitals with their ravishing wail. It is not to be borne. Even that silver cuirass must burst with this rush of emotion.

But no. There is sufficient escape for all this heart-pressure in that silver staff with the golden orb! The band can now take care of itself. The staff begins to turn slowly in the right hand: a Dutch windmill in a breeze. Faster and faster it spins: locomotive drive-wheels getting up speed. Faster and faster, and the staff disappears. It is but a silver shield held out before, the glittering aura of an advancing magic presence.

From hand to hand the staff flits—a dragon-fly between reeds. And then the climax, the very utmost blazoning of glory. Up it flies into the air; up there nearly on a level with those folks gazing out of third storys, spinning like the spokes in the wheels of the chariot of the sun. We hold our breath, but the drum major has no fear. He is as sure as the champion center-fielder waiting for a long fly.

Caught, and caught spinning! Up again and again while we are passing the reviewing stand. A left hand will do to signal to the side drums for three ruffles to his Honor the Mayor.

Oh, this is no ordinary mortal! It is Richard the Lionheart brandishing his mace in defiance of Saladin. It is the Cid scattering the Moors, or Mehemet Ali massacring Mamelukes on the desert. It is Sir Richard Grenville working the *Revenge* to the tune of Papist culverins. It is Pickett at the head of his brigades advancing to the Bloody Angle!

## II

Dear reader of my own age, is it not so? Did we not have such drum majors?

Do you remember the march called "Beau Ideal"? Do you remember how, near the end of the first strain, the drum major would march backward to prepare the band for the coda? Do you remember how his staff became a horizontal bar talking to the trombones and saying, "Watch out now, you brasses? Enough of your rearing and your blaring. Have done with all this champing and stamping. You've given the step well enough to the Marching Club behind there. The people on the sidewalks are all tapping with their shoes. Now for something limpid. Now for something soothing. Now give them honey oozing from the comb. Give the mothers and babies something dreamy and *legato*."

And they did it! They did every blessed thing he signed for. They had better obey that drum major! The cornets had been whinnying like stallions. Now they knelt down and prayed all together like organ stops. The trombones repented of ramping and roaring like Bulls of Bashan and cooed like mourning doves.

He had them in the hollow of his hand.

Was it not just that way, my friend who ran barefoot with me in the early days of Grover Cleveland?

Do you remember when we came to the Square: the place of the Soldiers' Monument? It was there, you remember, that the Zouaves did a star in honor of Ellsworth. They opened out ranks. They milled and mingled before the confused eye like dropping glass in the end of a kaleidoscope. And all at once, before you could tell how it was done, you had your star—a five-pointed star in honor of noble Ellsworth. And all the people clapped their hands and shouted, "Hooray for the Zouaves!"

Well, the band could do something too. It could countermarch. At a

secret sign from the pumping silver staff, the band knew what was coming. Drum major spins a precise right angle on one heel. His staff points rigidly to the base of the Monument as if to say, "There, the impossible. Scale that!" Almost to the curb he comes. Some zanies from the country back away in fright. The staff goes up like a spire. Drum major spins right-about face. The staff comes downward with a slash. Drum major splits his band in two and strides through them, past the oomping big horns and the ta-ra-ing little horns. Right through the squawking, chattering clarinets, past the boom and rattle and crash of his drums and cymbals, out into the free again—with the whole band involuting and winding after him, mesmerized!

It wasn't a star like the Zouaves'. It was better than a star.

They say that on Good Friday, after Tenebræ in Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome, the Spanish Cardinal steps down through the crowded nave just like that, cleaving the mob apart without a word or a touch or a look. He would step upon the necks of men even if they were prostrate praying. Well, that may all be. Perhaps the Spanish Cardinal might have made a drum major if he had not gone into the Jesuits. You can't be everything.

## III

You can't be everything, I have said. I fear I must take that back. There are men who lead double lives.

There is, for instance, Henry Gorsuch. Gorsuch is not his real name. I have invented it to protect the man. Henry is almost my neighbor. A little path runs from the rectory side door across empty lots to Henry's back door. I have worn it, going to visit the shyest man in town. Henry visits no one. I got him just once to visit me. The man was plainly uneasy. He kept his eyes upon the door. Perhaps he thought women folks might break in and make him talk. After broaching new topics for fifteen minutes, I fancied Henry seemed to be thawing out for a sentence. But then the door-bell rang. It was only a child selling tickets for the Methodist oyster supper; but when I returned to the library Henry had fled. Why, to see the man going downtown for his mail, you would think some tall criminal was being returned by conscience to the constable!

I go to Henry when our house gets too uproarious and I want to think. Henry likes to have me come. Not that he ever said it in so many words, but that there are signs. There is the pipe he made me: cherrywood and carved with my initials. One day he jerked his thumb toward a pigeonhole near my particular chair in his shop. Trifle to be found there, so to speak. You know where the tobacco is. Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

I can watch Henry in his workshop half a morning and at the same time think up a sermon. Silence, for me, seems to breed good words.

He knows I cherish an enormous respect for his skill of hand (he makes violin and 'cello bows for artists). He will pass a finished Grenadilla stick over to me without a word, and wait. My part is to squint along its length and say, "Straight as a plumb-line, Henry," and go on with my sermon in smoke. His aunt is the only other soul in his house. She never comes into the workshop when I am there. If I have tarried so late as noon I hear her say, "Dinner, Henry," from the other side of the door. And we go our two ways without a word.

But this furtive being leads a double life. I found him out last April. It was a dry, warm morning, and the telephone was getting too much for me. To Henry's for quiet! I found the house locked: the pair of them away at one time. Never mind, there was a good quiet spot out beyond Axtel's bad piece of lane, the hidden meadow in the ravine.

I was about to look for my especial gap in the osage-orange hedge when I heard a quaint little sound from the

other side. It went: "Tump—tump—tump, tump, tump!" Child drumming in there? One of Axtel's little boys playing soldier? I peered in cautiously, and I swear no faun spying upon Venus ever saw a more delicious sight. There was old Miss Gorsuch sitting on a tussock with her black skirts spread about her feet. She was biting at her lower lip and most earnestly whacking away at a child's Christmas drum!

But what was that to the sight of Henry Gorsuch out there in the meadow? The man was transformed. He was Beau Brummel a-going down Piccadilly. The man was ramping down the meadow with all the pomp of one of old Frederick's grenadiers, and twirling a drum major's baton as he went! From time to time the glittering stick would go whirling up aloft. Could I believe my eyes? Well, I could believe my ears, for it was Henry Gorsuch's high tenor voice that squeaked out, "Faster, Aunt Minnie, faster! Ye're slowin' down."

I sneaked away from that osage-orange hedge like a redskin on the trail. This old world will never come to the end of its surprises, and we parsons know it. Upon my next visit I said nothing; but the time after that I could hold in no longer. I waited for a moment when he had nothing sharp or delicate in his hands and then I broke over, "Henry, you old rascal! You gay old deceiver! I saw you in Axtel's meadow."

He turned about as if shot. His long hands went out together as if in petition, or as if ready for a pair of handcuffs. "Oh, come," I protested. "It's no crime. I wouldn't breathe it to a soul. Be a good fellow, Henry, and let me hold your baton. Never touched one in my life. Like to feel the heft of one."

Henry looked at me with stricken eyes and then went and bolted the door. This place was a confessional, and no mistake. Then he reached down a long box from a shelf over his head. It was only his practice staff. The orb was dented in.

I almost chuckled aloud. So this was why he was never around on Decoration Day and the Fourth of July! Well, I would press him a little further. "Where do you go, Henry?" I had the brass to inquire. Henry took the staff and put it back in its place, and said absently, "Oh, them big places. Cleveland, C'lumbus, Indyanoplis. Once they fetched me clean to Dee-catur, but trolley wires is bad there. . . . But don't say nothin' —I'd have to move if more'n you knew about it."

Glory seems to have a way of fading. I guess that perhaps we boys may have been a mite too fanciful with that lodge in the Apennines with Julius Cæsar and Hannibal.

# *The Lion's Mouth*

## MAKE IT SNAPPY

BY ALEXANDER BLACK

THE generation that is proud of living longer than its predecessors is becoming acutely partial to incidental experiences that are shorter. A long life but a snappy one. Quicker emotions and more of them. Better and sooner successes. An age that seeks to put conscience into a capsule naturally resents the enormous deliberation of the creative processes. The sharpest quarrel with evolution is that it is so slow.

Art cannot ignore the growing nervousness of taste. An audience that looks for the crisply creative may seem to ask the artist to be on his toes; yet it is better that the artist should hustle than that the audience should walk out or "hang up" on him. The unpopularity of speeches is directly related to their length. I know at least one wife who remarked to an impending speaker, "I don't ask you to make the best speech, but promise me that you will make the shortest one." Thus we are continually reminded that brief art is favored if not imposed by social pressure. And there are excellent arguments for a distinguished brevity. Certainly the Gettysburg Address lost nothing in qualities of endurance by the fact that it was trimmed to the bones. The thing that is the soul of wit must ever enjoy a profound advantage. Wit is quick or it isn't wit. Probably wit has made more fame than has wisdom. The fame of humor is debatable as well as perishable, chiefly because it has more bulk. It takes time to produce a glow, whereas a spark can be struck in an instant.

As for literature, we find vastly reiterated examples of the quick and the dead. The epigram outlasts the quarto, the sonnet leaves the poor epic breathless. The essay, for example, might plead for the space permitted to a chapter. But its traditions are doomed. The short must be shorter. Bacon had the trick. If we can't repeat his shrewdness we might at least imitate his compression. In fact, the "little" essay has again and again been ventured as a form. Some of our own people have been instinctively terse. We have Franklin. And Emerson is as pithy as they make them, though not technically tabloid. He sustains the effect of brevity, whereas many a lesser performer is at each stage longer than his total. I am inclined to think that the best short essays produced in this country have been written as newspaper editorials.

Perhaps it would not do to insist, in the matter of the audience, that the new spirit is merely a passion for precision. Pep is not always a passion. It is often only nerves, or a kind of gooseflesh, so that it is difficult to appraise the era in which mere duration is subjected to such bitter rebuke. Probably we are, basically, an impatient people. Both the Fundamentalist and the Modernist agree that God takes his time; but it hurt to hear Ruskin speak so contemptuously because we had no ruins, that is to say, no ruins of the respectable class, and it was natural that we should urge our social evolution to step lively. If we

can't do better, our civilization might become synthetically mellow.

By whatever fortuity, the life that asks hurry is very much a psychological consideration at the moment. This is the Snappy Age. No one has sought to put more than sixty seconds into a minute, but it never can be astonishing if someone establishes a cult devoted to squeezing sixty matured emotions out of an hour. Neither skirts nor skits were ever so short. Divorces chop marriages into endurable lengths. The human body is criticized as altogether too complicated. Doctors are busy cutting it down. Science reduces our redundancy with a knife. Ultimately we shall each of us be as snappy, organically, as an aphorism. We are to live longer, but we shall be quick about it. Written thrillers have something happen every five hundred words. The conservative in living will come to be one who is willing to dawdle with something happening no oftener than every five hundred breaths. There will be a technic in transitions, a fine art of multiplicity. We shall be concerned not so much in whither we are going as in how soon we can get there. Doctor Holmes wished for a book taster who should give him a volume "in an epithet and a wink." We do better. The newspaper is a sort of life taster that splendidly aids the hurry of experience. As we become more imperatively impatient it will learn to offer us a murder in one line, a trial in two. A sex scandal naturally will take three.

You must not conclude that, in such a future, life will twitch like an electric sign and that St. Vitus must be the preferred saint. We shall simply have acquired a high-voltage alternating current that enlarges capacity. It is unquestionably a heightened facility in the faculty for enjoyment that demands progressive brevity in the things to be enjoyed. Quite obviously, things not to be enjoyed cannot be too brief. Dying briskly always will be in the best of taste. What may befall on the Other Side if it turns out that we have been peculiar here—if Peace isn't snappy—would be a speculation utterly distasteful to our self-respect.

## MARSYAS

*An Old Tale with a Modern Moral*

IN the days of gods, the God Apollo
Happily heard the syrinx blown,
Heard the horn and the huntsman's hollo,
And shepherds piping to flocks far-strown;
But his brow was black and his laugh was mute
When Marsyas played upon his flute.
(Just like me when I hear the toot
And belch and bray of the saxophone.)

Marsyas found—if the tale be true—
The reed Athena had cast away;
He set the reed to his lips and blew
Continuously for many a day;
The Naiads sat on a foam-wet bowlder,
Little they recked when eve grew colder,
But cried, as they shook a shimmering shoulder:
"Atta goat! The faun can play!"

Ah, happy hours that the fates permitted,
The youth of the world, forever flown!
When through the groves the Dryads flitted
And Satyrs crouched by brake and stone;
Ere the golden gods were vanquished,
Ere Zeus grew old, ere Pan was dead,
Ere the sound of lute and lyre had fled,
And Sax invented the saxophone.

But how does arrogance destroy us!
Marsyas swaggered and puffed with pride;
Syncopating his hoof-beats joyous,
The god of music he thus defied:
"The faun," he boasted, "out-flutes Apollo!
Marsyas leads! Let Apollo follow!
These my words let Apollo swallow,
Or call on the Muses to decide!"

Straightway the Muses nine assembled—
What mortal may know what the fates contrive?—

Marsyas blew till Olympus trembled,
While Apollo scarcely deigned to strive.
"Apollo wins and Marsyas loses!"
Decreed with one accord the Muses,
"And the penalty for beginning the Blues is
That the fluting faun be flayed alive!"

Marsyas paid for his peccadillo,
And found the end that the prideful find;
His hide was hung to a weeping willow,
To swing and dance in the Phrygian wind;
And that is the thing I intend to do
To a certain saxophonist who
Squawks and squonks till half-past two
Under the room of the undersigned!

—MORRIS BISHOP

## OUR FETTERED FREEDOM

BY MARCELLE ENGLAND

MUCH is being talked and written at this time on the subject of human liberty, of individual liberty, of national liberty. We discuss it earnestly, jokingly, passionately, derisively, but with a persistence that proves it to be one of the deep-lying preoccupations of our day. "*Is* liberty, especially our famous American brand, really more than a pale *ignis fatuus*, hovering strangely and luminously over the marsh of our individual prejudices and inhibitions? Poor self-bound humanity, each one visioning a liberty according to his own desires, a liberty that shall free himself but bind his neighbor! Can freedom really exist side by side with this passion of the average individual to shape all humanity to his own mold?

This question looms ever more gloomily before a large proportion of our population, a proportion which from month to month seeths into ever-increasing irritation and resentment, yet is balanced by a counter-proportion of individuals who were never more blissfully satisfied with America than they are to-day, for they find at last a mental and moral atmosphere which allows free play for one of the most ineradicable of human weaknesses—the weakness for telling other people what they ought to do.

Not long ago a woman came to me with the request that I would take part in a certain "drive." After a regretful but unqualified refusal to harry any further the already overtaxed citizen, I ventured curiously, "Don't you hate doing it?"

"No," she replied, with obvious relish, "I like it. There are a whole lot of tight-wads in this town who would never give a cent to welfare work if someone didn't go and bully them into it. There's no reason why they shouldn't give as much as anyone else, and I just enjoy going around and telling them so."

There we have it, in the proverbial nutshell. There are altogether too many individuals and too many organized groups who "just enjoy" going around and telling other people what they ought to do. The question of the "drive" is a minor one. Women got the "drive" habit during the war, and are now loth to give up a form of free-booting that combines all the thrill of a successful hold-up with the pious satisfaction of instructing humanity in what they deem the higher ethics of existence. And they go forth, moreover, in the gleeful certainty that whatever the object of the "drive" the great American public will always pay. And the American public does pay, not only in coin of the realm but in the surrender little by little of its right to individual freedom of action in many matters where our busy reformers and self-appointed vigilantes are working with fanatic zeal to enforce rigid and universal adherence to their own code.

Modern psychologists inform us that these determined zealots are merely rushing about trying to work off their

unsatisfied sex-urge, which is forced to find outlet in some such channel or turn inward and produce introverts or nervous wrecks. But this information singularly fails in its pacifying intent. We muse gloweringly on how much less disastrous to America at large would be these same swarms of introverts dourly withdrawn into the seclusion of their dens and boudoirs, brooding on their nerves and other ills and scorning society and the world at large. Dear world at large, so happy to be scorned, free to pursue its colorful existence unhampered by the drab restrictions of these wearisome exponents of the arid life, these victims of the itching fever to instruct, the passion to prohibit.

And this thing of instructing humanity can really assume grotesque proportions. Once I heard a woman declaiming with passionate conviction against dish mops. She said if a woman *had* to wash dishes, why couldn't she put her hands right in instead of fiddling around with a bunch of string on a stick? In the interests of housekeeping humanity I held out for dish mops. I said I would rather wash dishes with a feather duster than put my hands in. And as she gazed back at me scornfully I could see in her eyes how ruthlessly, given the chance, she would legislate dish mops out of existence. These simple utensils were to her, if not plainly immoral, at least an insidious weakness and a lurking menace to the race. Looking at her I seemed to see—in some sternly restricted and menacing future—ghostly barges crawling fearfully along our coasts laden with surreptitious dish mops, while among the underbrush on shore wild-eyed women lurked furtively, waiting to dodge the suppression squad and purchase one of these minor but coveted alleviations of a bound and gagged existence.

Small wonder indeed that our outgoing ships are laden with disgruntled citizens determined to seek a freer air! And in that freer air one of the first things we feel is the subtle amusement of Europe over our plight. It isn't only that a Frenchman will say to one with a mocking little smile, "But do they still permit you to dance in America?" or "But I thought it had been made a criminal offense for an American to drink wine, even in another country." It isn't the amusement of all Europe that disconcerts one, it's the feeling that their amusement is legitimate—that we really *are* funny. But not, alas! to ourselves. There is still the large and fatuous and dominating majority to whom America and all its works is the cap and climax of all that is good and desirable in existence. It is as if they shouted, "*we* were born there. It produced *us*. Therefore its excellence jumps to the eye." We have all met this type abroad. It goes, primarily, to say it's been there and to ratify its preconceived and unshakable conviction that there is nothing in Europe to compare with the natural or acquired advantages of the great and glorious U. S. A. Flanked and buttressed impregnably by flocks of its own countryman, it proceeds to sit in weary judgment on all of Europe. Its favorite adjective is "decadent." It lauds America and all things in it with a smugness and complacency that is only equalled by its crudeness and inexperience and amazing ignorance. But why elaborate? One can't convince such people that any European could possibly prefer his own country if he could once experience the peculiar joys and privileges of America.

I met in London a fat and tired father from the Middle West who had been dragged by his energetic family through seven countries of Europe at the incredible speed known only to a certain class of traveling American. He was weary and satiated yet full of soothing joy, for he was sailing on Wednesday. Europe to him was a mad, chaotic whirl of passports, sightseeing busses, hotel accommodations, and enraging red tape.

"Before I left," he said fervently, "I knew I loved America. Now I love it with an intensity I didn't dream I could feel."

"Yes," I said, "it's one's own country after all, isn't it?"

"But it isn't that," he protested somewhat indignantly. "It really is the best. It's incomparably ahead of all these other countries."

"Well, you know," I said ruminantly, "I came over on an English ship. It was full of English people purring with joy at getting back to England. It was 'dear old England' for them, just as it's 'the good old U.S.A.' for us."

He looked combative and unconvinced.

"They must have been there just a very short time then," he returned resentfully. "If they'd really lived there a while they'd never want to go back to their stupid England."

At this I couldn't resist relating to him a little incident of my voyage.

I was lying idly in my steamer chair near a group of English people as we steamed tranquilly along on our first afternoon out. One of the men inquired conversationally of his compatriot, a pretty Englishwoman of thirty-five or so:

"Well, and how did you like America?"

She smiled and answered in that casual tone so soothing to our emphasis-racked American nerves:

"I confess I wasn't very much impressed." Then with a fleeting little glance in my direction she added politely:

"But I was there only three months. I suppose one would have to stay a long time to learn to like it."

Her interlocutor, a soldierly looking man slightly gray at the temples, who also recognized my nationality and respected it, leaned nearer.

"Yes," he replied in a sibilant whisper that easily bridged the distance between us, "a *damned long time*."

My auditor protested uncertainly:

"But they must have been people of the nobility, who have power and exalted position in their own country, and when they found they couldn't have that sort of thing in America they didn't like it."

They weren't, of course. They were just average English people. But he felt vaguely and obstinately that it must have been a mistake, that no one unfortunate enough to have been born in the effete and decadent countries of the Old World could fail to be hurled into a paroxysm of joy on finding himself ensconced permanently under the Stars and Stripes of our native land. A worthy sentiment perhaps if it were not so deliberately blind and complacent, so lacking in the clear vision that would make our land more alluring to the thoughtful among the sons and daughters of its own soil.

We have loved our country for its freedom, but a nation that is bound by fear is not free. We Americans are locked in the grip of fear, fear of being different, fear of doing or saying something that our own particular community group will criticize or condemn. And these others—the eager groups of "condemners"—the avid busybodies concerning themselves solely with restrictions and bans on things of which they personally do not approve—these people are victims of the most cowardly fear of all, the fear of temptation—for themselves and others. They would have a nation of spineless weaklings, "good" in their own particular acceptation of the term because there is no chance to be anything else.

Wasn't it Bernard Shaw who said, "Try to get what you like out of life or you'll end by liking what you get"?

Perhaps the great American public, too lethargic to fight for its liberty, is learning to like what it gets.

"Freedom" is still a word of seven letters, but its meaning is becoming blurred.

## *Editor's Easy Chair*

# OUR SATISFACTION WITH MR. COOLIDGE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

I HAD not thought of Jim Lines for weeks, but after dinner at the Secular Club, as I started for home, it was suddenly borne in on me that it was ever so long since I had seen him and that I ought to search him out and discover what, if anything, he knew now.

I hadn't more than got home when Philip who was with me, listened at the telephone and said, "Mr. Lines is on the wire and says if you will be home tomorrow at five at your house in the country he will drive over from his house to see you." So I said, All right! Whether my spirit called to Jim and made him think of me or his spirit called to me and made me think of him, I know not, but one or the other of these things happened, and likely enough it is so, as asserted by Prof. Cazzamali of Milan and reported in the New York papers on August 21, that the human brain shoots out radiographic waves by means of which we may and do communicate with one another. What's more, and this proves it, Jim Lines and his wife did motor over the next afternoon and I did talk to him.

Interest attaches to discourse with Jim because his ideas and opinions impress people, not as factory made and come by from the department store, but as originating on his own premises. He isn't the man-in-the-street at all. He doesn't merely receive opinions and pass them along but seems to hatch them out himself. At least that notion about him is what makes him valuable as a talker to those who hold it, the more so because he is blessed with an able mind, and wants to be good. I even think he wants, moderately, to save the world.

As usual, Jim was interesting. He had been abroad and got home. He didn't tell me much about "abroad." He said his son, aged sixteen years, was going to college this year and much against his will, as his interest was not in colleges but in horses, and he preferred to sleep in the stable and aspired to be a hostler. It seemed to me that, considering the times, the boy was keeping pretty good company and had fairly wholesome aspirations. At least, he does not yet aspire to get rich, and that is something.

Jim did not care at present to have the Democrats elect the next President because he could not think of any likely candidate who wanted what he wanted. He admired the remarkable ability of our present President to suit the country in its present mood, but thought he would make a very nice king. As a President he seemed to Jim not to do enough, but as a constitutional monarch to keep hold of the ends of the reins and let his ministers drive, he thought he might do handsomely. Being a Democrat, Jim felt there was a job to be done that wasn't getting due attention, one detail of it being the tariff. The Republican leadership did not impress him. His attention being directed to Borah, he complained that Borah was mean;

that he hadn't a big enough heart, though in powers of mind he seemed about the best the Republicans had, if indeed they can be said to have him.

Jim thought the ablest of the current American weeklies was Brother Villard's *Nation*. He bought it and read it every week, he said. It encourages me to hear any periodical commended, just as it encourages one to know that somewhere exists a good man or a good woman, making a good performance and averting wrath from the race. It is not a secret that Brother Villard is an able journalist and makes interesting papers. To be sure they don't always taste good, but in ordinary times that doesn't matter; and I think Jim likes the penetrating quality of Brother Villard's bite, especially when he speaks out in some good cause, like free speech, as he did two months since in this Magazine.

But of all that Jim said what most lodged in my mind was what he said about Mr. Coolidge, and his modified satisfaction with that gentleman as a President proper for the present hour but still not more than a stopgap in world affairs. His feeling was that Mr. Coolidge's immense success in acquiring the approbation of the people of the United States was due to the fact that he represents the disposition of lovers of the old order to hold on to conditions of existence which are passing. The jig was up with the old order, so Jim thought. It died in the war; but a considerable proportion of mankind was all for embalming it and keeping it in the show window. Mr. Coolidge—so Jim thought—had an instinctive and hereditary affection for the departed and though, as said, Jim felt that he would have made a better king than president, he did not mind his being President in this interval while the remains of the old order are awaiting interment.

I WONDER if Jim is right about him. Very likely Mr. Coolidge would wonder too. He gives himself very few of the airs of a man of destiny and, though he stands up to have his picture taken when requested, he does not seem to give much time to cultivation of the arts of popularity. Colonel Roosevelt was always saying what a good time he had as President. So he did. He enjoyed the job—enjoyed it enormously—and always admitted, and indeed bragged, that he did. Mr. Coolidge also enjoys it, but much less boisterously. He is a politician, and enjoys political life, and twenty-four hours a day of it do not seem to be too much for him. Moreover, his strength seems equal to his day. He gives no sign that the Presidency distresses him.

When we study Mr. Coolidge we study ourselves and the country in general. Why does he give all but universal satisfaction? Frank Kent of the Baltimore *Sun* is much quoted about him. He is not a great admirer of Mr. Coolidge but is very much bent on seeing him as he is and has lately made a three-months journey through the country to find out what the people in general think of their President. He says "About his hold on the people there is not the slightest doubt. His most ardent admirers underestimate it. Literally everybody save a very few is satisfied. Even the radical press teems with praise." That is good testimony and agrees with the general opinion. Is it due to anything Mr. Coolidge has done? It seems not. It is due partly to what he is, and considerably to what he has not done, and largely, it would seem, to public confidence that he will continue not to do anything which will disturb the country. People like his ideas of economy because they save them money. They also approve them not only on economical but on moral and political grounds. They think that to pinch extravagance out of government is an excellent thing. They do not ask to be furnished with entertainment from the White House. They are content if the ministrations which emanate from that edifice make for equanimity and repose.

That is all right so long as it will last and it suits these times. We have been over-supplied with entertainment and agitation from governments. We like just now a government that does not run much to headlines. Jim Lines said that Borah was mean. Probably Mr. Borah would not admit it. But certainly Mr. Coolidge is not mean. He is not averse to helping the world if it can be done according to what looks to him like good sense. He was agreeable to the Belgian debt settlement. He is one of the least emotional of public men, but he is not a bitter-ender and probably not even a thorough-going stand-patter. He would believe in standing pat only as long as it was good politics so to stand. He is curiously wide in the range of his advisers. He will talk to any one of any party whose ideas he thinks may be important. He has had Hearst and Brisbane at the White House. He is perfectly willing to advise with Democrats by whose thoughts or information he thinks the country may profit. Those are interesting characteristics and help to explain what Jim Lines meant when he said Coolidge would make a good king. Something like that a competent modern king is always doing. He does not himself govern, but he is one of the gates by which living ideas may penetrate into government.

IT IS often said in these days that nothing can save the world but religion. And that is true enough. Mr. Babson, the expert in statistical economics, would agree to that and, indeed, he has said it himself; but when he thinks of religion he probably thinks of it more as intelligence than emotion. The world has got to be saved by intelligence, and the real office of religion in that job is to stimulate and spiritualize intelligence; to make men wise; to give them a truer understanding of human life. Mr. Borah had a piece in the September *Forum* on "The Fetish of Force," in which he protests against the all but universal persuasion of governments that force is the main factor in human affairs. He denies that assumption, and speaks out for the abolition by general agreement of force as a means of settling international controversies on the American continent. Perhaps he is getting religion, for that is considerably a religious idea—an idea that was part of the make-up of Mr. Wilson and of which Mr. Coolidge seems a better representative than Colonel Roosevelt was.

Anyone who has any doubts of the need of the application of intelligence to current human affairs should get hold of the observations communicated to the Boston *Herald*, at its request, by Dean Roscoe Pound of the Harvard Law School. Dean Pound was invited to say what ought to be done about the administration of the criminal law. Deposing that there was not enough accessible information to enable an observer to offer adequate suggestions on that subject, he went on to say, in effect, that our current system of laws and legislation was out of date; that it had been devised for a country whose communities were mostly rural and agricultural and, that, applied now to great urban and industrial communities, it did not work well. Our whole system of criminal justice, he said, "needs to be studied functionally with reference to the needs of urban—industrial America of the day." Besides that, he thought we had got to learn the art of administration. A century ago we did not need much and our inherited mode of thought is adverse to administrative government. "But it takes men," said Mr. Pound, "to do things speedily, and a huge metropolitan area requires the speedy doing of many things." Colonel Roosevelt would have agreed to that.

Dean Pound protested against "hysterical crusades without any solid basis in scientific entertainment of the facts." Altogether, his column and a half of talk in the paper conveys remarkably the need of an infusion of intelligence into our governmental affairs, a need forcibly illustrated by the current struggles

of the city of New York to bring its complicated problems to solution.

MR. COOLIDGE has a cold mind. He would probably see the point of Dean Pound's observations—has seen it very likely and is in sympathy with it. But how long will his present attitude suffice? Does it make for stability in international affairs? If the current zeal, for example, for arranging with France and Italy about payment of their debts to us succeeds, where will it bring us out? Almost nobody opposes it, except a few remonstrants from sentimental reasons, but the payments must be made in goods. Will that strengthen us or the contrary? Will the tariff be jacked up in the interest of home industries and more kites attached to the cost of living? How will American Labor feel about it? One reads that in September the Union Label Trades Department of the American Federation of Labor was to conduct a drive throughout the towns and cities of the United States to buy only American-made goods. Mr. Borah in his discussion of force inclines to the philosophy of the Sermon on the Mount. Perhaps in due time that philosophy may be found applicable also to the matter of the foreign debts.

Money is considerably a mystery. Has Mr. Coolidge solved it? Has Mr. Borah? Looked at from one point of view, money is dross. From another it is human life. It is energy; it is power; it is the means of accomplishing material things. It is the blood in the veins of a nation and likely, when there is too much of it, to induce blood pressure and apoplexy. There are good things of which we cannot have too much, but money is not necessarily one of them. No more of it is wholesome than one can digest. There never was so complicated a money problem as that presented by the debts left by the Great War. The problem of the debtors is how to pay without injury to national life; how to maintain credit—which is very necessary to them—without too great a loss of blood; for that is what excessive payments would really amount to. If they pinch life too hard they have a result comparable to the loss of lives by war. The problem of the creditors is how much they can exact without damage to their own economic apparatus and without so weakening their debtors as to injure the market for their own exports. These things are not easy at all. The decisions about them depend on information which is uncertain and on estimates which are more or less speculative; and how much actual money the debtors will ever pay depends on things entirely beyond calculation, like the behavior of the nations and the peoples of the world in the next half century.

Whatever Mr. Coolidge thinks of these things, in what he does he is simply carrying out the orders of Congress the best he can. There is another money matter to which he might give part of his mind and that is waste. The *New Republic* has had some articles on that subject which have been impressive. We have wonderful facilities in these times for wasting materials and we use them with great diligence. If Mr. Coolidge lived in New York and could see the buildings that are torn down every day to make room for bigger buildings of a different sort, it would break his heart. Then there is the universal waste that comes from the cost of labor and the saving of money by throwing away almost anything made by machinery, instead of getting it repaired by hand labor.

But waste will not go on forever as it goes on now. These curious times will pass on presently and so, of course, will Mr. Coolidge; and probably in due time I shall have a clearer notion of just what Jim Lines could not find in Calvin Coolidge that he thought belonged to the make-up of a President.

# AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

*Literary Editor of the Chicago Daily News*

MRS. EDITH WHARTON is one of the few American writers whose work measures up again and again to a very high standard. In an age when many authors are innocent and many others inexperienced, Mrs. Wharton stands as a bulwark against the tides of crudeness and inefficiency. Fortunately she need not defend good writing tradition with words alone, for her books are eloquent examples of her craftsmanship. A new proof is *The Mother's Recompense*, which is likely to win a wide audience this summer. It is in Mrs. Wharton's favorite manner, and has the familiar mood and scene—middle age and youth, innocent enthusiasm and regretful memories, the Riviera and modern New York. It is several years since I have read anything by Mrs. Wharton that seemed as good—certainly it is far in advance of the four stories that were grouped together a year ago and published as *Old New York*. The situation is one that calls for the best of her gifts in suspense and narration. Kate Clephane is a middle-aged woman who left her husband and baby behind eighteen years before for an affair that was short lived. She had lived a lonely life on the Riviera and is now welcomed back to New York by her daughter Anne, who has been reared by her former husband's family. The husband is dead and Kate finds herself welcomed, for conditions have changed in New York City, and a tolerant age views her indiscretion as of less importance than did the one that disowned her. But flashing back into modern New York she finds herself projected into the plans of her daughter, who at that moment has developed a love-affair with a man much older than herself, who, it happens, was once the mother's lover in Normandy. There is the situation, and skillfully Mrs. Wharton leads us to the brink and presents the dread alternative. In how far is the mother justified in interfering? The situation is almost classic French, but Mrs. Wharton has made it very modern and very real. She is concerned solely with the heart and mind of Kate Clephane and these she reveals through the catastrophe to the logical ending. It is in the last quarter of the book that Mrs. Wharton shows the strength of her craftsmanship. Kate Clephane could see far beyond makeshift and compromise. She made her sacrifice, the sacrifice of the older generation to the new. Each age has its own secrets; each age must bury its own. This is a very able and moving novel, and one of Mrs. Wharton's best.

### *Drums* is an Admirable Novel

*Drums*, by James Boyd, is first rate: an admirable story of Colonial times in America, written with much distinction of style; the best book on its period since *The Three Black Pennys*. It bears on its cover the cryptic message from John Galsworthy: "Watch James Boyd." The publisher does not say on what occasion Mr. Galsworthy

uttered this slogan, nor whether he read this book in manuscript, or was commenting on other writings by this author. As a first novel this book marks an auspicious beginning. The author has poise, a good command of his pen, and excellent selective ability, and his story reads true. It is the story of Johnny Fraser, a lad who lives with his parents in North Carolina, some time before the Revolution, and whose father fought at Culloden. This feudal period, with its faithful blacks, its white bound-boys, its cold churches and long sermons, its drinking and privations, is pictured as if the writer had passed through it himself. The details that give one the feel of those times become easily a part of the narrative, and the reader never gets the idea that the author is lugging in scenery and properties. Johnny Fraser's home life gives way to his life as a student in Edenton, where he falls in love with the daughter of the collector of the port. Before the Revolution breaks out his father sends him to England, and he comes in touch with Charles Fox. But the great man is not dragged in by the hair, as was so often the case in the old historical romances—he has a logical part in this well-balanced tale. After the Revolution comes, Johnny feels the call in his blood and has the good fortune to be sent with money to the mother of John Paul Jones. It happens that he comes in contact with a raiding party from Jones' ship and joins him. His subsequent fortunes are tied up with those of the American navy, and on the *Bonhomme Richard* he wins the approval of Captain Jones. There is fighting and love-making, but if you look for the old-fashioned swashbuckling romance you look in vain. Mr. Boyd comes fully prepared as a writer, and as Thackeray and Joseph Hergesheimer before him he finds the Colonial period a rich setting for a serious novel, full of life and color. This book is recommended without reservations as the best first novel published so far this year. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

### George Moore on Poetry

George Moore's essay on pure poetry and the book of which it is a part, *An Anthology of Pure Poetry*, have just been issued in a popular-priced edition. The book was published last fall in a limited edition, according to the custom adopted by Mr. Moore several years ago. Mr. Moore's introduction in his pleasing, discursive style is excellent reading with or without the poems, and one may agree or disagree with his views and his selections without impairing an appreciation of the book. The discourse on pure poetry between Mr. Moore, Walter de la Mare and John Freeman, originally published in *Conversations in Ebury Street*, is included. It is Mr. Moore's thought that many poets are now obscure because their work dealt hopelessly with the ideas of their own time, and that it is only those poems that deal with things, with objects that have permanence through the ages, and not ideas, that may be denominated "pure." The shifting standards in political and moral ideas are reflected in many poems and are often incomprehensible without a glossary. Mr. Moore selects his pure poetry from all the ages, and includes some of the most famous of English poems from Shakespeare to Tennyson, from John Skelton to Swinburne. (Boni & Liveright.)

### Milne's Verses Set to Music

The popularity won by A. A. Milne's verses of childhood, "When We Were Very Young," will be enhanced by the musical setting given some of the most attractive of the little poems. *Fourteen Songs* is a large book of words and music, with the musical setting by H. Fraser-Simon and incidental decorations by E. H. Shepard. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) The following poems are among those included: "Happiness," "Missing," "In the Fashion," "Half Way Down," "Buckingham Palace," "Growing Up," "Market Square," and "Vespers," the last being the little poem about:

Little boy kneels at the foot of the bed,
Droops on the little hands little gold head,
Hush! Hush! Whisper who dares!
Christopher Robin is saying his prayers.

That is but the beginning; the fun comes when Christopher Robin peeks through his fingers and remembers much more than his prayer calls for. Children and grown-ups will like this book.

### The Bad Egg of the Family

Among the books announced as first novels comes *The Spring Flight*, by Lee J. Smits, in which the author traces the career of the black sheep of a small-town family. Kenneth Farr is reared in a God-fearing home dominated by a mother who is a religious bigot. His father has lost his independence and his

spirit, and of his sisters, one follows the mother's bent, and the other is sympathetic to Kenneth. The lad finds his amatory appetite unappeased by clean relations with a girl of his town, but indulges in other adventures, leaves his home, and engages in various occupations. He is now on his spring flight, and for the next few years he meets a varied assembly of men and women and learns many lessons in human character. Kenneth imagines himself emancipated from convention, but in his background lurks the puritanical upbringing of his youth, and he can never quite shake off this torture. His judgment of women is bad, but human; in the end he gets into an entanglement which results in the one thing he has tried to avoid—marriage, and as the book closes he is on his way to become a staid citizen of his town, like so many others have done before him. The author has a richness of episode and a subtle irony, but does not intrude himself into the picture. The cover advertisement says that this is meant to depict "a very typical American," but the author does not say so in his text. Kenneth Farr is, of course, anything but typical: he is as exceptional as this book is exceptional among chronicles of his kind. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES
Seventeen-year-old British novelist, whose second novel, *The Chase*, has just been published.

### What is Meant by an "Authentic" Novel

The word authentic is much in use nowadays to describe a book that rings true, that has the "documents." Many books are authentic without being works of art, and many writers know whereof they speak without being skilled craftsmen. Louis Forgione is not likely to make a great stir in the field of writing, but he has learned to tell his story in his own way. As a worker in the shipyards he was familiar with an *argot* not necessarily used in a tearoom. He has told a story of his own social stratum in *Reamer Lou* and made it, as the experts say, "authentic." Louis Forgione relates that he was born in America, of Italian parents, but that he has been with foreigners so much that he has always considered himself a "half and half foreigner," never wholly American. He obtained work in a shipyard as a reamer. A reamer is the workman who prepares a round hole in a few layers of steel with a steel drill called a reamer, in preparation for the riveter who follows with the hot bolt. His story deals with his association with the few men he learned to know well, and one or two girls with whom he falls in love, and something of a foreign code enters into his relations with them. The book is not distinguished but it presents to the observer of American life flashes of insight into the mind of the worker who has an appreciation of beauty and is trying to rise above his station. Lou understands himself fairly well, and writes in his own vernacular, a slangy but vibrant language, full of vigor. "I have always lived on the threshold," he writes. "I have never known the real America, the America of those who rise, of those whose minds and souls are uplifted from the darkness of ignorance and superstition. I've always lived among those immigrants who fell, or at the best made no progress. . . . A right path should be pointed out to them. They know little. They easily make mistakes." (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

### Books for First Travelers

Books for the traveler are now in season. An inquiry from Mrs. F. C. O'Kelly, Susanville, California, for a list of "a few modern

books of travel that would interest an educated couple going to Europe for the first time," suggests that books that please experienced travelers may confuse the novice. The traveler going abroad is usually eager for information about tariffs, hotels, railroads, time tables and customs duties—matters that have become routine to the seasoned tourist. For general information no books can surpass the standard guides such as Baedeker, Murray, Muirhead and half a dozen others established in the last fifty years. I am one of those old-fashioned persons who can take down a Baedeker on a rainy day and get a peck of fun out of it. *The Satchel Guide to Europe* is most useful; the forty-fourth edition was published last fall under the editorship of W. J. Rolfe; it comes both in cloth and in leather and the latter makes an attractive gift at very little extra expense. Miss Clara Laughlin's book, *So You're Going to Paris*, was the most popular guide book in that capital among Americans last summer, and has the quality of retaining an American viewpoint and of speaking frankly about differences in rates and accommodations at hotels and resorts. A second book by Miss Laughlin, *So You're Going to Italy*, will be ready this spring and should be on the book stalls this month. One of the standard guide books of the last twenty years is *How to Prepare for Europe*, by H. A. Guerber. A new edition has just been published, "revised and brought up to date," but the revision has not been as thorough as it might be. This book is useful for the historical backgrounds it gives; the references to reading in connection with different trips are many, but the books listed do not seem to include any titles later than Zola, and in a number of instances the author seriously starts his list with a Rollo book by Abbott. Anyone desiring to make a general survey of the battlefields of France and Belgium will find the Muirhead books, known also as *The Blue Guides*, very useful. All these books have a format that pleases the reader. Books to be carried by the tourist should be small and light. Books written by travelers about cities and provinces are often bulky and carry heavy coated paper for the reproduction of photographs. This limits their usefulness to arm-chair reading, for no one cares to be burdened with bulky books during a voyage.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES STEPHENS

A characteristic pose of the friendly Irish poet whose tour of America has made him well-beloved everywhere.

### Open Letters to Correspondents

In reply to other correspondents: Mr. Rauland Roy, Lawrence, Massachusetts, who inquires for a life of Jesus written by a convert of a few years ago, probably refers to *The Life of Christ*, by Giovanni Papini, translated by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. Papini was converted to Catholicism during the War and this book is written from an orthodox point of view. A popular edition has just been issued at $1.50. . . . Mr. Henry Esmond Christman, of Delanson, New York, is interested in *Rambles with John Burroughs*, by Robert de Loach. Answering his questions, the book was published by R. G. Badger, Boston, at $1.50, and Mr. de Loach lives at 5541 Dorchester Avenue, Chicago. . . . John M. Morton, Ann Arbor, Michigan, asks about the disposition of the books of Frank M. Morris, dean of the Chicago booksellers and friend of Eugene Field, who died last month. The stock of books is in the hands of the W. P. Blessing Co., Chicago, and I understand Mr. Morris' private collection will be disposed of by the same firm.

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. . . An inquiry from the Columbus-Bartholomew County library of Columbus, Indiana, suggests the usefulness of *The Chronicles of America* for a library with a limited fund for the purchase of new books. This is the best general survey of American history extant and exceedingly useful in a library. I have replied more in detail by mail, as also in the case of other letters requiring replies too long to be printed here.

### Biography on Broadway

It has always been part of the work of the newspaper to tell the life story of living personalities, but now and then these sketches drift into book form, as if their authors desired them to live beyond the day. In the last few months a number of personalities who play an important part in our life have been made the subject of more or less "literary" treatment. Men who have fought the good prize fight, or sung the popular song, or made the most desirable motor car, become the subject of biography. Perhaps we may be permitted to wonder, upon receiving a book of this kind, whether it was written by the press agent, or the publicity agent, or the literary agent, or the subject's son-in-law, for stranger things have happened. In fact, some very able books have come now and then from one or another of these individuals. The professional booster, if he is an accomplished writer, may leave posterity a portrait much more real and revealing than that produced by scholarly biographers whose sole contact with their subject is through musty documents and faded letters. A very readable and interesting biography of recent weeks is *The Story of Irving Berlin*, by Alexander Woollcott. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) Mr. Woollcott strives for permanence for his subject, for he sees in his work as a composer of jazz something like a contribution to the folklore of America. Who shall gainsay him? It is purely conjectural, and he is entitled to his guess; meantime he need not make this the excuse for writing about Berlin, for the latter's career holds many fascinating episodes. There are some very dry books extant on great men, and some brilliant writings on men whose contribution to the world's learning was very little; of the two the honest reader will probably have no trouble making a choice. Irving Berlin came out of the East Side, with tinkling tunes in his fingertips; his name was not even Berlin, but Baline, and not Irving but the traditional Israel. He had before him the ideal of a successful American—to make money in heaps. To do this he began writing melodies. It is sometimes said that the daily grind kills originality and initiative, but in the case of Irving Berlin this does not apply. Mr. Woollcott is a sympathetic biographer, who feels that his subject has done much more for American culture than he gets credit for. None can pass a verdict on that. Most of us like Irving Berlin for what he is. We take the happy hour he gives us as our own and leave the study of his cultural values to the statistician and the accountant.

J. J. JUSSERAND

Former Ambassador of France to the United States, who has written *The School for Ambassadors*, a book of essays.

### Ring Lardner Collects "Magazine Stuff"

Ring Lardner is back in his old form in a book of sketches called *What of It?* Mr. Lardner's many admirers have become accustomed to the deceptive nature of his titles. *How to Write Short Stories*, the book of last year, contained some eloquent irony. The stories collected in the new book are not equal in quality to those, but the familiar Lardner stamp is on them. They constitute

what the author calls "miscellaneous magazine and newspaper stuff on all kinds of subjects." Yet half a dozen have sharp, satirical thrusts at foibles of the American people, written so that even the victims can enjoy them. Many business men who have used "in conference" as an excuse to avoid unwelcome visitors will appreciate Mr. Lardner's sketch of what that term implies. The book opens with "The Other Side," which gives the author his chance to make the traditional gibe at European manners. With this book Scribner's are issuing uniformly the earlier volumes by Mr. Lardner: *Gullible's Travels*, *You Know Me, Al*, and *The Big Town*, and it is remarkable to see how well the flavor lasts.

### Unmasking the Machinery of Royalty

The ponderous tome which bears the title *King Edward VII, a Biography* (Macmillan), is the first of two volumes by Sir Sidney Lee and follows with painstaking care the career of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, from the day he saw light, "at twelve minutes before eleven on the morning of Tuesday, 9th November, 1841," until he succeeded Queen Victoria to the throne of Great Britain at the "mature age of fifty-nine years, two months and thirteen days." In fact, so much scholarship has been lavished on this work that the reader actually gets the impression that he is reading a book about the crowded career of a great historical character, instead of one of the minor personages of history, whose principal distinction, up to the time of his accession, was won in the field of social leadership. And what is more remarkable is that although Sir Sidney has preserved all the trite remarks that sovereigns make to each other when a member of a royal family is born, married or buried, has described in detail all the family interests, feelings and jealousies of European sovereigns, there is sufficient background of nineteenth century politics interwoven in the biography to make one read through to the end. Sir Sidney Lee began this biography at the request of King George V, and throughout the book runs a certain obsequious bearing to the hocus-pocus of royalty, and a naïve disclosure of what it all amounts to—this sending of gifts, opening of expositions, exchange of guarded remarks, heavy emphasis on all the banalities of social intercourse, reviews of troops, wearing of uniforms, inspecting of this and that. To those within the inner circle of royalty it was all very serious and very real; from the outside they heard echoes of the press

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wildly excited or enthusiastic over this or that royal action, of premiers and prime ministers disturbed or pleased by this or that royal remark. But to ardent supporters of republics—and their number has multiplied tremendously in Europe in the last ten years—a book of this kind must be a welcome document. The revelation that the Prince of Wales, as early as 1889, could not get along on sixty thousand pounds a year from the duchy of Cornwall and forty thousand pounds a year added by the state; that he spent two thousand pounds which had been raised in small amounts in the colonies and native settlements for his silver wedding "on a silver candelabrum adapted to electric light," together with the elaborate dealings of titled folk with one another, which never seemed to avert any political calamity, ought to help English republicans realize that little can be said for hereditary nobles as national servants. The services of the Prince of Wales as a messenger for Queen Victoria, or as a general conciliator in Europe, do not appear, from this book, to have been as effective as is often supposed, and Sir Sidney Lee himself records on many pages the frequent embarrassments of English ministries at the unguarded remarks of the prince. Intermarriage between royal houses is proved by this book to be of dubious value, for the fact that sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles and aunts were endangered in a war or revolution always affected the views of reigning families and made a national program most difficult for the ministries. Sir Sidney gives enough of a glimpse of Queen Victoria's austere reign to show that all was not smooth sailing between mother and son, but lacking the rapier of a Lytton Strachey he cannot drive home the irony of many an amusing situation. Thus a flare-up of republicanism in England in 1870-71 is thought to have been abated principally because the prince became ill of typhoid; the resulting popular emotion stopped all attempts to shelve the monarchy. The prince's delight in officiating in fraternal ceremonies is in keeping with his love of form, and Sir Sidney touches on this mildly as his "idiosyncrasy." However, if the English people are served, somewhat obliquely, by this revelation, the Germans should consider it most useful for the portrait it contains of the vainglorious kaiser, drawn mostly from his own writings and sayings. The Prince of Wales hated his nephew cordially, and with cause. The kaiser patronized his uncle and sought to ingratiate himself with Queen Victoria. Although the prince was

often an observer of German politics for the British ministers, his time was also taken up for weeks with arguing about granting an honorary colonelcy to the kaiser, and similar preposterous social distinctions. The Prince of Wales is given the credit for first suggesting the *entente cordiale*. It is likely that the second book by Sir Sidney Lee will tell in how far King Edward VII helped to bring it about. The first book rather shakes one's confidence in the general belief that as a conciliator and friendly representative of his country he was worth the expense.

### Mr. Ernest Boyd Presents ——

Ernest Boyd belongs to the small number of American critics who write with conviction and authority. The spirited literary essays that he contributes to HARPER'S MAGAZINE reflect the knowledge and enthusiasm that he brings to every subject he writes about. And he writes on many subjects—and often. At this time readers will find ready an excellent study of the life and writings of Barbey d'Aurevilly as an introduction to *The Diaboliques* now added to the Blue Jade library. The translation is also that of Mr. Boyd. It is hard at this distance to realize that d'Aurevilly wrote sixty-three books, was a rival of Sainte-Beuve and in his time made a great noise in the world. Even the most outspoken of modern shockers can hardly approach the "Satanic mysticism" of d'Aurevilly, as Mr. Boyd calls it, and his plots to-day would belong nowhere save in *Le Grand Guignol*. In another book, *The Newer Spirit*, by V. F. Calverton, Mr. Boyd introduces the author to American readers and takes the opportunity to say a word for "sociological criticism of literature," for which this writer stands. (Boni & Liveright.) This book contains an excellent essay on the writings of Sherwood Anderson, of whom the author says: "We can link him, in respect of concept if not of ultimate finish of form, with Thomas Hardy in England, Hauptmann and Ernst Toller in Germany, Verga in Italy, the Goncourts and Hamp in France, Hamsun in Norway and Chekhov and Gorki in Russia." The "Critique of American Criticism," with its analysis of a number of New York critics, will also interest readers.

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in his own generation, he knows just what situation will command attention, and from the moment the reader begins his new book all the tricks in his bag are on view. It has now been observed in many journals that the opening scene, where two lovers watch a china door-knob turn slowly, wondering meanwhile whether the lady's husband is behind the door, is one of the most startling introductions in recent books. One might add that for many years that was the high point, the climax of numerous novels; to-day it has sunk to the insignificance of an expository incident. Mr. Maugham always has enough surprises ready to hold the reader's interest to the end. He deals again in exotic climes—China—but the principal love-affairs are worked out among Caucasians. The presence of a bacteriologist and a plague puts the story in the mood of these times, when we have taken to giving the scientist some share of honor in our novels. *The Painted Veil* should make much progress as a book for summer reading, preferably, however, in cool regions. (Geo. H. Doran Co.)

### Belated Return of an Italian Master

Giovanni Verga was an Italian master of the short story whose fame has been sung by countless European commentators, but whose writings have been translated into English only at rare intervals. D. H. Lawrence has interested himself in this author and given us two of his books in his own excellent English. When Verga died in 1922 he had been writing since 1865. He was distinctly rooted in his own soil, drawing his literary sustenance from his native Sicily, and from one of his short stories published in 1880 the libretto for *Cavalleria Rusticana* was made. The present volume, *Little Novels of Sicily*, is a translation of *Novelle Rusticane*. "Most of the sketches are said to be drawn from actual life," writes Mr. Lawrence, "from the village where Verga lived and from which his family originally came. The landscape will be more or less familiar to anyone who has gone in the train down the east coast of Sicily to Syracuse, past Etna and the plains of Catania and the Biviere, the lake of Lentini, on to the hills again. And anyone who has once known this land can never be quite free from the nostalgia for it, nor can he fail to fall under the spell of Verga's wonderful creation of it, at some point or other." A more important book, *Mastro-Don Gesualdo*, likewise translated by D. H. Lawrence, was published last year. (Thomas Seltzer.)

# AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

*Literary Editor of the Chicago Daily News*

THE reviewer acknowledges the receipt of letters from Maine to California asking him to prescribe whole libraries and provide complete "club" papers on authors and books. Fortunately there are everywhere professional book men who will provide a library to fit your mind as a glove fits the hand. They need, however, a little idea of your tastes, ambitions and backgrounds, and your means. If, for instance, you wish every other book studded with diamonds, it can be done. Some of my letters indicate the strength of social pressure on their writers. They ask what books "one ought to know" and what reading is accepted "in good society." The mind should acknowledge no such allegiance. Cards and luncheons are invariably regulated by "what's being done," but books can stand no such thralldom. It is no mark of inferiority not to have read the latest book, or the book that is the talk of the town. It may mean a sense of discrimination, for such books are often ephemeral and inferior. In reading, readers should cultivate their personal tastes. If the object in view is to be interesting in society, this advice still holds. We all know men and women who are excellent companions not because of their familiarity with the latest books but because of their knowledge and understanding of one or two subjects, due to their careful reading. The likelihood is that they thought only of their own enjoyment and so read with pleasure and profit. Have no fear of being behind the times in your reading. In this month's group of notices is mentioned *Washington Irving, Esq.*, by George S. Hellman. No topic could be more moss-grown; and to many Irving is a fat little man of the early nineteenth century who wrote some saccharine tales. Yet this book will provide most fascinating reading, and if it leads you back to those charming Christmas sketches of Bracebridge Hall and the papers on Spain and the Hudson River country, it will have opened new vistas for you. And no one will be able to accuse you of being *démodé*.

### In Explanation of Living Authors

Various little books explaining the writers of the age are beginning to arrive; more are announced. They give not only information about the authors and their works but a critical estimate. The first of these is *James Branch Cabell*, by Carl van Doren, and opens a series on modern American writers projected by Ernest Boyd for Robert M. McBride & Co. Mr. van Doren is a singularly just critic in this age when most critics place the author on their own procrustean bed. If he is wholly antagonistic to an author it is unlikely that he will write about him. He finds a basis of friendly understanding and endeavors to grasp what the author has in mind. This done he proceeds to build and not to destroy. His book, *Many Minds*, offers many examples of critical technique dominated by good taste, something very

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rare in American critical writing. Naturally he believes in James Branch Cabell and his works; in fact, he finds it difficult to "resist the temptation to say, at the outset, that Mr. Cabell is already a classic if any American novelist of this century is." He declares that in the world of Cabell "the cross roads of history meet and space no less than time comes to a focus there. Yet nothing tawdry or sprawling has been admitted. All is order and art." Mr. van Doren, too, knows that Cabell's phrases "now and then have a mannered look" and that "he so often avoids the simple way of saying simple things that he overloads his language," but on the whole he finds "his silken texture" a thing of beauty. There is an analysis of all the books and short stories. This is the best critical estimate extant on Cabell. The second book in this series is *Edith Wharton*, by Robert Morss Lovett. It comes singularly apropos, now that *The Mother's Recompense* is one of the admirably written books of the spring. Mr. Lovett's study is less warm and less favorable to his subject than is that of Mr. van Doren. He finds that Mrs. Wharton's work is restricted solely to "the mechanical operations of culture, her preoccupation with the upper class and her loyalty to the theory of the art of fiction set forth by Henry James, of which the basis was a recognition of moral values." In other words, culture, class and morality. Although admiring her technical skill, her humor and irony, Mr. Lovett declares that she "can stand outside of her world to criticize—not to create." He finds her less a part of modern, struggling America than one of the voices "whispering the last enchantments of the Victorian age." Mr. Lovett makes much of her indebtedness to Henry James. It is a question whether the limitations of her themes and backgrounds necessarily place her outside the pale of modern American writers. Several other books in this series are announced. Burton Rascoe will write on Theodore Dreiser, Ben Ray Redman on Edwin Arlington Robinson and Ernest Boyd on H. L. Mencken. Similar short essays in book form are *H. G. Wells*, by Ivor Brown, and *Bernard Shaw*, by Edward Shanks. (Henry Holt & Co.) Mr. Wells has been discussed in more detailed form by Sidney Dark; the present book is largely biographical rather than critical. It is, of course, entirely sympathetic. Mr. Shanks is more critical, but neither writer goes very deep.

**A Book of Essays by William McFee**

William McFee is making a fairly successful attempt to "swallow the anchor" by deserting the sea for the land. He has found a haven somewhere along the literary coast of Connecticut, within hailing distance, however, of the sea. This will explain the title of his new book, *Swallowing the Anchor*. The subtitle explains that it is "a revised and enlarged collection of notes made by an engineer in the merchant service who secured leave of absence from his ship to investigate and report upon the alleged superiority of life ashore." Some of these essays have been met before in various magazines and in the little pamphlet called *An Engineer's Note-Book*, published several years ago by Frank Shay. In the introduction Mr. McFee tells of his efforts to become a naturalized American citizen. To an Englishman this presents difficulties. "He has the sense to see that he has no right to continue resident in a country and partake of all its innumerable advantages unless he takes upon himself the honors and responsibilities of citizenship. It goes against the grain with him, however, to change his nationality, because he hates change of any sort. He regards flag-waving with a horror even his own highly inflected language cannot express. Nevertheless, after putting it off as long as he possibly can, he heaves a sigh and proceeds to take out the necessary papers. It upsets him to discover that the official who issues the document has a Polish or Teutonic or Irish name. He refrains easily enough from becoming either an anarchist or a bigamist. He is a mighty poor propagandist, too, because he usually warns his friends in England to remain at home." But as time goes on he changes—becomes acclimated. "He comprehends 'democracy' as an ingenious and familiar contrivance by which government functions without causing him private or personal distress. He finds among native Americans so broad a sympathy, so shrewd a sense of humor, so quick an acceptance of his own racial idiosyncrasies and weaknesses, that whenever he thinks of them he is conscious of a profound affection for his new country." And so Mr. McFee develops from an immigrant to a citizen—getting closer and closer to his final papers. You will read here about the high seas bookshop on the *Tuscania*, about Max Beerbohm and Joseph Conrad, about the making of books and other topics just as interesting. (Doubleday, Page & Co).

# *Among the New Books*

### A Book of African Exploration

Nearly every season brings a good book on Oriental travel. Last fall, *With Lawrence in Arabia*, by Lowell Thomas, was one of the best books in years. Much that is favorable may be said about *The Lost Oases*, by A. M. Hassanein. (The Century Co.) If your appetite for desert exploration has been whetted, here is a fascinating story. Hassanein's book bears an introduction by Rennell Rodd, who speaks most warmly of the author's capabilities. He appears to be an Egyptian of Bedouin extraction who attended the University of Oxford, became a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, served in the ministry of the interior at Cairo and in the diplomatic service. He undertook the expedition into the Libyan desert to discover two "lost" oases, and his record was intended to be a scientific one, but his book shows his insight in the human elements met with on the march and becomes as interesting as fiction. He had the support of King Fouad of Egypt and many prominent scientists. His story is magnificent adventure. Most interesting was the discovery of pictures drawn on the stones in the oasis of Ouenat in prehistoric times—pictures of giraffes, gazelles, lions, ostriches but not a camel, although today no traveler can reach this oasis without a camel. This book is highly recommended.

FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG

Author of *Sea Horses*, a novel that has been widely approved.

### Poetry by the Gross

A generation or two ago the scrap-book had an important place among the family treasures. Into it went fugitive verse that appeared in the newspaper and nowhere else. Many minor poets wrote half a dozen good poems in those days, just as they do now, but publishers were not so ready to preserve them in book form. To-day books are more accessible, or money is more plentiful, and the scrap-book has gone the way of many home-made objects. Or perhaps Mr. Burton E. Stevenson, the compiler of the prodigious *Home Book of Verse*, is partly to be blamed for the decline of the scrap-book. He has printed innumerable poems in this book, and yet has found it necessary to omit many; so he has prepared a new book called *The Home Book of Modern Verse*. His definition of modern is not necessarily that of the younger intellectuals. Modern means poems of recent origin, and when you examine his book you will be surprised that there are so many, and that they reach such a high standard of excellence. His conclusions about modern poetry are interesting. He finds, for instance, that there is a dearth of notable verse for children, and that no one but Walter de la Mare is writing anything as pleasing to the child as did Eugene Field and James Whitcomb Riley. Then Mr. Stevenson finds that poets now write of love with its ironic and tragic phases in view, and that they are more frank than the older poets. In nature poetry women especially disclose much wanderlust. Two other important changes have come about, in patriotic poetry and religious poetry. The bombast has been taken out of patriotic poetry. Says Mr. Stevenson: "Patriotic poetry and historical verse have taken a decided slump and war is no longer celebrated with drums and trumpets. The verse evoked by the World War is largely elegiac in character and has to do with its agony and futility rather than with its glory. Not a single battle nor a single leader has been commemorated in a noteworthy poem. Where the output bulks largest is in verse of a philosophic, reflective and satiric character. Of religious poetry, in the old sense, there is very little, but if the poets have, for the most part, turned

definitely away from the fundamentalist conception of God and the universe, it is evident that they have come closer to Him as the source of being and that they still tread confidently among the stars." Many new names are included, and I suppose an editor is always entitled to chronicle the omissions. In this case two are notable—Amy Lowell and William Butler Yeats. Yeats has been too close to the moderns to be considered an ancient, and Mr. Stevenson has included many poets who stand below Miss Lowell. But he may have a good reason for this. Personally, I would not want to be without the book; no less would I want to miss *The New Poetry*, by Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson, which covers the same ground but with different selections. Let me add, in passing, two other books to those recommended for readers of poetry: *A Golden Treasury of Irish Verse*, selected and arranged by Lennox Robinson (Macmillan), and *The Best Poems of 1924*, edited by L. A. G. Strong. (Small, Maynard.)

WAITING FOR THE LOST SHIP

An incident from *The Adventure of Wrangel Island*, by V. Stefansson.

### One Poet Discusses Other Poets

Poets may be thought of as gentle souls whose minds are occupied with enchantments far from a material world, but tradition proves that they are often controversialists and stubborn fighters. Often they are convinced that their particular form of ecstatic expression is the only true dispensation, and like Byron they have often outlawed other schools. Of modern poets, Amy Lowell, Conrad Aiken and Louis Untermeyer are among those who have had their say about their contemporaries. Many who have not written a formal book of criticism express themselves in periodicals. The newest appraiser of his fellows is Clement Wood, author of *Poets of America*. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) He has already written poems of strength and beauty and prose distinguished for its forcefulness. He is one of the "younger" poets, however, without writing verse that needs to be translated to be understood. His book is full of vigorous criticism, and even when the reader cannot follow him he must agree that this is stimulating reading. Whitman, Poe, Lanier and Emily Dickinson get appreciative chapters, and some attention is given to the forces represented in the early Concord group and the singers that followed them before the renaissance of the twentieth century. He finds much to say about Edwin Arlington Robinson, whose "wings are broken on the bars; the black despair of his heart-song is magnificence enough." In Robert Frost he finds "brooding observation rendered faithfully and exquisitely." "Robert Frost, with no fanfare of trumpets but with arduous application, has discovered and brought to poetry another speech—a less artificial one, a more living one—the speech that falls from the lips of living man." Edgar Lee Masters comes in for much detailed criticism, and his lack of ecstasy and technique is stressed. "Abounding vigor he has, a vision at times of helpful clarity, and a far scattering of lines of gold; but scattering bottle corks can hardly keep afloat a load of lead." John Hall Wheelock, according to Mr. Wood, has unique preëminence for Celtic ecstasy. He finds Edna St. Vincent Millay at times magnificent and diabolically clever, and he wishes she would "cease caricaturing her emotions by overuse of the quaint pedal and the clever one"—by this and by outgrowing her preoccupation with herself, she may easily be the most important poet writing. Vachel Lindsay has, he believes, lost the position he won by his early chants and lyrics; he has descended so as to amuse the mob

and turned out drivel in his recent years. He celebrates the strength and music of Sandburg, but deprecates his use of slang words, which will be incomprehensible to a later age, just as Whitman's are now. T. S. Eliot and the "incomprehensibles" come in for much caustic treatment; Mr. Wood is contemptuous of poets who need to be explained, and does not believe that poetry that is not intelligible has any reason for existence among "sane" men, with whom Mr. Wood aligns himself. Many are the opportunities for discussion and controversy that Mr. Wood provides, especially his generalizations on the poetic influences in America. The book presents the viewpoint of a strong personality and therefore makes stimulating reading. It is by no means authoritative, but there is a great doubt that anyone in America actually speaks with authority in the field of poetry.

### A Valuable Book on Etching

No book on etching has given me so much pleasure and information recently as *The Art of Etching*, by E. S. Lumsden, the English artist whose work is often seen in exhibitions and whose prints are generally available. A book of much value as a critical interpretation of etchers and etching is *The Graphic Arts*, by Joseph Pennell, published a few years ago; then *How to Appreciate Prints*, by Frank Weitenkampf, is an excellent elementary work that has been widely read in schools. But I am of the opinion that the person who seeks detailed technical information on etching and suggestions how to value etchings will find the Lumsden book invaluable. It is printed on heavy coated paper with many full-page illustrations representing the progress made in etchings from the earliest times to our own day. Mr. Lumsden gives biographical and critical material on many important artists. His discussion of how the plates were made, the acids used and the number of bitings, etc., make the book useful to the professional. Many of these technical notes are contributed by important artists of to-day, including M. A. J. Bauer, Frank Benson, Muirhead Bone, George Clausen, Sir D. Y. Cameron, Sir Frank Short, Augustus E. John, Frank Brangwyn and others. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

### Commemorating Certain Workers

The opinion expressed in some quarters that Amy Lowell reached the peak and end of her labors in her biography, *John Keats*, I cannot share. The very type of work that she did best, that of scholarly investigation, compilation and rebuilding, rather than imaginative writing, was singularly suited to her years and talents. The next ten years must have given us much. Moreover, she was a stimulating force for leadership. The inspirational value of her writings was extraordinary. In the last ten years she was a potent force. She gave freely of her gifts, was always glad to be a part of her generation. One might apply to her the picture she once drew in a poem:

> Life is a stream
> On which we strew
> Petal by petal the flower of our heart;
> The end lost in dream,
> They float past our view,
> We only watch their glad, early start.

Herbert Quick, who died within the month, was one of the Middle Western novelists who was first an entertainer and then a student of life. In his last three books about Iowa—*Vandemark's Folly*, *The Hawkeye* and *The Invisible Woman*—he bravely wove the chronicle into the older novel form. He helped point the way to the wealth of our native literary resources. . . . Ralph D. Paine had written much of sailing ships off the New England coast and often for boys. He told of Salem ships and of old Revolutionary naval commanders. Last year he wrote *Joshua Barney*, who shared honors with John Paul Jones in building the American navy.

### Washington Irving, Gentleman of Letters

So many of the old gentlemen of American history are undergoing renovation and repairs at the hands of an unimpressed younger generation that one wonders, when a new biography is announced, whether it is merely mildly ironical or intensely destructive. But *Washington Irving, Esq.*, by George S. Hellman, will surprise you. It rescues from the mist that is beginning to obscure all important figures of the early nineteenth century a man of engaging personality who amply represented his nation to the world. It is less a work about Irving and his writings than about Irving and his career, for he had many activities besides his books. But what should endear Mr. Hellman's account to modern readers is his statement that Irving

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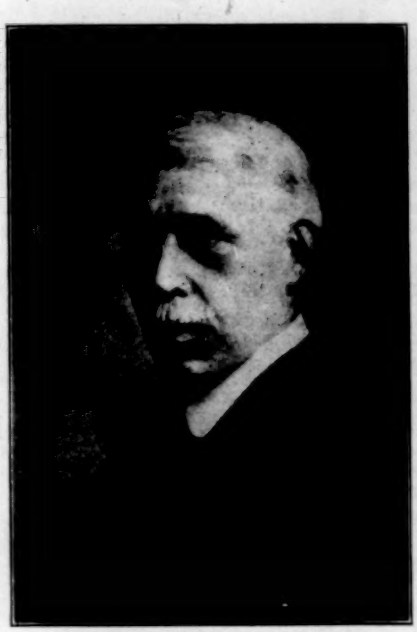
had in him nothing of the Puritan strain; that far from desiring to enforce the conventions and institute reforms, he "believed in enjoying life and in making life as pleasant as possible for others," something that has been overlooked in these times by commentators on our literary history. In fact, Washington Irving loved life with gusto, he enjoyed a good meal, he admired the ladies, he was often in love, and in his tours of Europe, says the author, he gave attention "less to churches and picture galleries than to the more obvious pleasures of youth." In fact, he actually denied himself the joy of beholding the wonders of Venice on his first trip abroad in order to hie to that happy capital, Paris, with a member of the family of Cabell, of Virginia! Likewise he was pleasantly fond of flirtation, he liked romance and sentiment and was an observer of the picturesque, not an analytical philosopher. He was always an interested observer of women and their ways—as those who know his books will agree. There is immense satisfaction in finding one such hedonist among the father of Puritan predilections. Mr. Hellman has done noble work. His book is largely descriptive of the man and his doings, with copious comment from letters and quotations from men of affairs; and it gives not solely a view of Washington Irving, but of those times following the War of 1812 and preceding the Civil War, when the young nation was consolidating and laying down its foreign policy. In England, Irving was the most popular American. Coming back to America, it was he who was chosen to preside at the New York dinner to the "young Mr. Dickens" in 1842. His acquaintance was wide; he could say, when Louis Napoleon took the throne of France: "Louis Napoleon and Eugenie Montijo, emperor and empress of France! one of whom I have had as a guest in my cottage on the Hudson, the other of whom when a child I have had on my knee at Granada!" Mr. Hellman brings abundant proof of Irving's great generosity, as, for instance, how Irving gave up his idea of writing a history of Mexico when he heard that Prescott was planning one, and how Irving freely gave Poe permission to use some of his material, although what it actually was has escaped the record. There are numerous charming anecdotes and *bon mots*, such as Irving, in old age, speaking of children who did not believe in Santa Claus as "too wise to be happy," and adding that he believed until "they put snowballs in my stocking." There are already half a dozen biographies of Irving, but no recent ones, nor do any of them contain much of the material that Mr. Hellman has unearthed. It is to be hoped that this book will not be overshadowed by books of ephemeral worth that happen to engage the public interest by their timeliness. It is too good to be quickly forgotten. (Alfred A. Knopf.)



C. E. MONTAGUE

Editorial writer of the *Manchester Guardian*, whose book *Dramatic Values*, essays on plays, has recently been published.

### An Actor's Long Career

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's career on the stage goes back to 1874, so that his book, *A Player Under Three Reigns*, is full of reminiscences of days that were great and days that were small in the theater. As a boy he attended Charterhouse, and upon the advice of Rossetti he was prepared for painting. Thus early in life he came in contact with many painters—Landseer, Millais, Leighton, Ouless, Burne-Jones, Whistler and others. But after three years in the schools of the Royal Academy he was asked to take part in a play, and so began his career on the

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stage. His book discusses many of the important plays of the late nineteenth century and the early twentieth, and contains the usual anecdotes and *bon mots* that grow so easily in theatrical life. His book is not critical but flows along in easy narrative, and Sir Johnston appears to love and admire everyone with whom he came in contact except the Germans, for whom he professes deep hatred and contempt going back to the days of the Schleswig-Holstein question. He recalls the times when the theater was considered of low caste and is glad to have been a part of its renaissance. Some interesting comment on prominent men enliyens his pages. Of Robert Browning he writes: "Always, it seemed to me, his proper place in life was aboard ship on the bridge in a sou'-wester, with a smart breeze blowing." Of Henry James: "There was a mysterious charm about the man quite indescribable. His enjoyment of all he saw was delightful, and in his rich, grave voice he touched on various incidents of the past, sidelights on little history, which quickly sprung to his mind, as he renewed his acquaintance with the romantic surroundings." (In Edinburgh.) (Little, Brown & Co.)

SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON
Eminent actor writes *A Player under Three Reigns*

### Two Books by Virginia Woolf

Of the two books by Virginia Woolf just published, that containing essays on authors and writing, *The Common Reader*, gives me the most pleasure. The other book is a novel, *Mrs. Dalloway*, written in the characteristic manner that Mrs. Woolf has developed, and which always reminds me, whether justly or not, of Dorothy Richardson, James Joyce, Evelyn Scott and, remotely, May Sinclair. *Mrs. Dalloway* is the tale of one day in the life of a woman who lives in London, and whose day is taken up with events that may be considered trivial or important according to the viewpoint of the reader.

Fabre and Amiel have proved abundantly that none of our thoughts and observations are without significance, so perhaps this justifies *Mrs. Dalloway*. To me it is more of a document than a novel. I should like to find in my reading a thread of interest that rises above the commonplace doings of the day. If the author insists on dealing solely with trivial events, then let him touch these with genius, with the spirit of his own personality. Mrs. Dalloway's ruminations about a cab, about her husband's attitude toward her, about Peter, her former lover, who comes back from India, are placed before the reader in a style that is like a series of notations.

*The Common Reader* is no kin of the novel. It includes a number of excellent papers on books and authors, of which that on "Modern Fiction" gives some clue to Mrs. Woolf's attitude toward her work. She writes: "The problem before the novelist at present, as we suppose it to have been in the past, is to contrive means of being free to set down what he chooses. He has to have the courage to say that what interests him is no longer 'this' but 'that': out of 'that' alone must he construct his work. The proper stuff of fiction does not exist; everything is the proper stuff of fiction, every feeling, every thought; every quality of brain and spirit is drawn upon; no perception comes amiss." There are excellent essays on George Eliot and on Charlotte Brontë; Addison, Defoe, Montaigne and the Elizabethans are considered. Of Defoe, Mrs. Woolf writes: "He belongs, indeed, to the school of great plain writers, whose work is founded upon a knowledge of what is most persistent, though not most

seductive, in human nature." *Middlemarch* she finds one of the few English novels written for grown-up people. George Eliot's heroines make her "self-conscious, didactic and occasionally vulgar." Yet if you could delete the whole sisterhood you would leave a much smaller and a much inferior world, albeit a world of greater artistic perfection and far superior jollity and comfort. The essay on Joseph Conrad is delightful. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.).

### In Answer to Inquiries

Many of the inquiries received during the month demanded replies too long to be quoted here. But they demonstrated a wide interest in new books. Numerous letters came from reading organizations that are preparing programs for next fall and winter. Mrs. Harvey Coit, of Big Timber, Montana, told of the organization of a little group for reading and discussion in that town. Interest in James Stephens was manifest from as far south as Havana, Cuba. Mrs. William G. Bass, of San Marco, Texas, wrote on behalf of a study club which is cultivating a sustained interest in Hugh Walpole and Sheila Kaye-Smith. Miss Ruth E. Parks, of Cleveland Heights, Ohio, testified to the continuing interest in *So Big*. A healthy interest in books that give something to literature was reported from Lawrenceville, Virginia, by Mrs. M. R. Peterson. One of the questions related to *The Constant Nymph*. Is it suitable for club work? Assuming that club work demands that a book be more than mere entertainment, that the author have a style, or a message, or something approaching permanence, my answer would be: Most assuredly, yes. Again, of what value is Michael Arlen? Michael belongs to the ephemeral entertainment of the day. Are organizations interested solely in fiction? There are some excellent biographies available now.

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"Oh, I've got plenty to say," you have thought, "but I don't know how to say it." The tragedy of it is that we are mute, not that we cannot imagine. And what you are seeking is the trick, the method which once learned will enable you to amuse, delight and touch the hearts of others. That is the art of writing stories.

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# AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

*Literary Editor of the Chicago Daily News*

THE best book of informal biography of the moment is *Anatole France Himself*, by his secretary, Jean Jacques Brousson. It arrives just in time to become a summer diversion and is especially welcome in a season in which few books offer the sparkle of wit. Published in Paris, shortly after the death of France, as *Anatole France en Pantoufles*, it comes to us in what appears to be a fairly literal translation by John Pollock. Here and there excisions have been made, such as the comment of France on Paul Bourget, which would have been entirely innocuous in this country, no matter how disturbing abroad. But there is enough vivacity left in the lines to make this a witty and daring book for Americans to read. Aside from the splendid entertainment which these anecdotes give the reader, the book reveals more of Anatole France than many a more formal disclosure. When James Lewis May published his *Anatole France: the Man and His Work*, in 1923, he surveyed the master from a distance with much respect and admiration, and some reverence; Paul Gsell in his excellent *The Opinions of Anatole France* gave us a nearer view, but kept France always on his pedestal. M. Brousson, in the new book, takes France unawares, in bedroom slippers —although, as a matter of fact, France preferred to wear first in the morning a pair of trousers with bags attached for the feet. Here we have him *en déshabillé*, in his nightie in fact, clamoring for breakfast, selecting a skull-cap for the day from a bountiful and fantastic collection, eluding his tyrant, Josephine, indulging in persiflage, discoursing wittily on women, chastity, love, history, his contemporaries. Thus disclosing a great man at close hand has its disenchantment, yet lesser minds may find some satisfaction in learning that even the great murmur platitudes and confuse facts; worst of all, that they rehearse their best bits for company presentation. There is that entertaining story of M. France's appearance at a reception by Madame. His arrival, his formal presentation of a bunch of violets, his bows, his "consecrated Sunday speech," are set off against the formal impassiveness of Madame. "Charming," she says, "charming. Now take your place in front of the fire. Talk so that everyone may hear." And so, after various maneuvers, she commands him to tell a story—a certain story. M. Brousson relates what next occurred:

"Anatole France, with an air of resignation, returns to the fireplace, leans up against the marble mantelpiece and rushes through the tale. General applause.

"'He is divine! Exquisite! Oh, there's no one like him! Did you follow?'

"Madame curls a disdainful lip: 'You told it much better the other day.'"

Readers of Paul Gsell's book will recall the irony of M. France at the expense of Rodin.

The Brousson book adds another anecdote to that group. France has been presented with a Venus by some women from Athens and learns that the piece is not an antique, as he supposed, but a forgery. He instructs his secretary to take it to a dealer in the Rue de l'Abbaye, who is to dispose of it. "Rodin pokes about in her shop," he explains; "our modern Michael Angelo is completely tasteless. He buys everything that he takes to be antique. His ignorance is almost ostentatious. This Venus will do admirably in his collection." Two days later the dealer replies that she does not consider the Venus worthy of her windows.

"'And Rodin?'" asks France.

"'Oh, Rodin wants no more Venuses. He has his bellyful already. In fact, he has sent back three or four to Madame S. and told her: "Offer these Venuses to France. He understands nothing about them and will revel in them."'"

Anatole France's remarks are witty and clever but not necessarily accurate. He is the animated talker whose best gift is to keep on talking. At his advanced age France found ready listeners to applaud him. And applause, as everyone knows, is not always the best sort of criticism or praise. There is much in this book that makes one recall the comment George Saintsbury makes on "Thaïs": it is "a good deal calculated to *froisser*, to irk and disturb, a strictly pious mind." No doubt about that. But it is also the sort of book that the reader quotes often and tells his friends about. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

### On the New American Theater

A great many books on the new American theater have been written within the last five years, but as many of them deal with theory or stagecraft, or develop propaganda for one of the experimental groups, they are not always of service to the reader who wishes to survey the whole field and who seeks information more than argument. A new book by Mr. Thomas H. Dickinson, *Playwrights of the New American Theater* (Macmillan), will serve as a general guide and also give the reader some indication of the place recent plays hold in the general scheme. Only a few years ago William Archer understood by the "new" drama, Shaw, Pinero and their contemporaries of a budding century, and although he saw indications of an "outburst of dramatic instinct and ambition" three years ago, he did not prepare an analysis of its relation to the Eighteen Nineties. Mr. Dickinson is interested in artistic progress, in tendencies and development, but he is so inclusive that one regards him as too generous to be critical. He has his own reasons for this; he does not find himself ready to "establish the standards and content of the art of his time"; he is interested therefore more in the playwright than in the play, and feels that modern writers are those who are in touch with or in advance of the thought of their time; that they are breaking new paths and using new forms and modes of expression. He is interested in the representation of truth and in the native product, and his book contains many examples of authors who qualify under both headings. Mr. Dickinson begins with Percy MacKaye and Eugene O'Neill, devoting much space to a biographical sketch and a critical analysis of their writings. He finds many names to chronicle under "Interpreters of the American Scene," and if some of these can be thought of as identified more with the commercial theater than with experiment and art, he may reply that they have contributed in flashes to the movement of depicting Americans as they actually are. O'Neill he finds the first playwright to be a free agent in the theater, "the playwright unbound." The chapter on O'Neill is the best and most trustworthy.

### Inspirational Value of a Biography

The first impression one captures upon reading *Sir William Osler*, by Harvey Cushing, is an appreciation of the life that has been lived completely, fully. That gives the whole work an inspirational character. This biography is a monument. The man who rears it, Mr. Cushing, explains modestly that he presents merely the outlines for the final portrait, "to be painted out when the colours, lights and shadows come in time to be added." Let this self-effacement not delude anyone about the magnitude or significance of his book. In the first place it is very long—in two big volumes—and may be considered exhaustive. Then, although the author's method is to present chronologically the life of the man, using many letters and extracts from essays and reports to build up his story, he leaves with the reader something more than mere information. This book is a noble work, and out of it shines the brilliant intellect of William Osler, and

in it beats his great heart. I began reading it wondering in how far a reviewer of books in general dared attempt to comment on a book about a physician. Medicine was not in my curriculum, and I could not be expected to write glibly in that field. But I was already well into Volume One when I realized that this was not about medicine but about a great human being, who took the talents nature gave him and used them to develop his own mind in the interests of science and his fellow-men. It is inspiring to read how well his colleagues recognized this, and how he endeared himself to them. "I think to have a big, generous heart," wrote Thomas A. Ashby to William Osler, "and then to have the means of making it happy through generous acts and deeds is the nearest approach to heaven we can get in this life. I never saw a man who enjoyed giving as much as you do, and I presume this is one reason why you are always happy." His nature "sloped towards the sunny side." He came into the fullness of his career before the great scourges of man were under control, before the bacilli had been isolated, and he followed the great discoveries step by step and applied modern methods in his teaching, his work in the wards and at the bedside. In teaching at Johns Hopkins, with which he was associated from 1889 to 1905, he labored incessantly to give his students an intimate knowledge of pneumonia, typhoid and tuberculosis. Something of his method is given by W. S. Thayer, who quotes him: "Observe, record, tabulate, communicate. The art of the practice of medicine is to be learned only by experience; it is not an inheritance; it cannot be revealed. Learn to see, learn to hear, learn to feel, learn to smell, and know that by practice alone can you become expert. Medicine is learned by the bedside and not in the classroom. Let the word be your slave and not your master. Live in the ward. When you have seen, read." He was an untiring worker, a brilliant speaker and writer, and throughout his life he cultivated his taste for literature. Throughout this book runs evidence of his appreciation of the best authors. The whole second volume is devoted to Sir William Osler's life at Oxford, when, like Sir Thomas Bodley of old, he set up his "staffe at the Librarie-dore in Oxon." This volume will delight all who love books. I have not yet read it all, for this is a work in which one must make haste slowly. Physicians will gain much more out of it than a knowledge of the medical conditions in Osler's time and his influence upon them. They will see the greatness of a man who did not let the routine of life nor the knowledge of his ultimate fate stop him from striving to live fully and nobly. (*Sir William Osler*, by Harvey Cushing, is published by the Oxford University Press and comes in two volumes, at $12.50.)

MADELINE MASON-MANHEIM
Author of a book of delicate poetry, *Hill Fragments*.

### Autobiography of an American Surgeon

Another book that will appeal primarily to American physicians is *A Surgical Pilgrim's Progress*, in which Lewis Stephen Pilcher gives the reminiscences of a life dating from 1845. Doctor Pilcher's long service as editor of *Annals of Surgery*, beginning with its first number, in January, 1885, and extending through forty years, is an extraordinary record. Like Osler, he saw tremendous changes come about in medicine and surgery. He received his diploma as master of arts from the University of Michigan in 1863 and then took up medical work there, but before many months was given an opportunity to enlist as a hospital steward. He was sent to Springfield, Missouri, and his experience there in the last year of the war enabled him to acquire valuable data on

smallpox, which he used later in his graduating thesis for the degree of doctor of medicine. Doctor Pilcher did not consider himself eligible to the Grand Army of the Republic and did not attempt to join for thirty years, but soon after he did he was given executive posts and eventually was made grand commander. In the eightieth year of his life he looks back with pride on the men he has known and the events in which he has participated, and his comment on life, in the last chapter of this book, is an illuminating creed of a scientist. After discussing the fact that life is passed on even when the body that carries it for a time returns to earth, he agrees that "during the brief period of his conscious existence as an individual man cannot fail to realize that he is a part of a universe governed by law and progressing in order; that in all events there is cause and effect. He can comprehend that somewhere there is a giver of law, a creator of order; to such a lawgiver man must give his homage and his worship. He is the source of life." The book commends itself also to the general reader. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

### Ballads Sung in the South

The work of preserving the folk-songs of America and studying their elements is progressing remarkably in all parts of the country, and authorities like John A. Lomax, W. Roy Mackenzie, Louise Pound, John Harrington Cox and others are being reinforced by many volunteers. The most recent publication of importance in this field is *Folk-Songs of the South*, collected under the auspices of the West Virginia Folk-lore Society and edited by John Harrington Cox of the University of West Virginia. The investigations of members of this society led to their visiting many old ballad singers in West Virginia and in learning from them the different versions of the songs. The preliminary account by Professor Cox, in which he tells about these visits, is a fascinating one. The ballad singers were naturally untrained. Often their parents sang. Thus George Cunningham, of Elkins, who has been teaching for forty years and is sixty-four, writes: "My father was a charming singer, though he knew nothing of the science of music. He sang many thrilling folk-songs and ballads." The old ballads often had their origin in Scotland and England and in the course of years underwent many variations. They were sung at log-rollings, house-raisings, corn-huskings, apple- and pumpkin-cuttings, bean-stringings and outdoor frolics. Some of the old ballads go back into the early days, some grow out of the Civil War; others have a more recent origin, and often chronicle a mountain feud or a murder and hanging. This collection is very large and will prove most useful because an attempt has been made to render carefully half a dozen versions of one song whenever met with. Although these ballads were all collected by this society in West Virginia, they are not all of the South; many are to be found in the Western ranges, but the heart of the ballad country is the South, and especially Kentucky and West Virginia. Many of the important ballads have a West Virginia origin, and in such cases the editor has given the details of the incident on which the song is based. Thus "The Wreck on the C. & O." had its basis in fact, and the refrain "Many a man has been murdered by the railroad" runs through the various versions. One may well picture how sympathetically such a ballad would be sung among the laborers, many of whom had worked on railroads. This book is highly recommended, especially for libraries and students of the sources of American literature. (Harvard University Press.)

### Trailing Irvin S. Cobb Through Belgium

The horrors of the late War have so thoroughly overshadowed its romantic side that few men have been able to write of the latter. Yet the War had its amusing and romantic aspects, not the least of which was the trouble to which it put war correspondents. And occasionally Irvin S. Cobb, who followed this profession in the early days, tells about it, and none can tell it better than he. He has incorporated another war reminiscence in his new book, *Here Comes the Bride*—that title deals with an entirely different matter, and the war story bears the heading, "The Funniest Thing That Ever Happened to Me." It is, likewise, the funniest thing that ever happened to this reviewer, who, having been of Mr. Cobb's party, finds himself annually, or semi-annually, refreshing his memory of what occurred, at least whenever he reads one of Mr. Cobb's war stories. And he has to admit that much of what Mr. Cobb writes actually happened, for in addition to an excellent imagination Mr. Cobb has a first-rate memory, one that provides him with much more literary material than any man of his relative youthfulness has any right to remember. The other

stories in the book, though perhaps not so interesting to me as the one I have singled out, are in Mr. Cobb's pleasant vein. His articles are always full of humor, his raillery is good-natured, and when he turns to stories none can improve on his plots. This book contains "But I Kept My Teeth," "Travel," "The Advantage of Being Homely," "Our German Garden," "Christmas Gifts," and about a dozen more sketches. (Geo. H. Doran Co.)

### Taking the Bunk Out of History

It is very rare indeed when a new movement in the field of scholarship gets a fair and comprehensive interpretation from men most deeply concerned in it. Usually they address only the members of their profession and are too active to give much time to explanations or to seek to interest scholars in other fields. But the "new history," as historians designate an important development in their study, appeals primarily to the intelligent man and is an attempt to free the writing of history from hero worship, adulation of national policies and false patriotism. It is history dependent on the social sciences, and endeavoring to estimate social forces rather than limit the annals of a people to a narration of diplomatic procedure, the doings of dynasties, battles and cataclysms. Harry Elmer Barnes, James Harvey Robinson, James Thomson Shotwell, Franklin H. Giddings, W. H. R. Rivers, F. S. Marvin, and James Breasted are among the leaders in this movement. Although much had been written about it in specialized magazines and in one or two articles for encyclopedias, there has been nothing so comprehensive before as this new book, *The New History and Social Studies*, by Harry Elmer Barnes. It is one of those few books that make one cognizant of actual progress in a specific area. This book has the exceptional merit of coordinating the work of many different historians and showing in a manner intelligible to any layman the extent and significance of the movement. Putting it into words made popular by the observant Mr. W. E. Woodward, Mr. Barnes and his co-workers are engaged in "de-bunking" history and in attempting to make it serve mankind in the future. Mr. Barnes finds that historical writing, down to our generation, was lacking in reliability as to statements of fact. "The great majority of accurate historical works are still filled with meaningless details with respect to dynasties and dynastic succession and changes, battles, diplomatic episodes and anecdotes of gentlemen, which have almost no significance in explaining how our present institutions and culture came about, in indicating their possible defects, and in aiding us more intelligently to plan for a better future." Mr. Barnes' survey gives a clear idea of "synthetic" history, and treats of it in relation to geography, psychology, anthropology, sociology, economic science, political science, ethics. Each section in his discussion has been revised and critically appraised by scholars such as Max Farrand, James T. Shotwell, Charles A. Ellwood, the late G. Stanley Hall, Kimball Young, Alexander Goldenweiser, Russell G. Smith, Walter J. Shepard, Raymond G. Gettell, Leon C. Marshall—to name just a few. In fact, the book is as indispensable as an encyclopedia. It is in itself a promise of a future clarification of history and is a part of the trend of the time to tell the truth about ourselves as well as the enemy, no matter whom it hits or how it hurts. If history is to be more than a mere tool to instill obedience and

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and JULIAN STREET
The latter has just published a collection of tales, *Mr. Bisbee's Princess*.

patriotism by teaching falsehoods and glorifying blow-hards who are knaves rather than leaders, the men of the new history movement must take it out of the hands of those to whom history is more fiction than science. I cannot recommend this book too highly. In it Mr. Barnes has produced an expository handbook that should be on the desk of every intelligent reader of history. (The Century Company.)

### The Poets of Wellesley

A little book called *Wellesley Verse* comes to be representation for Wellesley College in the hall of the muses. It covers the years 1875–1925 and is edited by Martha Hale Shackford, professor of English literature at Wellesley. The book has a place in the celebration of Wellesley's semi-centennial and is sponsored by the alumnae association of the college. Officers and students are both represented. The anthology opens with poems by Sophie Jewett and then includes several from the work of Margaret Sherwood—appropriately reprinting "In Memoriam," written for Sophie Jewett—Alice Freeman Palmer, Josephine Preston Peabody, Vida Scudder, Florence Wilkinson Evans, Katharine Lee Bates, Dorothea Mann, Bernice Lesbia Kenyon, Isabel Fiske Conant, Jeannette Marks and others just as well known. (Oxford University Press.)

THE LATE ANATOLE FRANCE
whose intimate life is revealed in *Anatole France Himself*, by his secretary.

### Out of Rural England

A well-done book appeals to the sense of beauty; perhaps that is the first quality of the little story called *This Old Man*, by Gertrude Bone. Here we get a glimpse over the hedgerows of England. A slight book this, using economy in speech and portrayal, but revealing four characters as delicately drawn as the frontispiece of *Motherhood* by Muirhead Bone. How does an artist delineate character? Superficially by depicting word and deed, by speech and act—that is primary evidence; but there lies more beyond—the man in relation to his natural environment, the man as seen by his fellows, and finally the revelation of the subconscious impulse and the deep, inner, spiritual self. Miss Bone does this in a prose style that comes clean and clear like the work of her brother's pencil. The book tells of Old John Dutton, sixty-five, who has followed all the occupations available in the country outside farming, and is now employed as a carrier and remover, and of Mary Dutton, his wife, slowly slipping out of the material world; of David Niven, the young woodcarver who has married Elizabeth, and finally of Elizabeth herself. She was girlish, like a tall virgin lily, when she came to live with David in the country and John first crossed her path, and not made to bear trouble, but after her little baby came and Mary Dutton died, the serious side came upon her all unwittingly; and Old John there seemed to remind her of something malevolent, something that could come between her and her child. That is why John sought her out, to tell in his own way how he had sat with trouble, and how Elizabeth came to understand the old man. Naturally the people are the center of interest in this little tale, but the author combines with her story a fine appreciation of nature in the country and weaves this into her story. (The Macmillan Company.)

### Do Boys Read Books on Baseball?

Looking back at the days when I played ball on the corner lot, it occurs to me that none of the experts who were then qualifying for places with the Giants and the Cubs read any books on the technique of his game.

# Among the New Books

That is perhaps the reason why most of them are now physicians, lawyers, builders of bridges and the like, instead of holding down a first-rate job in center field. The lad of today, if he does aspire to play baseball with the skill that some older persons play bridge and mah jong, has available "Bucky" Harris' best advice on the subject, and his words may not be disregarded lightly. I do not know how many readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE play baseball—golf would probably be more in favor—but it is likely that some of them have boys who do so. To them I pass the word that *Baseball: How to Play It*, by Stanley Harris, manager of the Washington Baseball Club, is now available, and can be had anywhere books are sold, as the phrase goes. It contains, besides technical instructions on how to play the game, some excellent advice on health: that the player must not train too hard, that his habits must be regular, that he must get plenty of sleep, eat sparingly of sweets, develop confidence in himself, and finally remember that he is part of a team and responsible with eight other men for its victory. All the way through "Bucky" Harris seems to be practical, brief and leaning on common sense. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

### Brigham Young in Perspective

What a tremendous amount of information about Brigham Young has come down to us! M. R. Werner, who describes his career in his second biographical work, *Brigham Young*, had but to turn to the Mormon prophets' own discourses in the temple at Salt Lake City to become possessed of intimate revelations of the utmost interest. What these did not give, lay in the annals of the nineteenth century, and Mr. Werner has made the most of his material. His is perhaps the first book on Brigham Young which tells a tale without unholy horror written on every page. For it is only thirty years ago when Americans still demanded denunciation and vituperation in anything written about Young and his Mormon colony. The middle of the nineteenth century had seen too many bloody combats to forget easily; moreover, it had been shocked to the marrow by the pronouncement, and later realization, of polygamy. Mr. Werner is fortunate in liv-

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ing and writing now; fifty years ago his detachment, such as it is, would have been impossible. He points out that the time which conceived Joseph Smith and the golden plates from which the Mormon bible came was a time of religious hysteria in the United States; that itinerant preachers moved about from one community to another, exhorting and founding groups of followers; that religion became an emotional matter and hell-fire was very real to thousands of good folk. The Mormons had from the beginning an imaginative leader in Smith, but Mr. Werner is of the opinion that he had gone about as far as he could when he was killed by a mob at the jail in Nauvoo, Ill. Then Brigham Young came to the ascendancy, carried forward Smith's ideas, led the Mormons on their great march across the plains and founded the church in Salt Lake City. It was a tremendous pilgrimage, calling for leadership of an unusual character, and Brigham Young was equal to the occasion. The story of his domination through many years is here told with detail, often with reference to the publications of the church itself, and out of it comes a chronicle such as only the old world can equal. Mr. Werner's discussion of polygamy is fundamentally sound. He points out that basically the Mormons were as rigid in their morals as their Puritan brethren back East; in fact, he coins the phrase "Puritan polygamy" to describe this phenomenon. Brigham Young was a Yankee, and most of the Mormons were from Eastern states. Moreover, the United States as a whole was not free from imputations of hypocrisy in its attacks on the Mormons. Men did not, it is true, marry more than one wife, but the public shame of the cities was notorious. Mr. Werner finds that polygamy "was more oppressive and destructive of liberty than monogamy, even to the male," and depicts the plight of the Mormon elder who refused to enter into it and who consequently was suspected of disloyalty by his brethren. Altogether, Brigham Young married twenty-seven women. "There must have been a full garage of baby carriages in the Brigham Young establishment," writes Mr. Werner, recalling his duty to entertain his Puritan reader, "for he had a total of fifty-six children, thirty-one daughters and twenty-five sons." Today Utah is a proud state, and her children are worthy citizens. And the rest of the country has likewise cleaned up a bit. Mr. Werner's story appears to rest on reliable sources and his painstaking work is apparent. His method is journalistic, and here and there his material gets out of hand. It is an advance on *Barnum*, his first book, and full of promise for the future. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

### About *The Peasants* and Other Fiction

*The Peasants*, by Ladislas Reymont, is now complete in four volumes and the magnitude of the author's work becomes apparent. This is one of those books that, like *The Forsyte Saga* and *Growth of the Soil*, belong on every bookshelf. It is as truly a social document as if its author had presented the report of a detailed investigation into the lives of these people. All the burden of life is encompassed in these pages; here is the riddle of existence; the fabric of human relationships is made plain to the eye, and when the novelist has told his story he closes the page. The division into books is unfortunate, but need not deter the reader, for the novelist has proved his ability to write a sustained narrative. The division is but a breathing space, for the threads of the tale run on, and the student of writing technique finds here much to study. The third book, *Spring*, depicts the lull before the storm; the main currents of the story are almost motionless; throughout the book Boryna lies unconscious in his bed, awaiting death, and Antek languishes in the jail, yet the forces of life are everywhere at play; the great catastrophe of the fourth volume is preparing. The last book is in itself a study in mob psychology. Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, informs me that the fourth book exhibits traces of the author's great indebtedness to Zola; this may be so; likewise it is possible that both discovered similar episodes and influences in studying the people close to the soil. Technically, Reymont is far Zola's superior, and the thirty or forty years that lie between them have left their mark on style and treatment of the theme.

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The four books are to be boxed and sold together this fall. I can think of no work of fiction more welcome at this time. . . . *The Great Gatsby*, by F. Scott Fitzgerald, proves, as Mr. H. L. Mencken says, that the author has set himself to the task of learning how to write. America is a generous land, and one of its defects is its generosity to precocious youngsters. A big commercial success with a novel has ruined no end of promising writers. Mr. Fitzgerald evidently has determined to put an end to his playtime. He has written a book full of technical excellence, and he is now on the make. . . . Cyril Hume writes with the exuberance that Mr. Fitzgerald showed in *This Side of Paradise*. With his technique not yet properly under control he tackles a big theme in *Cruel Fellowship*. His success is in flashes; the book as a whole disappoints. He has still to find himself. Bright bits don't make a book, but dull moments can be overcome by the sweep of a great story.

## *Information About Books*

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### In Answer to Various Correspondents

The reviewer acknowledges this month letters from many interested readers—especially from various parts of England—an inquiry about *The Life of Abraham Lincoln*, by Dr. William E. Barton, being received from Mr. Harry Farrington, of Preston, Lancashire. . . . Mr. W. P. Witcutt, of Walsall, Staffs, England, writes that, far from being lured away from the idea of a hereditary king, English subjects are now more monarchical in their sympathies than ever, and cites his advantage of being "above the not very clean game of party politics." This in criticism of my review of *King Edward VII* a few months ago. Mr. Witcutt says "there is a current of violently monarchist feeling slowly arising in England." . . . Mrs. John Langley, Jr., writes from Paris asking for a good book on literary Paris, "having exhausted Baedeker and the standards. I mean something chatty, that goes into the authors and their work." To some extent Miss Clara Laughlin follows the authors in *So You're Going to Paris*. But *Paris of the Novelists*, by Arthur Bartlett Maurice, has long been my favorite. It was published by Doubleday, Page & Co. in 1919. Of course we are always handicapped by the fact that many excellent books are not reprinted from year to year. The library of the American University Union in Paris should yield something. . . . Mrs. Robert Dean, Buffalo, N. Y., is informed that complete information about the reprinting of the works of Edgar Saltus can be had from Brentano's, New York, the publishers. A new volume of collected stories and a biography are announced by Pascal Covici, Chicago. No, I know of no Saltus "revival." He has always had a limited number of enthusiastic admirers, including H. L. Mencken and Warren G. Harding. . . . G. L. Davis, Providence, R. I., will find *The Ordeal of Mark Twain* most informing. It immediately precedes *The Pilgrimage of Henry James* among the books by Van Wyck Brooks. To test his theory read also *Letters and Leadership*, and *America's Coming of Age*. The *Pilgrimage* is published by E. P. Dutton & Co.; the other books by B. W. Huebsch.

# AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

*Literary Editor of the Chicago Daily News*

ONCE a reader dips into the subject of human life on this earth through the ages, he is apt to forget imaginative writings and seek out naturalists and scientists generally. Interest in books on evolution, the descent of man, anthropology, and ethnology has been stimulated by the Scopes trial. Several inquirers within the last few weeks have sought information about the best and simplest books on the subject of prehistoric man. The libraries are full of them, and if a reader wishes he can begin with Lamarck's theory of "progression" of one hundred years ago and read through Hugh Miller, Herbert Spencer, and the rest of the "founders" with much profit. He will be especially surprised to find how the present age differs from that of Spencer, and how modern scientists deal much more with facts and much less with speculation and deduction than the earliest naturalists did. Of recent books, *Men of the Old Stone Age*, by Henry Fairfield Osborn, will be found most informing for the reader who wants a great deal of information in compact form. It is the best elementary survey of the subject. First published in 1915, it has proved increasingly popular and has been several times revised. Professor Osborn has personally visited many of the places where remains of prehistoric man have been found. He is familiar with all the human and animal remains that have been dug up in numerous rock shelters and caves of Dordogne, France, and Belgium, and in river drift of England and Germany. An outstanding quality of his book is its logical and orderly treatment of the subject, for, with scientists working independently over a wide area through many decades, much confusion might result if their findings were not properly valued and catalogued. The Osborn book is published by Chas. Scribner's Sons. Another book which makes prehistoric man and his doings into a connected story and so aids the imagination to reconstruct primitive times is *Man's Life on Earth*, by Samuel Christian Schmucker, published within the last few months. (Macmillan.) Doctor Schmucker writes at the outset: "To Doctor Osborn's *Men of the Old Stone Age* I owe my first deep interest in this subject and the inspiration to go further." His book gives a very clear idea of the development of man. He has made use of the discoveries of other scientists and his book may be regarded as an excellent primer for the beginner. A chapter on "the religious difficulty" gives attention to the fundamentalist position toward scientific research and throws some light on the attitude of scientists toward God and creation. Doctor Schmucker presents a clock to show the passing of time on this earth. "All the time since stratified rocks are present is represented by twelve hours. Time since mid-tertiary is one hour. Time since Neanderthal man is one minute. History

embraces eight seconds." This gives some idea of the age of the earth and man's relation thereto.

### The Peasantry in Other Literatures

A reader who appreciates the value of *The Peasants*, by Ladislas Reymont, in study classes of modern literature this fall asks what other authors come approximately near this theme in other nations. Fortunately, many readers still have clearly in mind *The Growth of the Soil*, by Knut Hamsun, and will find this book easily accessible. There are several translations available of *La Terre*, by Zola, known in English as *Mother Earth*. The superiority of *The Peasants* over *La Terre* is not conceded by the French, who have just had the first book of the Reymont novel published in Paris and are awaiting the rest with eagerness. Turgenev may be read with profit among the Russians, especially *Fathers and Sons*, but one is less sure in selecting an author or a novel from the English. None of the authors who touch the peasantry even remotely has the same sweep as Reymont; the urban influence is very strong in English writers. It seems to me that if any American author is to be considered for comparison it must be Herbert Quick. Making allowances for a vast difference in technique greatly to the advantage of Reymont, we must still concede Quick's last three books to be something of an epic of the American peasantry, and when considered together the author's plan becomes apparent. They are *Vandemark's Folly*, *The Hawkeye*, and *The Invisible Woman*. Reymont's outstanding quality is sympathetic understanding. This is also present in Quick. Many American writers are contemptuous of their material, hence cannot hope to penetrate it very deeply.

NELLIE REVELL
Author of *Fightin' Through*.

### A Biography of William Graham Sumner

William Graham Sumner's name is spoken with respect wherever men read his *Folkways*, but graduates of Yale University are likely to mention it with deep affection. He died in 1910, and, although the public questions that he debated, such as free silver, are dead and gone, his real work is becoming better known yearly and his position as a pioneer in sociological research is more secure now than ever. His biography has just been written by Harris E. Starr, one of his graduate students, and published by Henry Holt & Co. It provides not only a clear story of this man's life and character, but something of his beliefs and teachings. From the beginning he was a fighter and a teacher. He had planned to become a minister and at thirty found himself the rector of an Episcopal congregation, but his principal interest was in preaching, in teaching, and in leading a battle for reform. His interest in political science, then not yet recognized as a separate study, had been with him from his college days and was accentuated in Goettingen and Oxford. His knowledge of folkways was won not by careful research in libraries but by close contact with his fellows, including much political activity, in the course of which he held public office. For thirty-eight years he was a professor at Yale. His influence there was extensive, but he did not limit his activities to the classroom, but continued to take an active part in economic and political discussions. Mr. Starr pictures him as brusque, often rude, accurate, and forceful, with an impelling desire to awake the country to thought. He saw the science of society not as mere investigation but as precept and example, a study that was to teach humankind the fundamentals so that old errors need not be repeated anew in every generation. In

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1909 Yale University conferred upon him the degree of doctor of laws. This book is an excellent preface to a reading of Professor Sumner's writings, which deserve to be made more easily accessible.

### The Miracle of Jungle Life

William Beebe has found a world of romance on the jungle floor, yet at the conclusion of one of his remarkable essays he writes: "I left my tree for the last time certain only of the profound inadequacy of my human mind." With this humility to guide him Beebe becomes the true scientist, curious, inquiring, above all sympathetic. Even an old tree can yield sights and sounds that belong to the great wonders of the earth; leaves scattered upon the ground may unfold a marvelous tale; the eddying waters of the sea reveal a world of marine life. Some of these topics are discussed in a new book, *Jungle Days*, compiled from papers published by the naturalist during the last few years. He is captivated by the fact that living organism feeds upon living organism, and finds frequent evidence of this; in the jungle he overlooks nothing, neither sight, sound, nor smell. He writes in a style that convinces you he has gone into the jungle for an outing and has run plump into a colony of Lilliputians. "The light of fireflies," writes Mr. Beebe, "is one of the few things in this world which merit the term perfect. A gas flame is only three per cent efficient, developing ninety-seven per cent of useless, invisible heat or chemical rays; the blazing glare of the electric arc is only ten per cent of what it ought to be; and most astonishing of all is the fact that sunshine gives off only thirty-five per cent of visible light rays. Unlike Stevenson's 'Lantern Bearers,' the glow deep-cloaked within the body of a firefly is wholly lacking in heat; it is one hundred per cent pure flame." There is much to read in this book of many strange animals: birds, beetles, flies, insects. Dramatically Mr. Beebe describes the passing over a twig of the lizard named *Polychrus marmoratus*, the many-colored marble one. "When it reached the thick, brown twig, magic began before our eyes. As it left the green tissue and crawled slowly out along the twig its course was traceable not only by its position in space but by most exquisitely adjusted and timed pigmental change—at the exact edge of the leaf the green gradually faded and a wave of brown swept down the reptile. Never have I seen a more perfect use of obliterative color. . . . Not for anything would I have betrayed the lizard's trust in the magnificent shield which nature had built up about it. We pretended to be completely deceived and left it—an irregular bit of half-greenness on the second leaf and half-brownness on the twig." This in the course of an essay on falling leaves and their significance, telling of an adventure in which leaves fall with the graceful motions of a butterfly idling over the vines, and again with a crash sufficient to startle the jungle. "The fall of a palm leaf is an event." He describes it in contrast with the smaller leaves. "Close along one side lay a fallen leaf which began eight feet behind and extended twenty-three feet in front—thirty-one feet of palm frond. In its fall it had crushed several young mora saplings and many lesser growths. The mighty stem was like a length of channel iron with edges sharp as razors." He tells about the kisadee of the mangrove swamp and its many names, developed from its call: "I know not what the stone-ax man dubbed it; he may only have grunted and hurled his weapon at it, hoping for a morsel of food. The Arrowaks and the few remaining Caribs know it as

CHARLES J. FINGER
Winner of the John Newbery medal for *Tales from Silver Lands*.

# THE CRYSTAL CUP

## by GERTRUDE ATHERTON

Author of **BLACK OXEN**

Is a novel as daring, as modern, and as original in ideas as BLACK OXEN. The mere rumor of this new work of Gertrude Atherton brought about an unprecedented advance demand and the publishers were obliged to order a second edition before publication date. Because of its basic idea, for which once more Science furnished the inspiration, THE CRYSTAL CUP is of compelling interest to all women, and to all men to whom woman is still a mystery.

THE CRYSTAL CUP is the story of Gita Carraret, young and beautiful and dowered with a splendid, aristocratic heritage. All these things she tries to cast out of a strange contempt for her own womanhood and a hatred of men. Mrs. Atherton has made the most astonishing and vivid story of her career out of Gita Carraret's strange journey to [illegible]

## The Contracting Circle

**by E. L. Grant Watson**

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Heet-gee-gee, and the Spaniards, prompted perhaps by the Jesuit fathers, interpreted it as Christus fui; to Dutch ears it became characteristically tangled up with g's and i's, Griet-je-bie, the French more cleverly phrased it with the onamatopoetic Qu-est-ce-qu'il-dit? or Qui? Oui, Louis! while the negroes laugh it into Kiss, Kiss, me deh." Altogether a delightfully informal and entertaining naturalist is William Beebe.

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE
The author of *Wolf*, and many other dog stories, with his collies.

### An Ancient and Honorable Hostelry

The ancient inn has a place in history and romance; Dumas would be poor indeed without it. Delightful old hostelries, dating back hundreds of years, are still to be encountered on the continent, and only the other day a writer in a European journal was celebrating the Auberge du Vieux Puits at Pont Audemer in Normandy for its architecture and its cuisine. In the United States one is more apt to avoid ancient inns than to seek them. Moreover, the pioneer tavern of the country crossroads has been replaced by the six- to ten-story standardized hotel of brick and terra cotta, bright as a tiled bathroom and smelling of fresh paint. If any hotels in America have traditions worth recording, surely the Waldorf-Astoria of New York City is one. Its existence of scarcely more than thirty years is short, but from the first it has stood pre-eminent in the minds of this generation. *The Story of the Waldorf-Astoria*, by Edward Hungerford, tells how first the Waldorf and then the Astoria came into existence; how George C. Boldt developed this great hyphenated hotel; and how it has retained its position despite the tremendous physical changes in New York City. It is unlikely that many other hotels began so auspiciously and had so remarkable a social christening. "For many months," says the author, "it had been anticipated as one of the large social functions of the season. For nearly a year it had been a matter of conjecture and speculation as to just what form this opening function would finally take." For New York, the opening of the Waldorf, and several years later the Astoria, was a social function for the most exclusive circles. It is inconceivable that to-day, when hotels are built and opened with the regularity of the seasons, society should concern itself tremendously about it. But in the 'Nineties it was still the thing to do. Mr. Hungerford points out that the tradition will be maintained; the hotel is to-day known the world over and means to keep pace with the times. "For a decade—two decades—three decades—to come, the future of the Waldorf seems

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Edward Channing is one of the most painstaking of living historians. His work, *A History of the United States*, is slowly becoming a national monument. His books are issued at intervals of years. The sixth volume of his history has just been published, appropriately bearing the title: *The War for Southern Independence*. Few histories have dealt with the tempestuous times of the Civil War with the impartiality of this book.

WILLIAM GERHARDI
The author of *The Polyglots* and *Futility* seen by an artist friend.

This is partly due to the fact that the historian is above the battle, a generation removed from the conflict, and because he is not engaged in hero worship or jingo patriotism. Contemporary recollections are not always reliable. Mr. Channing writes: "The fact that one's life is contemporaneous with an event or that one took a part, whether leading or humble, in a campaign or battle, does not, except in a very limited way, take the place of training in methods of historical investigation. In fact, the prejudices are oftentimes so keen that contemporaneity and participation detract from the value of a book or article." Mr. Channing, unswayed by the passions that moved men in the 'Sixties, studied the documents of

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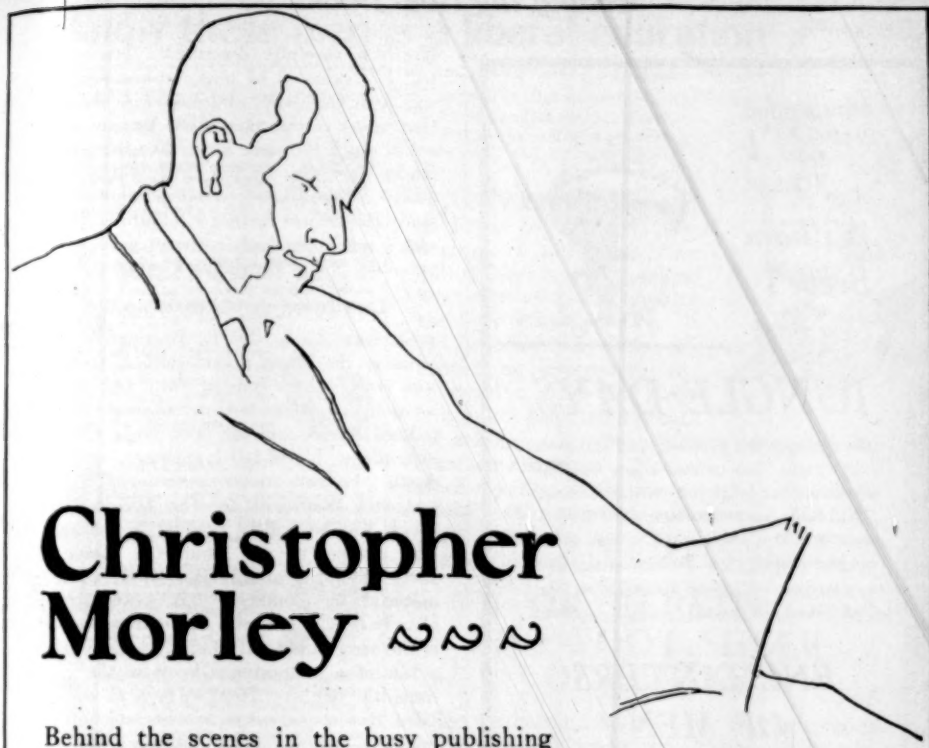
both North and South impartially. For that reason, perhaps, his book does full and adequate justice to the Southern cause. Taken as a whole it gives a clear cross-section of the United States in the 'Sixties, and may serve to correct misunderstandings that have grown up through half a century of flag-waving, oratory, and office-holding by veterans of the war. No greater political calamity was ever visited on the nation than the exploitation of the stricken South by the radical Republicans, and the rule of the North by the veterans of the Northern armies. Mr. Channing is particularly convincing in his study of the conditions preceding the opening of hostilities. He draws a picture of the slave system in the South which is strongly at variance with that of *Uncle Tom's Cabin;* he gives much attention to the state of mind of North and South at specific moments when great crises impended, as, for instance, just before Sumter was fired on. His perspicacity may be judged from the apt description of the Supreme Court at the moment of the Dred Scott decision: "Throughout its history, up to 1857, it had consisted of amiable, learned, and elderly gentlemen, for the most part, all of them expert in the art of rationalizing the Constitution to suit the needs of the passing hour." Throughout the book Mr. Channing keeps his hand on the pulse-beat of the nation; thus we learn how public opinion swayed this way and that, not alone in the North but in the South. One gains, in a study of the conduct of the armies, the impression of tremendous inefficiency. Gen. George B. McClellan gets practically a clean bill of health from Mr. Channing. The rise and fall of the will to fight, both in the North and in the South, is carefully traced with relations to the movements in the armies, and we learn much about the Southern supplies and resources, which leads Mr. Channing to conclude that the Confederacy did not collapse from insufficiency of food and munitions. Much light is also thrown on the disloyal feeling in the North during the war and the many evasions of military service—as, for instance, in the continued movement to the Far West, Oregon almost doubling its population in the years 1860 to 1865. By 1864, "probably not one man in ten in the North cared whether the negro was a slave or a free man, and the constantly rising wages and demand for men's labor blocked the path of patriotism." The effective propaganda of the South in seeking to weaken the fighting spirit of the



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North is carefully described. The reader will be reminded of many episodes of the war with Germany, and may well conclude that under certain conditions human beings act in much the same way. For the general reader this book on the Civil War is especially recommended; readers desiring to study the subject further will find Mr. Channing's references and footnotes particularly valuable. (The Macmillan Company.)

### Lord Byron as "Glorious Apollo"

*Glorious Apollo*, by E. Barrington, is a romance that must prove welcome to those who object to the note of irony and sophistication in modern fiction. *Glorious Apollo* is Lord Byron, and the book deals with his love-affairs, his ill-fated marriage, and his death. It bears much resemblance in subject and treatment to *The Divine Lady*, which was so widely popular a year ago. The author, having found the theme of Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson excellent material for romance, has again drawn heavily on the memoirs and correspondence of the early Nineteenth Century and written a tale of a tempestuous lover in the same romantic manner. Here we have all sides of Lord Byron presented to view: his bitterness, his caprice, his indulgence, his wild flights of fancy, and his reckless wooing; but the author portrays him most frequently through the eyes of those who love or envy him, so that he becomes beautiful, divine, lovely, and exquisite. Dallas, his friend, who at nineteen considered Byron corpulent, is sufficiently moved to gaze rapturously at the poet. "He beheld the finished achievement. With laughter lurking in brilliant, deep-lashed eyes of hazel grey, there stood the young Apollo, pale with a moonlight pallor, exquisite as the dream of a love-sick nymph upon the slopes of Latmos, haughty, clear-featured, divine. Impossible rhetoric, but most true. The beauty of a beautiful young man, illumined by the summer lightning of genius, may be allowed to transcend that of any woman, for the type is higher; and no higher, prouder type than that of Byronic beauty has ever been presented to the eye of man." This gives, in a way, the note on which the book is pitched. Here Byron is the cause of much woe and suffering; the worst of it comes to his wife, Anne Milbanke, who is pushed into his arms by Lady Melbourne just so that Byron may be married and leave Lady Caroline Lamb and other women to their husbands. Byron passed from one love to another; Anne Mil-

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banke held fast to her pride and dignity, and England alternately censured and admired her. Byron's end in Greece is described in its pitiful reality; fate, working relentlessly among human beings, dominates the tale. The fragrance of another age exhales from this book; it reminds one of the letters that have come down to us from the troubled days when Shelley, Byron, and Keats lived and suffered. No matter if Byron, as Lady Blessington said, was not always quite the gentleman, he lived a life that provides a most unusual theme for the novelist and the dramatist—in time, perhaps, even for the motion picture. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

### A Comprehensive Book on New Zealand

There is very little to be found on New Zealand, and the recent wave of South Sea stories hardly touched the shores of that great island. *New Zealand*, by William Pember Reeves, was published seventeen years ago and has been often referred to, but the book has long been out of print. Now comes a reissue of this work, with the addition of a sketch of recent events in New Zealand by Cecil J. Wray. Mr. Wray's contribution is brief, but it gives some idea of the island's development. We learn that "of colonial art there is still not much to be said. Sculpture is chiefly represented by an occasional statue brought from England. Architecture in its higher form is an unknown quantity. Painting is struggling towards the light, chiefly in the form of water-color drawings. Music, reading, and flower-gardening are the three chief refining pastimes. Generally the islanders have more feeling for color and melody than for form or style." (Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

### More Plays in Book Form

It's a poor play that does not reach publication in book form these days. Often publication comes when the play is still having its first run. There is a popular note in the fifteen dramas selected by Montrose J. Moses for *Representative American Dramas: National and Local*. (Little, Brown & Co.) The most recent of the plays seem to have been produced only yesterday. Others stir up dust in memory's lumber-room. Of the fifteen plays, the list begins with "A Texas

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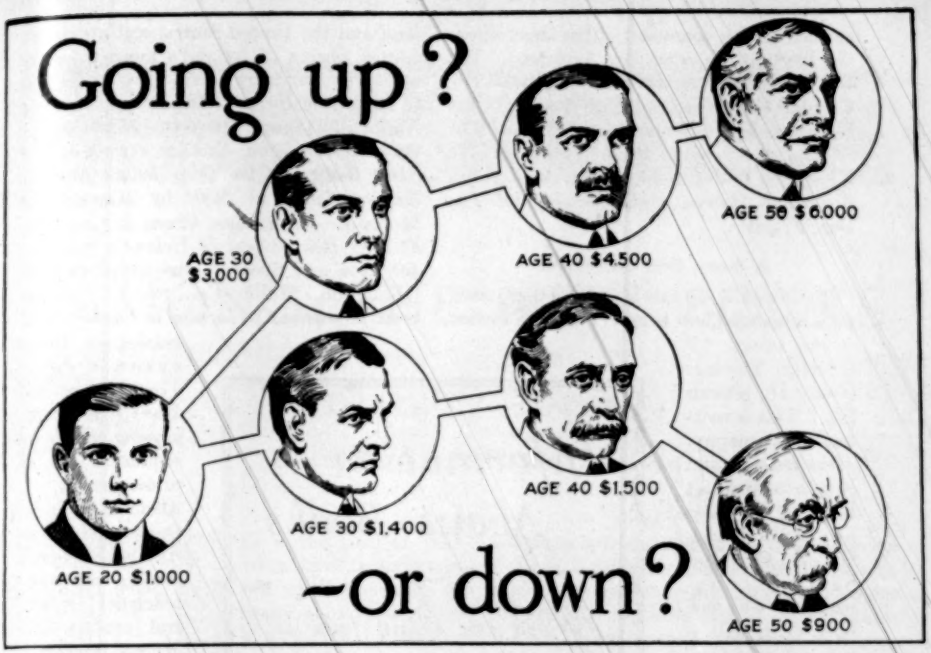
HARPER'S 9-25

Steer," by Charles H. Hoyt, dated 1894. It is an interesting experience to read these lines, with their obvious attempts at broad humor by introducing the negro and Southern dialect and capitalizing the minister of Dahomey, and to contrast them with the ringing speeches of "The Girl of the Golden West," by David Belasco, and the carefully poised social tragedy of Clyde Fitch's "The City." In addition the book contains "The Witching Hour," "The Famous Mrs. Fair," "Emperor Jones," "Nice People," "Dulcy," "The Adding Machine" and "The Show-off," a remarkable melange, in which every taste is represented. Mr. Moses finds in this exhibit "vitality, growing technique, vivid characterization, refreshing satire." He prefaces each play with comment on its origin and its author. . . . *The Saint*, by Stark Young, has been published in the series of "Provincetown-Greenwich Plays" by Boni & Liveright. Of value is the author's preface, in which the intent and treatment of the play are discussed from his standpoint, beginning tersely with: "The theme of '*The Saint*' is continuity, going on, the long line of the soul's days that makes life possible to bear." . . . For those who are interested in providing plays for children, *Ritual and Dramatized Folkways* will bear looking into. It has been prepared by Ethel Reed Jasspon and Beatrice Becker for camp, club, religious assembly, settlement, and school. (The Century Co.) The plays are based on folk legends, and the book has instructions for costuming and often music for the dances and songs.

### Charles J. Finger Wins Newbery Medal

*Tales from Silver Lands*, by Charles J. Finger, has been awarded the John Newbery medal, given annually by the American Library Association for the best book for children. The book was published last fall by Doubleday, Page & Co. Mr. Finger had many experiences in South America, and so accumulated many of the legends and folk-tales of the regions through which he passed, but their interest to American children did not occur to him until Carl Sandburg one day pointed it out to him in conversation. Mr. Finger has written several other books for grown-ups and is particularly distin-

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guished for his command of the short story. He lives at Fayetteville, Arkansas. The John Newbery medal was instituted by Frederic G. Melcher, of New York. It has been awarded to Hendrik van Loon for *The Story of Mankind*, to Hugh Lofting for *The Voyage of Doctor Dolittle*, and to Charles Boardman Hawes, posthumously, for *The Dark Frigate*.

### A South Seas Melodrama

For lovers of the tale of swift action joined with romance there is now available *Seibert of the Island*, by Gordon Young. (Geo. H. Doran Co.) This is written in a snappy, vivid manner and reminds one at times of the tales by Louis Becke, forerunner of South Seas romances. The new book deals with a big, untamed German South Seas trader and his love for a frail, flower-like girl who became his wife. Another man enters the story, and the girl-wife, thinking herself unloved, rebels against the brute strength and uncouth manners of her husband and flees with the newcomer, only to discover eventually that he is far unlike her great untamed man. Passions race through the tale, there are lively encounters, and the wind of the South Seas blows through the jungle. Adventures that lie beyond the seas and on the other side of the world always have a fascination for the Western mind, and this one no less than many of its predecessors.

### In Answer to Inquiries

The title of a book on the recent history of Ireland, "a book which brings the history of Ireland as nearly up to date as possible," is sought by Miss Celeste Sanford, Ripley, Tennessee. There have been numerous publications on Ireland in recent years in England and the United States, and articles on special phases of Ireland's modern history appear in many periodicals. Among the best of modern histories is *The Story of the Irish Nation*, by Francis Hackett. (The Century Co., 1922, $2.50.) Another standard is *A Short History of the Irish People from the Earliest Times to 1920*, by Hayden and Moonan. (Longmans, Green & Co., 1921, $7.) A new edition of *Ireland's Story*, by Johnston and Spencer, was issued in 1923. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., $3.) . . . It has been impossible to locate, in current book catalogues, Hackensaw's *1,000 Years Hence* and *There Was No Beginning*, which are requested, with the price, by R. A. Allen, of Sudbury, Ontario, Canada. Any help from our readers will be appreciated. . . . Several readers who express interest in the writings of Edna Ferber, author of *So Big*, notably Miss Ruth E. Parks, of Cleveland Heights, Ohio, are informed that a comprehensive biographical booklet on this author is being published by Doubleday, Page & Co., at ten cents; address them direct at Garden City, Long Island, New York. A letter from Mrs. Wilfrid Paley, Brookline, Massachusetts, directs attention to the fact that the Robert Louis Stevenson Club of Edinburgh, Scotland, has purchased the Stevenson birthplace and will convert it into a memorial house, with collections of relics and manuscripts. An appeal for contributions for an endowment fund is being made to all admirers of Stevenson, who are asked to write Sir Thomas Hutchison, at the Commercial Bank of Scotland, George Street, Edinburgh. Alfred Noyes, Hugh Walpole, Sir James Barrie, Sir Sidney Colvin, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, and Sir Edmund Gosse are among those interesting themselves in the cause.

## *Information About Books*

*If You can obtain from all publishers complete information regarding their books and authors. If there are any additional questions you might desire to ask, feel perfectly free to write to Mr. Harry Hansen, care of* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *49 East 33rd Street, New York.*

# AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

*Literary Editor of the Chicago Daily News*

THIS is the time of year when loud trumpetings tell of the coming of many books, and those of us who find a fascination in opening pages chaste and virginal, about which no mortal man has ever penned a poem comparable to "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer"—except, perhaps, the publicity man—find our appetites whetted for fresh literary fare. Quickly the books fall into groups—some are trite, some conventional, others provide novelty, a few, perhaps, will contain the originality we seek. We may well wonder what author, like Emerson's scholar, will "feel all confidence in himself and defer never to the popular cry." Even in this land where originality is sought and wooed, too many authors follow the fashion, or are content to imitate the standards—again, in Emerson's words, "the English dramatic poets have Shakespearized now for two hundred years." But for this fall the portents are auspicious. For instance, already available are the collected short stories of John Galsworthy, in a volume called *Caravan*—of which the author writes: "Like some long caravan, bearing merchandise of all sorts, the tales of a writer wind through the desert of indifference towards the oasis of public favour." Miss Willa Cather is represented this fall by a new full-length novel, *The Professor's House*. Robert Herrick, whose long novel *Waste* was published two years ago, has a book of four short stories, called *Wanderings*. Theodore Dreiser's long-awaited novel, *An American Tragedy*, is definitely promised for this month. One of the earlier novels by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, *A Fountain Sealed*, written before the War, is offered to her many admirers. Sherwood Anderson's new novel, *Dark Laughter*, is a study of negro backgrounds in America. These are but a few of the novels by outstanding authors available this fall.

### A Great Japanese Masterpiece

The famous novel about Genji, prince of old Japan, by Murasaki Shikibu, written, it is believed, in 1002 to 1004, A.D., is now available in an English translation by Arthur Waley (Houghton, Mifflin Co.). This is the first realistic novel of Japan and is regarded as one of the world's masterpieces. Naturally the translation is an abridgment of the original, which ran to fifty-four books and 4,000 pages. *The Tale of Genji* was discussed by Miss Amy Lowell in her introduction to *Diaries of the Court Ladies of Old Japan*, published several years ago. She wrote: "Hitherto Japanese authors had confined themselves to stories of no great length and which relied for their interest on a fairy or wonder element. The 'Genji Monogatari' struck out in an entirely new direction. It depicted real life in Kioto as a contemporary gentleman might have lived it. It founded its interest on the fact that people like to read about themselves, but this, which seems to us a commonplace, was a glaring innovation when Murasaki Shikibu attempted it; it was, in fact, the flash from a mind of genius." The story that Mr. Waley has given us is remarkable for its human

qualities. Genji himself, who lived under the favor of the emperor and was well received everywhere, was particularly skilled in love-making. In fact, conquests of one kind or another were impelling motives in his life, and Murasaki records simply, and without lifting the eyebrows, how he made love with such success that few withstood him. The conditions of 1000 A.D. were not widely dissimilar from those of today; in fact, the conventions appear to have been definitely established even at that date in a remote empire that had no knowledge of a Christian world to the west. At times these episodes, told seriously, are not without humor. For instance, on one occasion, when Genji quietly entered the bedroom of a lady of whom he had become enamoured, she was "terrified out of her wits and tried hard to scream. But no sound came, for she had buried her face in the bedclothes. 'Please listen,' said Genji. 'This sudden intrusion must of course seem to you very impertinent.'" He goes on to tell her of his long devotion and "spoke so courteously and gently and looked so kind that not the devil himself would have taken umbrage at his presence. But feeling that the situation was not at all a proper one for a married lady, she said (without much conviction), 'I think you have made a mistake.'" Most interesting is the use made by the characters of poems to reveal their thoughts and moods, especially in the exchange of verses during conversation. Genji, although a gentle and refined nobleman, could never ignore beauty and youth. This led him into various apartments and situations, but this conduct was never, apparently, detrimental to himself. His neglect of his wife brings no censure from the author, nor does she wonder at the way in which Genji brings up a little girl for the purpose of marrying her at the earliest possible moment. But in the effect of Genji's acts on others one sees that human nature has changed very little since the days when Japan was a medieval state.

ROBERT HERRICK
Author of *Together* and *Waste*, whose book of short stories, *Wanderings*, has just been published.

### The Significance of Theodore Dreiser

Burton Rascoe's study, *Theodore Dreiser*, one of the series of books known as "Modern American Writers" (McBride), is a vivid and informing estimate of this powerful writer. It precedes the publication of a new Dreiser novel, definitely announced for this fall. It is brief, and both critical and biographical, an excellent introduction to the author, who has been more championed, denounced, discussed, exonerated and condemned than any other writer of the last two decades. Today Dreiser no longer stands alone in frankness and truth-telling, but one has merely to reread a book like *The "Genius"* to comprehend how far he differed from the ordinary popular writer when this and *The Financier* and *The Titan* appeared. Balzac probably inspired him most of all to study human beings and their times, but he took for his theme the actual conditions visible in American cities, refusing to romanticise them. Burton Rascoe writes of him: "The light that came to him through Spencer and Huxley is not unlike the phenomenon that occurred on the road to Damascus, and if Mr. Dreiser's conception of the Truth that came to him was colored by his personality, so also was Paul's. Mr. Dreiser has made it plain in his autobiographical works that up to the time of his encounter with the works of Spencer and Huxley his aims in life were definitely materialistic. He wanted to make money, enjoy the display of possessions, achieve the prevailing American idea of success. It was probably because he had experienced the ambitions and desires that animate men like

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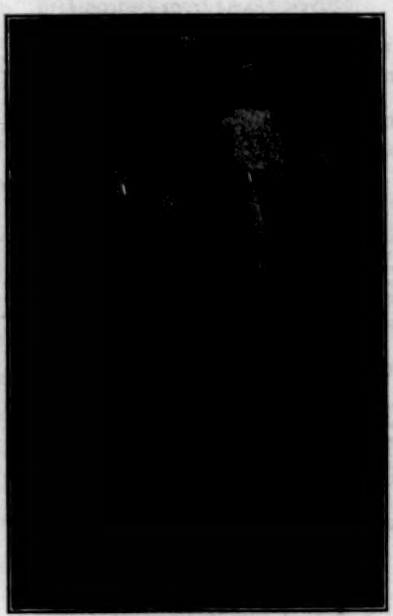
Cowperwood that he could make their inner experience ring so authentic to us. But, once Spencer and Huxley had caused him to stop in this definite drive toward a wholly materialistic goal and ask himself what it was all about, then was the tinder lighted which glows through his work. Then it was, no doubt, that he set his feet definitely on the path of writing what his heart and head told him about life. Since that time nothing has caused him to deviate from this path, neither calumny nor criticism, neither poverty nor indifference. . . . He writes, if anyone ever wrote, out of an inner necessity."

### Through Northern Germany with Baedeker

An examination of the seventeenth revised edition of Karl Baedeker's *Northern Germany*, just reissued in America under the Scribner imprint, shows little change in physical contours but considerable difference in the economic life of the country since the War. Moreover Baedeker, although as objective and informing a guide as there is available anywhere, takes pains to remind the reader of the former commercial greatness of the empire and of its present eclipse and reorganization. Traveling, we learn, is now more expensive than it was before the War. The railways are no longer state property but are operated by a company formed under the Dawes plan. The most important contribution to travel is the service by air, now widely extended, connecting London and Cologne in five and three-quarter hours, London and Berlin in eight hours, Berlin and Koenigsberg in six hours, Berlin and Leipzig in one and one-quarter hours, etc., at fairly reasonable rates, which makes the American reader wonder why similar services are not possible in the United States. In a description of the Ruhr valley the decrease in the coal output, due to the French occupation, is described, but Baedeker relies simply on the facts to tell the story: "The effects of the French occupation and the counter-measures of 'passive resistance' adopted by Germany may be seen in the great decrease of the coal output in 1923 (only 40,000,000 tons) as compared with that of 1922 (93,000,000 tons). The amount of coke produced fell from 24,500,000 tons in 1922 to 9,000,000 tons in 1923." Eloquent indeed are the references to the shipping in Hamburg and to the lost mercantile marine. One reads about the great shipbuilding yards, especially that of Blohm & Voss—"In these yards were built the *Vaterland*, now the *Leviathan* of the United States Lines, and the *Bismarck*, now the *Majestic* of the White Star line, the two largest liners in the world." The changes in shipping at the port of Hamburg are encompassed in the following: "In 1913 the port of Hamburg was entered by 16,427 seagoing vessels (14,242,000 tons), including 10,341 German vessels (8,637,000 tons). In 1923 the port was entered by 13,912 seagoing vessels (15,344,000 tons), but the tourist and emigrant traffic has not nearly reached its pre-war level and only one-third of the tonnage using the port sails under the German flag. In accordance with the treaty of Versailles the commercial fleet of Hamburg was left only small vessels of 82,000 aggregate tonnage (in 1913 it possessed 784 ocean steamers of 1,643,000 aggregate tonnage.)" But not all the revisions are downward. Since 1919, says Baedeker, Hamburg has acquired a university. The last kaiser receives but scant attention. He is mentioned not at all in connection with the Schloss of Berlin; in the story of Potsdam one learns casually that the Neues Palais was his summer residence. An unassuming paragraph on the Wilhelmstrasse re-



PAUL MORAND
The author of *Open All Night* has a new book this fall—*Lewis and Irene*.

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ports: "No. 70 on the right, close to the Linden, is the British embassy; No. 73 is the Reichs-präsidium, the residence of the President of the German Republic. No. 77, the Chancellery, etc."

### Getting Glimpses of Stendhal

James G. Huneker's excellent introductory essay on Henry Beyle-Stendhal in *Egoists* may well be read for a first glimpse of the personality and literary importance of this author. A number of other estimates are available in English, notably those by George Brandes, Maurice Hewlett, Octave Uzanne, Taine, and no study of European literature of the nineteenth century ignores him. But with the Huneker essay in mind, the reader may approach Stendhal's books with some comprehension of the author's place. This is preliminary to reporting a new issue of *The Chartreuse of Parma* in English translation by Appleton's. The printing is the translation by Lady Mary Loyd made about twenty years ago for a series of notable classics edited by Edmund Gosse. Another translation of the same book, to which the reader may well look forward with eagerness, is being prepared by C. K. Scott Moncreiff, the able translator of Marcel Proust. The book probably will be issued this fall by Boni & Liveright. At the same time there is available in the series known as the Blue Jade library (Knopf) the curious autobiography called *The Life of Henri Brulard*, written by Stendhal for his own amusement and published after his death. In the introduction Harry C. Block speaks of the tremendous chorus of appreciation that has come from critical quarters despite the fact that readers at large rarely opened this book. It has been available in abridged translation, but this is the first time it has been translated in full. In view of Stendhal's pioneering work in the psychological novel, which makes him practically a modern, this autobiography is of exceptional value. Mr. Block says: "Stendhal is not a classic in the sense that he is dead and his work and usefulness accomplished. On the contrary, his work was never more alive, more apposite, more influential than it is now. The psychological novel of today, as it exists in the hands of its more accomplished practitioners, is not greatly different, save in a few minor respects, from the novels of Stendhal." Stendhal has always occupied an enviable position among writers. In the nineteenth century he was admired by Goethe, Balzac, Merimee, Hugo, Zola, Bourget, Taine, Tolstoy and many more, while Huneker finds his influence in Nietzsche, Meredith, Henry James and even Edith Wharton. Today he wins not only friends, but champions. Two other important books by Stendhal, *Red and Black* and *Love*, have at various times been available in translation, but the unabridged translation now being prepared by Scott Moncreiff may well be expected to supersede all earlier translations in English.

WILLIAM BEEBE
Naturalist, author of *Jungle Days*.

### Down Broadway with a Pair of Mules

Romance will never die, not even in Manhattan, at least not so long as authors like Barry Benefield behold New York through rosy-colored spectacles. What more romantic situation can anyone imagine than that which starts you well into *The Chicken-Wagon Family*, a novel by this author. Here we have the spectacle of Mr. Jean Paul Baptiste Yvonne Fippany, who made his living as a nomadic peddler in small towns, driving into New York City in the chicken-wagon, led by "the supercilious and entirely elegant little Spanish mules, Kit and Luce," and holding the whole Fippany outfit—Mrs. Fippany, and Addie Amy Fippany, their daughter, Breaksteel, the blue-and-black beagle hound puppy, and Jim Pickett, roving re-

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porter, who tells the tale. Originally Mr. Fippany travelled alone through small towns, refusing to take root anywhere, and even after Mrs. Fippany joined him he held to his course. But when Addie grew old enough for schooling, Mrs. Fippany insisted on an education in a city, and so her husband chose New York. Can't you see them coming down Broadway, anxiously looking for a place to camp, and finding none? Here is both romance and tragedy, a well-flavored American tale, from the pen of a story-teller who will be heard from. Until now he has written some excellent short stories; this is, I understand, his first novel. It will have a wide appeal, and it provides a tempting morsel for a motion picture hero and heroine; no doubt we shall all see it in the films. (The Century Company.)

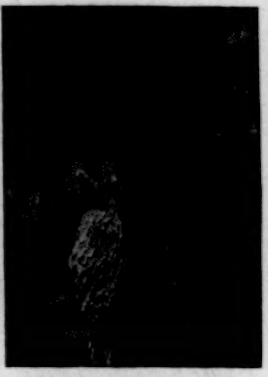
#### The Blood Flows Warm in Italy

Intensity, passion and dramatic situation continue to distinguish novels by living Italian writers. The book that bears the splendid title *Life Begins Tomorrow* is no exception. It brings again the thought that the Alps that lie between France and Italy divide not only nations but extreme differences of culture and expression. The author of this novel, Guido da Verga, is widely read in Italy. If other books by him have been translated I have not seen them. This book reminds me that the living Italian novelist is more akin to Spain than to Austria, Germany and France. He is just as good an analyst of psychology as the Austrian, but his work reads less like a case history. He studies the head, but never forgets the heart, and it is through intense emotions that his characters express themselves. Moreover there is always a definite, logical adherence to plot. *Life Begins Tomorrow* tells the story of a scientist who falls in love with the wife of an invalid. By the slow administration of poison the invalid is put out of the way, to some extent at his own request. Now begins the working of conscience in the scientist, that is to say he feels the influence of a tradition of conduct to which he may be expected to succumb. But after an intense mental struggle he rises above what an older generation of writers would have called "his better self," and justifies his acts to himself by an effort of his superior will. It would be idle to say that this does not develop intense situations, and an emotional crisis or two. American readers who find trials for murder their principal diet in newspaper pages, and who

Earth's noblest thing, *wrote Lowell.* A necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, and a painted ill, *wrote St. Chrysostom a thousand years ago.*

# Saints or Sinners

When the Emperor Theophilus jestingly said to one of the beauties of his court, *Woman is the source of evil in the world!* she quickly replied, *Woman is also the cause of much good!* Both were right; Joan of Arc and other saintly and noble women come to mind at once as typical of "earth's noblest thing," who have been the cause of much good. In contrast we have "the deadly fascination and the painted ill" of the daughters of Aphrodite, such as the capricious Venus Victrix whose remarkable beauty enslaved a ruler of proud Castile and whose power over him was so great that sycophant courtiers who attended this favorite at her bath drank of its waters in token of adulation. The stories of these two women, remarkable as they are, are no more unusual than those of other saints and sinners who have uplifted or degraded men throughout the ages since the day of Eve. These stories are told in a series of copyrighted volumes by ten talented contemporary authors in



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Woman dominates to-day. Her pre-eminence is undisputed. She is the *motif* of most discussions. A glance at our newspapers, magazines, and novels will show how great is the place she occupies in the thoughts of all, and how powerful is her influence for good or evil in every relationship of life. Yet this great subject has never been adequately treated. Of course we know a little about Cleopatra, Joan of Arc, Messalina, Theodora, Helen of Troy, Poppæa, Elizabeth of England, Catherine of Russia, and a few other prominent women. But little is known about these well-known characters and nothing at all about thousands of other equally important women who in the past and in all parts of the world have influenced the course of life, and these are only names and not women of flesh and blood, for few have any idea of what manner of women they really were, what they did, or what they stood for.

Many pages are necessary to make Cleopatra live before our eyes, to tell the many strange and interesting things about her. And there have been thousands of other women whose stories are just as interesting. The authors have not hesitated to tell the whole truth. If while concealing nothing, they show us the faults of woman, it is only to accentuate the virtues—if they tell us how a Russian countess in winter had water slowly poured over nude young girls in order to provide new statues for her gardens, they also tell us how Joan of Arc inspired the people of France. Love, marriage, and divorce are of course the subjects of many interesting chapters. We read about the singular customs of courtship, marriage, and divorce all over the world. We have interesting accounts of woman in the days of chivalry and romance; among the Moors, Turks, Arabs, Hindoos, Chinese, and Japanese; and of woman in the church, in politics, in war, in industry; or famous as patriots and humanitarians.

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consume great quantities of detective stories, will find the transition to the modern Italians easy and often pleasing. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

### France Before and After the War

Since the great War a number of travel books dealing with the continent have been reissued, with disappointing results. Often we find that despite the announcement that "this book has been revised," very little has been done to the old plates. But *France from Sea to Sea*, by Arthur Stanley Riggs, appears to have had the sort of revision that makes it practically a new book. It is intensely rich in description and information, and the old and the new has been seen by a man with a discerning eye. But the changes of the last ten years have been so tremendous that the author has had to develop wholly new chapters, of which "Chateau Thierry and Beyond" is an excellent example. Thus, for instance, Mr. Riggs tells of the scenes that greet the traveler of today on the roads that lead out of Verdun: Close beside the main road, in the Ravin de la Dame, is the Tranchée des Baionettes, where 170 French soldiers, rifles on their shoulders, bayonets fixed, were buried alive in their trench. The explosion gave them not only sepulture but immortal fame. Nothing could be done by their comrades, in the heat of a Satanic combat, to dig them out. So they suffocated. To this day they stand firmly there, their rifle muzzles and bayonets protruding above the pitiless earth which inhumed them years ago. But an American gift has reared above them a solid concrete shelter or roof, close to the ground, to keep off the corrosion of rain and storm, and one has to stoop low to see that rigid, ragged line of steel which better than anything else gives visible expression to the war cry of Verdun—*Ils ne passeront pas!*—"They shall not pass!" But as in most books on France, the fascinating chapters deal with Provence, the Riviera and the Pyrenees country. (Robt. M. McBride & Co.)

### Amy Lowell's Last Poems

This little book of poetry, *What's O'Clock*, by Amy Lowell, has an unusual interest for the many friends who mourn her passing, for it represents her better, perhaps, than the two-volume *John Keats*. In this book are gathered poems written during the four years that Miss Lowell was engaged on the latter work, and although they appeared in various maga-

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zines, they are richly autobiographical. Moreover, some of them, like the oft-quoted "Lilacs," reflect the settings with which Miss Lowell was most familiar and are more characteristic than her writings after the Chinese manner. The lilac, to Miss Lowell, is "under the soil of New England," and she adds:

> Lilac in me because I am New England.
> Because my roots are in it,
> Because my leaves are of it,
> Because my flowers are for it,
> Because it is my country
> And I speak to it of itself
> And sing to it with my own voice,
> Since certainly it is mine.

In this book is contained, also, "The Sisters," in which Miss Lowell considers the common kinship of women who write poetry —"we're a queer lot," she says:

> Why are we
> Already mother-creatures, double-bearing,
> With matrices in body and in brain?

And after chatting about Sapho and Mrs. Browning and her attitude toward them and their art, Miss Lowell expresses the hope

> that possibly some day
> Some other woman with an itch for writing
> May turn to me as I have turned to you
> And chat with me a brief few minutes

Here we have "To Carl Sandburg"—"a man who lives in a house with a pear-tree before the door"; "East, West, North and South of A Man," the poem that opens the book; "The Vow," "Eleonora Duse," and twenty-four Hokku, and several poems about Keats, as well as other poems already familiar to her readers, each, however, characteristic of her manner and many containing beautiful lines and concepts.

### A Compact Textbook on the One-Act Play

Ever since the Abbey players demonstrated what could be done with the Irish one-act play over a decade ago, countless one-act plays have been written and produced. They have become especially popular because their brevity suited the needs of small theaters, programs, one-idea men and authors who could not get past the third act. The fact that Frank Shay has edited, compiled and published more one-act plays than any living man made me think that he used to read

them during his lunch-hour. As the number of authors of one-act plays increases it is only logical that books on the construction of the one-act play should follow. So we have *Writing the One-Act Play*, written by a competent lecturer on the subject, Harold N. Hildebrand, assistant professor of English at the University of Illinois. This book is very logically arranged, and has the virtue of clearness; the author draws on contemporary plays and characters for his illustrations. It also seems to me that he avoids the hypercritical attitude toward play-making that so often characterizes the scholarly critic, and that many of his suggestions are practical. The best thing one can say for the book is that it won't hurt the budding playwright. It performs another service: it is useful to those who study the one-act play with a view of understanding its problems and technique. Great playwrights, like great novelists, are not made by textbooks. They can learn something from texts, yes, but the best we can ask is that texts give them a hint here and there, without diverting them. The critic, interpreter and teacher invariably build on models and come after the achievement. It is a rare critic who can say: "This is how the great play will be written." The best he can do is to say: "This is how it *was* done."

### Another Book on the Great Victorians

Dickens and Thackeray are invoked so often by writers and lecturers that some of us may be pardoned if we are caught yawning in public, for much of the discussion deals with outworn themes and runs in deep grooves and ruts. Occasionally a man brings fresh comment and presents his discussion in an interesting manner—this is the case with Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, whose lectures at the University of Cambridge have been gathered in a book called *Charles Dickens and Other Victorians*. (Putnam.) Sir Arthur recalls that the young men who sit before him are hearing for the first time much that he has to say, and this knowledge makes him explicit and entertaining; the wit that he culls from everywhere and sprinkles about in his discourse, and which no doubt served to keep the "young gentlemen" awake, performs a similar service for the reader. His style is frankly conversational, and at times glib, but it is never cheap, and while he has the journalist's sense for discovering the rich human nuggets and presenting them entertainingly, he is still the scholar. The high spots in Dickens' technique, the "key-

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secrets" of Thackeray, the relation of these authors to their Victorian age, Disraeli, Mrs. Gaskell, Trollope—these are his subjects. "We shall see Trollope reanimated," writes Sir Arthur, reminding us that "the expensive and artificial vogue of the three-volume-novel did wonders for Trollope in one generation, to kill him for another."

### Manon Lescaut in a New Translation

George Dunning Gribble has written an informing sketch of the Abbé Prévost and his undying story of Manon Lescaut for the new edition of this tale offered in the Broadway translations. It is interesting to learn that the Abbé Prévost wrote from 150 to 200 books, of which only two or three are read nowadays in France, and only one has achieved immortality. Yet that is something, for many an author lives by one book alone. Manon's popularity continues, not only as a story but as an opera, set to music by Massenet and Puccini. Following De Maupassant's suggestion that Manon is "the arch-type, mother of a new line," Mr. Gribble attempts a family tree of the "Manoneides," crediting to the legitimate branch Philine in "Wilhelm Meister," Alfred de Musset's "Bernerette," and the women of Murger's "La Vie de Boheme," and on the illegitimate side "La Dame aux Camelias," Daudet's Sapho, Du Maurier's Trilby and the rest. He might as well have traced Manon's ancestry, for she has always been with us. For our day, the most interesting passages in this memoir deal with the attempts at various times to discredit the Abbé's tale on the grounds of morality. Manon has fortunately survived her times and her detractors; in fact, via the opera, she has become rigidly conventional, as standardized as the Christmas tree. This book is called *The History of Manon Lescaut and the Chevalier des Grieux*, by L'Abbé Prévost. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

### An Admirer of Thomas Boyd

One of the men who is interested in the literary future of Thomas Boyd is Perley C. Perkins of the department of English at Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt. He writes: "For some time I have been much interested in the work of Thomas Boyd. Having lived through the life he describes in *Through the Wheat*, I am fully aware of its remarkably truthful portrayal; he has a power of reproducing sensations which I seldom meet with in my reading. Recently it was my fortunate privilege to meet and talk with Mr. Boyd, but while delightful in every sense of

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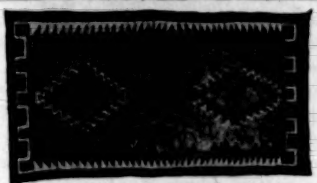

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conversational merit, he was, of course, too modest to tell me much about himself or his work. It seems to me there has been too little from the human interest point of view of the former soldier readers included in the reviews regarding the author of these stirring interpretations of war life." Mr. Perkins is not alone in his admiration of Boyd's ability to write down the War as the men saw it; it is a good thing to know that the member of the English department of a college has this viewpoint, for no doubt it will creep into his classroom work. Two books by Boyd give the portrayal of which Mr. Perkins speaks: *Through the Wheat*, which has been widely read but deserves to be remembered on special reading lists the year around, and *Points of Honor*, a book published last spring, in which the author collected the short stories on war themes that he has been writing the last few years. Many of these are excellent; all show his candor, his direct style, and his capacity for handling emotion vividly, but with restraint. He is, as Mr. Perkins suggests, self-effacing; one does not hear stories about him, but about his books. That is as it should be.

### An Armful of New Books

There is always an interest in books dealing with biblical times. The most recent story of this character is *Zatthu*, by Edmund Hamilton Sears, a tale of ancient Galilee in the days of Christ. The author knows his background and convinces the reader. (Cornhill.) . . . Johanna Spyri's contribution to the happiness of children has been felt far beyond her own country, Switzerland, and every year thousands of American children become acquainted with her books. She died as long ago as 1901, in Zurich, according to a little sketch of her life, *Johanna Spyri's Childhood*, written by Anna Ulrich, an intimate friend. *Heidi* was her first long story and it was instantly successful. "It is said that no German child's Christmas is complete without another book by the author of *Heidi*. She has become an institution." This might almost be said of her popularity in the United States. (Crowell.) . . . *The School Theatre*, by Roy Mitchell, with an introduction by Joseph T. Shipley (Brentano's), seems a practical book for teachers and others who prepare plays for presentation by children. The manner of constructing a theater is discussed, with practical plans, and a list of plays is given. . . . A result of the interest aroused by camps for children is to be seen in the publication of *The Young People's*

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### The Pulitzer Prizes

That there is a widespread interest in the Pulitzer awards is shown by continued inquiries about them. Thus, in the letters received this month, two correspondents ask for information—Miss Mattie Ingalsbe, of Lincoln, Neb., and Miss Charlotte Carpenter, of Oak Bluffs, Mass. The prizes are awarded annually at Columbia University, which appoints the committees that judge the work of the contestants. Presumably our correspondents are interested primarily in those prizes relating to books. The prize for the American novel "which shall best present the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood" is $1,000, and has been awarded in the past to Ernest Poole, Booth Tarkington (twice), Edith Wharton, Willa Cather, Margaret Wilson and Edna Ferber. An award of $2,000 is given for the best book on the history of the United States; $1,000 for the best biography teaching patriotic and unselfish services to the people; $1,000 for an original American play performed in New York; $1,000 for the best book of verse by an American author. There are also awards for excellence in newspaper work. A complete list of awards in the past will be found in the New York *World* Almanac. It is customary to bring to the attention of the committees books deemed worthy of the prize, but further than that the bodies that fix the awards have no contact with the public, it being understood that they will endeavor to seek out all available works.

## *Information About Books*

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# AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

*Literary Editor of the Chicago Daily News*

AN AUTHOR'S good nature rarely gets into books. The more serious he is, the more he feels called upon to analyze and dissect his age. To write just for the fun of it, and for the joy of the reader, seems difficult to attain in these United States. Perhaps that is one reason why A. Edward Newton's new book, *The Greatest Book in the World*, is so welcome. This quiet and unpretending bibliophile, who reads his books and thumbs his prints in his Philadelphia library, sees more fun than folly in the human comedy. He writes like a man who loved books and the world. But let me not confuse him with the professional optimist. He has none of that. He is aware of what the world suffers from, and he is not going to add to it. He is one of the few collectors of beautiful and ancient books who knows what's inside of them, and he writes with understanding of the eighteenth century and its picturesque London. The title of his book refers to the Bible, but he has no sermons to offer. This chapter is rather a story of the many editions of the Bible—the rare and extraordinary books that a collector loves. This disposed of, Mr. Newton is off and away. He rambles through Fleet Street, turns in at Wine Office Court, and visits Dr. Samuel Johnson's old house in Gough Square, where the doctor wrote the dictionary. He plans books for its walls—Sterne, Fielding, Dickens and Dumas—but "not a Russian among them, thank God!" He fits up the powder closet so that it may be stocked with well-filled bottles rather than guns. He describes the dining room, and the joys of a fine roast. Again he crosses the Thames and hunts out the Old Vic, and in this odoriferous atmosphere views Shakespeare played as written, by a company which has made this ancient theater famous for its repertory. In his native Philadelphia Mr. Newton is thoroughly at home, and his strictures on its statues and some of its habits are amusing and proper; thence he takes his reader to Valley Forge, and in a memorable paper describes the building of the Washington Memorial chapel, erected through the efforts of Dr. Burk, the rector, who has given his life to realizing his dream. The old-fashioned music halls of London come in for description, and Mr. Newton, viewing life from a secure middle age and third row center, laments the passing of the older comedians. Mr. Newton is an admirer of Gilbert and Sullivan; he has followed their operas since they were first given in Philadelphia, and has seen some of them many times. Small wonder then that he gloats in reminiscence, telling his son of the good old days, and amusingly characterizing the actors and their roles. The reader may be sure that the "other papers" of Mr. Newton's title are happily chosen; for myself, I can think of no book more fortunately put together to serve as a gift book for the holidays. (Little, Brown & Co.)

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*Corners of Our Country*. The first edition was soon exhausted and more were printed, while in the libraries the copies were continually being worn out by eager readers. Just a few weeks ago Mr. Lummis gave to the world his *Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo*, which started out as a revision of the former work when he first tackled it, but developed into a new and even more fascinating book. For Mr. Lummis has lived very close to his subject and has found so much that holds the investigator spellbound that I value his book as one of the most interesting travel stories of years. It has so many virtues beyond mere travel and exploration—it deals with a part of our country that few of us who live east of the Mississippi River know anything about; it discusses ethnology and archæology that antedate the Spanish explorers. Moreover, it is an accurate guide book. We may go to Egypt now and view the remains of a civilization that has long passed from the face of the earth, but in the American Southwest linger a people who are without doubt the descendants of the Indians who built the pueblo cities along the cliffs of New Mexico and Arizona. There are one million square miles in this territory, and Mr. Lummis has been over all of it. Forty years ago, just out of Harvard, he walked to California, for fun. It is a dangerous pastime—walking to California, for few return. Mr. Lummis made his home in Los Angeles, but the mesa country held him, and again and again he explored the ancient lands. He recounts the legends of the ancient Franciscans and points to the ruins of churches and monasteries that have been unused since 1670; he describes Inscription Rock, on which explorers and travelers have placed their names since 1540 or thereabout—located in a remote corner of western New Mexico, near the Zuni canyon; he describes ancient pueblos, still existing much as their owners left them, and communal houses far up on the sides of cliffs, with their ceremonial rooms, their hearths and granaries. He relates the tale of the enchanted mesa, once inhabited by Indian folk, whose remains he found on the top of the plateau; he explores the petrified forest of Arizona; he describes the remarkable discoveries in "the strangest trap in the world," a lake of asphalt within the limits of Los Angeles, where animals, coming to drink, were mired and gradually sank beneath the pitch—from which science has since removed six hundred and thirty saber-toothed tigers with ten-inch canine teeth, seventeen imperial elephants, seven mastodons, thirty-nine camels, and innumerable other animals now extinct, many whose existence was not even suspected. But this is not solely the record of an old archæologist, exploring among ruins. He has an eye for living things, for human beings and their ways, so that in these chapters we also get glimpses of the Indians of today, their ways of life, their making of pottery, their strange tribal ways and ceremonies. I have given this summary in the hope of communicating to the reader some of my enthusiasm for this book, for I consider it one of the two or three books of the season that will be generally acceptable as gifts. Americans cannot fail to be interested in this story of an American fairyland, and they will thank Mr. Lummis not only for his patriotism but for his ready sympathy with his story and his care to make everything he describes and discusses clear to the reader. *Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo* is a book that has made me want to pack a bag and take immediate passage for the glorious Southwest—and leave book reviewing to hardier souls. (The Century Co.)

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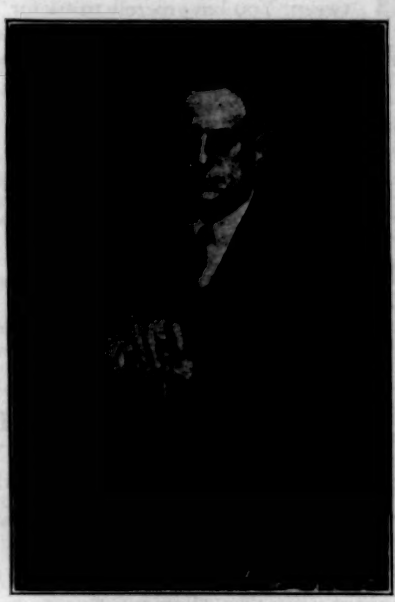
# *Among the New Books*

### A Practical Diplomat Talks Common Sense

Nowhere are words used oftener to conceal thought than in the field of diplomacy, so that most books by statesmen are misleading. But you cannot read more than a few pages of the memoirs of Viscount Grey of Fallodon without becoming impressed with the clarity and conciseness of the style and with the absolute honesty of the man behind it. Here is common sense applied to diplomacy. Here is an absolute lack of hocus-pocus, a revelation of practical statesmanship, a concise account of what took place, and nothing more. Many books on politics that fail to see true are of American origin. Historians in America go through more contortions and deal more in obscurities than those of any other land. Statesmen are the worst. When they try to defeat their opponents by sharp practice they talk idealism and the greatness of the Fathers. When they plan a practical coup they begin pompous orations on amity, international understandings, the cause of western civilization and all that sort of thing. Lord Grey's memoirs are called *Twenty-five Years, 1892–1916*, and cover the period of his official life. They are published in two volumes, with large, readable type and a clear page. They are free from speculation and make no attempt to minimize errors and to cover the writer with glory. The reader gets the impression that the man who writes this book faced his task daily with a clear comprehension of all the issues involved. Thus his passages on how Britain came into the War, the attitude of his government toward the much-discussed Declaration of London, the controversies with the United States and France, the conversations with Colonel House on the subject of a peace without victory, the submarine war and many other topics, become of importance. The reader is impressed with the fact that Lord Grey acknowledges without further ado that the issue was the preservation of Great Britain and the empire and that all means to that end that could be used were used, even to stretching international law a bit. He admits, what every statesman knows but will not admit in public, that a policy pursued by a government in one emergency may be followed by a shift to a position exactly opposite in another emergency—this especially with reference to the controversies with America over contraband. "In the Civil War, England did so and so," cries the captious critic. "Perhaps so," replies the statesman, "but circumstances alter policies." Lord Grey is terse and to the point. Take this, for example:



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"What was directly due in some measure at any rate to my presence in the foreign office was:

"1. That the government and the country were not divided, as they would have been divided, if an aggressive or pronounced anti-German policy had been adopted and pursued, and

"2. That close touch with France and Russia, especially with France, was preserved for nine years, as it would not have been, unless there had been someone at the foreign office with a constant resolve and care to keep it; and so war was at least deferred till we were better placed to bear it.

"Our coming into the War at once, and united, was due to the invasion of Belgium. That was done by the Germans.

"The fact that when we intervened we could do so with any timely effect was due to our having an expeditionary force ready and equipped to go abroad at a moment's notice. This was due to Haldane."

On the subject of the Declaration of London, Lord Grey writes: "Whether, if

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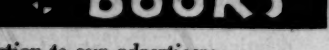


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the declaration had been ratified and observed as a whole by the belligerents the balance of advantage and disadvantage would have been in our favor or not is a question. If it had prevented the submarine war on merchant vessels it would have saved us from our greatest peril in the War. To this it may be replied that, but for the German submarine war on merchant vessels, the United States would not have come in on the side of the allies." Again, he says: "The object of diplomacy was to secure the maximum of blockade that could be enforced without a rupture with the United States." He saw that the cardinal mistake would be anything that brought on a breach with the United States which might interfere with the blockade or lead to an embargo on munitions. Germany made this fatal mistake. With the secret treaties in mind he agrees that in time of peace secret treaties are wrong and detestable, but in a great war a nation is driven to them in self-defense. An important chapter deals with the mission of Col. E. M. House in 1916, when the latter declared to Lord Grey that President Wilson was ready to propose a conference to end the war. "Colonel House expressed the opinion that if such a conference met, it would secure peace on terms not unfavorable to the allies, and if it failed to secure peace, the United States would leave the conference as a belligerent on the side of the allies, if Germany were unreasonable." This statement occurs in a memorandum of the negotiations which was read and approved by President Wilson. It is unnecessary to point out further the importance, to recent history, of this memoir by Lord Grey. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

F. BRITTEN AUSTIN
English short story writer, whose *Thirteen* has just been published

### A Reprinting of Sainte-Beuve's Best Essays

A number of important books have been reprinted within the last few weeks, thus pointing to a healthy interest among readers in books of another day. "Out of print" is one of the tragic phrases of the world of books. It is often unjust to author and reader. Yet under modern conditions a publisher cannot afford to print several thousand copies of a book when the demand does not exceed a few hundred. The tragedy consists in the fact that many who might buy the book never leave their order, or, for want of a copy to examine, never think of doing so. There must have been a great many inquiries for *The History of the Standard Oil Company*, by Ida M. Tarbell, in the last decade. It has now been reprinted by the Macmillan Company, and a third volume, bringing the story down to this day, is promised by Miss Tarbell for early publication. Books that I have welcomed in their present form are collections of essays by Sainte-Beuve, grouped together as *Portraits of the Seventeenth Century* and *Portraits of the Eighteenth Century*. These volumes were first issued in 1904 and 1905 by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and are now reprinted. They present the essays in a very readable form. They have been taken from the tremendous literary output of Sainte-Beuve and are given in the translation by Katharine P. Wormeley. Originally they appeared in the *Causeries du Lundi*, *Portraits de Femmes* and *Portraits Littéraires*. As few persons nowadays read more than half a dozen essays by Sainte-Beuve, these collections are highly recommended. They fit into our new interest in historical figures. They are also a proof of the versatility and the depth of the ancient journalists—if one may term Sainte-Beuve an ancient. Through a long series of years he wrote essays even in quality, with a regularity often achieved by writers of mediocre talents, but rare in a man of his scope. But such work is possible only in a society that changes little; where men, beginning a career at twenty, pursue it all their lives, and often occupy the same

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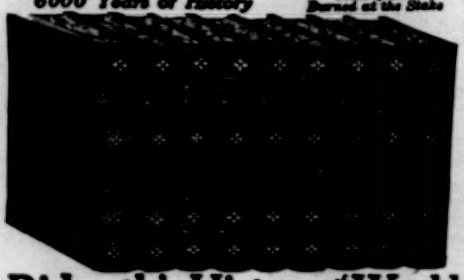

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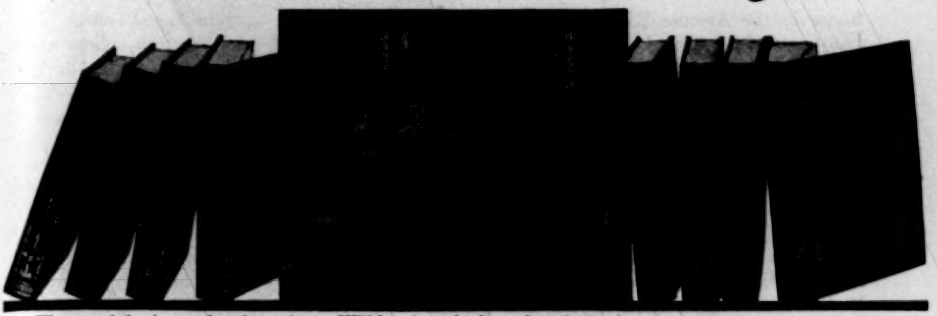
chair—we would say, in America, the same desk—through a generation. It would be folly for me to describe the work of an author whose position is so secure as that of Sainte-Beuve, but I may well try to win readers for this edition. They will thank me for it. The *Portraits of the Seventeenth Century* contains papers on Cardinal de Richelieu, Mazarin, Rochefoucauld, de Retz, Ninon de l'Enclos, Louis XIV, de la Valliere, Corneille, Mme. de Sévigné, Pascal, Bousset, Boileau, Racine, Fénelon and others; the *Portraits of the Eighteenth Century* includes essays on Mme. de Staël, Le Sage, Montesquieu, Adrienne Le Couvreur, Voltaire, Franklin, Louis XV, Prevost, Mme. Necker, Diderot, Rousseau, Buffon, Frederick the Great, Beaumarchais, Marie Antoinette, and others. George Brandes says of Sainte-Beuve: "The peculiar quality of his mind was its capacity of understanding and interpreting an extraordinary number of other minds. His freedom from all inclination to systematize kept him fresh to the last. His eye was formed to see details, characteristic, important details, but no whole. With his pen he gave his pictures a more exact resemblance to life than had ever been seen before."

### Who Was "Madame" of Brousson's Book?

A letter comes to me from Arno L. Badu, 408 Myrtle Street, Grand Rapids, Mich., which repeats a question that has been asked often in my hearing. He writes: "I am wondering if you would tell who is the "Madame" of Brousson's book on Anatole France. She does not seem to be France's wife, as one reviewer I have met with supposes, yet she holds a tremendous amount of influence over him." Anyone who has read *Anatole France Himself* has been impressed with the picturesqueness of the France menage. But to explain in detail the relationship I have had to consult Mr. Burton Rascoe, of New York City, who knows more about the life of Anatole France than anyone I have met. Mr. Rascoe tells me that the Madame of the book is Mme. de Caillavet, a brilliant and clever woman who had been snubbed by Parisian society because of her Jewish blood. She thereupon determined to start a salon and picked out young Anatole —not so very young but just rising to fame —to lead her list of lions. "She coached him," writes Mr. Rascoe, "and began to invite people like the Comtesse de Noailles, Jules Lemaitre, Pierre Loti, Paul Bourget, etc. France lived on the top floor of her

# A Glass of Wine with the Borgias



The youth hesitates, hand on glass. Will he obey the imperious look of command in the eyes of the beautiful Lucrezia—the magnet that has drawn him to this supper in the pontifical apartment? Will he yield to the ingratiating advances of Cæsar Borgia and partake of the proffered cup? Or will he be warned before it is too late by the sinister glance shot from the cruel eyes of the old Pontiff as he coldly calculates the destruction of the young gallant?

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house in the Avenue Kleber. When company came he put on his hat and top coat, sneaked down the back way and then entered at the front, to avoid scandal. She kept him at work, took commissions for him from publishers, helped him to win the Academy. In Leon Pierre-Quint's new biography of Marcel Proust there is a reference to her salon, which Proust used to frequent. It was there that France met Proust and there, probably, Proust asked France to write a preface to his first book. It turns out that France never read the book, in fact, never could make out what Proust was trying to say; probably Mme. de Caillavet wrote the preface and France polished it up and signed it, for this was his habit. In his seventies France went to South America to lecture, and on the boat fell in love with an Argentinian actress. Brousson, who accompanied him on the trip, gave the affair away in a letter to Mme. de Caillavet; there was much trouble when France reached home, and Brousson was dismissed. Mme. de Caillavet died soon after, not of a broken heart, but of pneumonia. M. de Caillavet was a member of the same household." Anatole France was twice married. The first wife won a divorce by civil decree; later France married his housekeeper. This may help explain some of Brousson's references in his fascinating book.

### *Six Books Recommended as Gifts for the Holidays*

THE GREATEST BOOK IN THE WORLD AND OTHER PAPERS. By A. Edward Newton. *Little, Brown & Co.*

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, 1892-1916. By Viscount Grey of Fallodon. *Frederick A. Stokes & Co.*

MESA, CAÑON AND PUEBLO. By Charles F. Lummis. *The Century Co.*

SONGS FOR YOUTH. By Rudyard Kipling. *Doubleday, Page & Co.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By William E. Barton. *Bobbs Merrill Co.*

MY AFRICAN NEIGHBORS. By Hans Coudenhove. *Little, Brown & Co.*

#### Miss Willa Cather's *The Professor's House*

Miss Willa Cather's new novel, *The Professor's House*, has a stronger appeal to women than any book she has ever written; moreover it is an example of the technical excellence that an author can acquire by careful, painstaking work. It deals with the reflections of a middle-aged college professor in a small Mid-Western college at a time when a turn for the better in his material affairs unsettles his family. The interest of the reader is concentrated on the professor and his response to the tasks life has laid upon him, but there are several other figures that are drawn with much care and truth, and an important character, Tom Outland, a former student at the college who was engaged to marry Rosamond, the professor's daughter, is dead when the book opens. Tom discovered a gas which brought large returns after he had died in France; as Tom had willed the proceeds to Rosamond, the professor's family becomes the beneficiary. Rosamond has married Louie Marsellus, who is more worldly than subtle, and generous in his own, crude way, especially anxious to do honor to the memory of Outland. The professor gains a kind of second youth from Outland, and the lad's story of his discoveries in the mesa lands of Arizona helps the professor through a fit of despondency due to his shifting forces. This tale is to my mind the high light of the book, forgetting for the moment the splendid psychological study of the professor. Tom is unselfishly interested in remarkable pottery discoveries in an ancient cliff dwelling and tries to interest the United States government at Washington. But all his dreams are spoiled. The government proves to be a bureaucracy which cares more for red tape than discoveries. Tom's partner sells all the collections, and the lad's great adventure ends in failure. The episode is excellently done; the writing is faultless. The story of the cliff dwellers is a favorite one with Miss Cather; we have met it before in *The Song*

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*of the Lark*. The reader sees everything vividly, and long after he has read the book his mind's eye recalls the adobe houses high up on the side of the cliff, the grain towers and the glorious coloring of the Southwest. Miss Cather's skill in portraiture extends also to the secondary characters, and Augusta, the sewing woman, is an example of her attention to minor detail. The professor is a very vivid personality. The reader lives with him, knows him intimately at the close of the book. *The Professor's House* belongs with *My Antonia* and *The Lost Lady*, the three really important books of Miss Cather's career. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

### Sherwood Anderson and the Negro Motif

Sherwood Anderson's last book was autobiography, *A Story Teller's Story*, and it won wide approbation. That is to say, it was a self-confessed biography. There is a suspicion that Mr. Anderson draws rather heavily on the sum total of his own experiences when he writes a book; more, perhaps, than many another writer. No doubt *Dark Laughter*, the new novel, is a product of his break with Chicago and his capitulation to the seductive atmosphere of New Orleans. Certain it is that the robust animalism, the love of life of the negroes of the South, impressed him and gave him a theme. If not a theme, at least a background, a sort of chorus that sings in these pages after the principal characters have spoken their lines. There is nothing sinister about these negroes of Mr. Anderson's—or, as he calls them, these "niggers." They are lazy, shiftless, happy, certain of a few fundamental facts in life, quick and careless in their loving. The perplexed whites, trying to satisfy a few basic instincts, are poor creatures when contrasted with this primitive, self-assured race. These "niggers" are not bothered with the inhibitions and customs that white men have laid upon one another. When a white woman wants another man than her husband for a lover, and begins maneuvers in which deceit and hypocrisy play their part, the "niggers" laugh knowingly, smile with amusement; they are aware of the game, in their primitive fashion, and it affords them pleasure. The story is done in Mr. Anderson's later manner, which became most marked in *Many Marriages*. On the whole, he deals with simple people; he has no pretence, no apology, for the stratum he works with; the characters are small-town people, for the most part men who work in factories, but their problems are not very different from those of the lords of the manor. Three characters alone need be taken into consideration: Bruce Dudley, with whose groping and mental and physical experiences in love we are most concerned, Aline Grey, the woman who "calls" to him, and Fred Grey, her husband, necessary only because he is the husband. Bruce leaves one woman because outside of writing stories she is not interested in life. What goes on in the mind of Bruce Dudley is very typical of what went on in the mind of John Webster, of *Many Marriages*. The evocation of the negro background, however, is very effective and Mr. Anderson is one of the first to use it as it actually appears in American life. (Boni & Liveright.)

### Stories from an East Indian Classic

The very age of the stories gathered in *The Panchatantra* entitles it to respect, for it is said to have been written anywhere from 600 B. C. to 200 B. C. Moreover it has been locked up in Sanskrit, so that very little of it has reached these Western shores. A selection of stories from this East Indian saga recently translated by Stanley Rice did not especially stir my interest; the tales seemed weak and trifling when compared with the Arabian Nights. But now the whole of *The Panchatantra* has been translated, and in a style that makes it a living book. Dr. Arthur W. Ryder, the translator of the first complete edition in English, evidently believes that the tongue we speak in daily intercourse is meant to be used, and that there is no reason why tales from the Sanskrit should be dull and formal. If his translation is true to the Sanskrit original, then I hope that he will tackle all the famous sagas of the East and give us the actuality. Moreover he has translated verse as verse, and produced a sort of Gilbertian lyric which makes reading a delight. Without a doubt the old story-tellers of India knew how to hold their audiences; moreover they knew how to live wisely. *The Panchatantra* is the textbook of *niti*, which means "the wise conduct of life." "First of all," says the author, "*niti* presupposes that one has considered, and rejected, the possibility of living as a saint. It can be practiced only by a social being and represents an admirable attempt to answer the insistent question how to win the utmost possible joy from life in the world of men. Granted security and freedom from degrading worry, then joy

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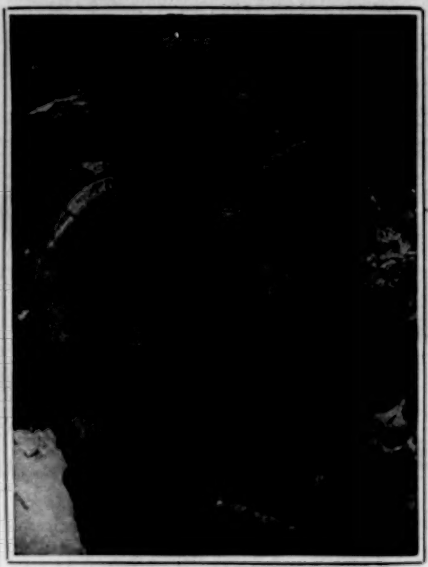

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results from three occupations—from resolute yet circumspect use of the active powers; from intercourse with like-minded friends; and, above all, from worthy exercise of the intelligence." The stories, which are written after the freedom of the East and not always likely to please Puritans, often drive home their point with a verse:

> The man has constant vigor? Dares
> On others' backs to mount?
> Speaks in a self-sufficient tone?
> He has a bank account.

We may wonder just what the Indian equivalent for "bank account" was 200 B. C., but we cannot doubt that money was powerful even then, for we read:

> A fangless snake; an elephant
> Without an ichor-store;
> A man who lacks a cash account—
> Are names and nothing more.

On the subject of women:

> Only while he does not hear
> Woman's whisper in his ear,
> May a man a leader be,
> Keeping due humility.

And in another place the proverb has it:

> All advice you may discard
> From a barber, child or bard,
> Monk or hermit or musician,
> Or a man of base condition.

There is not space here to repeat any of the tales. Dr. Ryder has made a most readable and lively book out of what might have been transformed into a very dull one. The stories are "the most widely known in the world" because in many different guises they have passed into the folklore of numerous nations. (The University of Chicago Press.)

### A Guide to Contemporary Literature

The book called *American and British Literature Since 1890* has a pretentious title, one that might cover a number of volumes, but turns out to be a compact and very useful book of 300 odd pages. It comes from the pens of Carl van Doren, literary editor of the Century Magazine, and Mark van Doren, literary editor of the Nation. Many of the readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE who are preparing papers for programs and who desire to get an idea of the place of various authors in the American scene will find it desirable to own this book. The book is primarily a manual, and as it takes up

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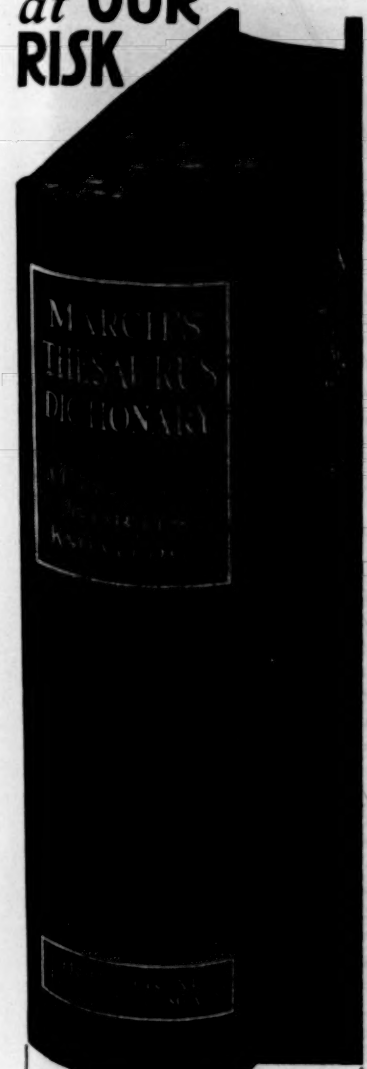


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### The Doctor and His Methods

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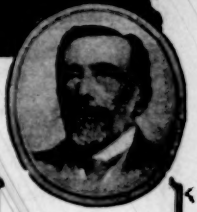

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### An Ohio Farmer in the Civil War

Thomas Boyd's new novel, *Samuel Drummond*, is here; it is a very able presentation of a quiet, and to some extent somber theme. One reads between the lines that the author of *Through the Wheat* has determined to make the most of his gifts, even if he must sacrifice temporary popularity, and that he has industry and patience. I cannot think of this story of farm life in Civil War times as containing the elements of popularity, as we see it on every side; on the other hand, it has in it the distinguishing marks of a first-rate novelist. *Samuel Drummond* is much better planned and developed than *The Dark Cloud*, and if it does not equal *Through the Wheat* it is at least worthy to stand beside it. The days that *Samuel Drummond* depicts are likely to be overlooked by the American novelist. The Civil War has been used in highly dramatic fashion again and again, but novelists have made no attempt to study economic and social conditions in the farmlands of Ohio a decade or two before the conflict. Help was scarce, and most farmers joined hands to reap a crop; likewise, the farmer who had reared a family of boys was sure to fill his barns, whereas the father of girls was out of luck. Mr. Boyd has been impressed with this background; moreover he sees the changing conditions the basis for tragedy. Samuel Drummond marries and settles on a 240-acre tract near Toledo, O.; his wife begets four girls, and he goes to war. After the war he is confronted by a run-down farm, and among other calamities is compelled to mortgage it in order to buy farming machinery. Not all his troubles come from the war; nature lends a hand; his father

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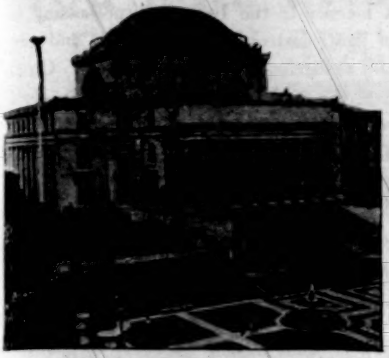
dies; his eldest daughter elopes; eventually Samuel has to move to town, a failure as a farmer, and he and his wife console themselves by recalling their love for each other. Not a highly colored tale, but an honest one, and indicative of the care with which American writers are building their backgrounds. The story is written with an economy of words that recalls *Through the Wheat.* (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

### A Book About Famous Bridges

Romance, legend, song and story hover about old bridges. This has been taken into account in the preparation of *The Children's Book of Celebrated Bridges,* by Lorinda M. Bryant. (Century.) Some of the bridges are old, some modern—and all the world is represented, from the bridge of Avignon, where the children have danced since the Middle Ages, to the bridge at Hell Gate. Tower Bridge of London, Ponte Vecchio of Florence, the Bridge of Sighs and Poughkeepsie Bridge, New York, and the rude bridge that arched the flood at Concord—the reproductions are from photographs and with each goes some description of the bridge and its history. A book twice this size could be made about wonderful bridges, and one is compelled to admit sadly that the most beautiful structures stand in other lands than ours. Here the utilitarian steel bridge has served a fine purpose, but beauty has not always been considered.

### An Epic of the Frontier

John G. Neihardt has just published the third part of his epic cycle of the West, upon which he has been engaged for eleven years. It is called *The Song of the Indian Wars,* and follows *The Song of Three Friends* and *The Song of Hugh Glass* in developing the tale of the settlement of the plains. *The Song of the Indian Wars* begins with the great surge westward of men after the Civil War, when "many a hearth of home had gotten strange to eyes that knew sky-painting flares of war," and continuing through the great Indian upheavals, with the battle on the Little Horn as the climax of the tale. The story is brought down to 1890, when the resistance of the Indians to the white invasion definitely ended. To put this story into a narrative poem Mr. Neihardt consulted all the available data, reports and documents, and also all survivors of note. Discounting many of the frontier stories of Indians provoking the fighting, he pictures the onward sweep of the whites as



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a menace to the Indian, dispossessing him of land, destroying his villages and crops and rendering his family homeless. On this note the book ends. Crazy Horse, dying, voices the plaint of the Indian:

"That country was my own,
I only wanted to be let alone.
I did not want to see my people die.
They say I murdered Long Hair and they lie.
His soldiers came to kill us and they died."

Mr. Neihardt writes in a fine, dignified manner, thus linking the story of the West with the few epic narratives of American literature. Consequently here is no attempt to reproduce the flavor of the West in its own particular language or to deal with these events in the riotous spirit of the troopers, plainsmen, and cow punchers. The historical importance of his work cannot be overestimated. He gives the schools especially a noble poem, well organized, well balanced, conveying much of the temper of both white man and Indian. Mr. Neihardt is giving twenty years to his cycle, and the result justifies his patience and careful craftsmanship. (The Macmillan Company.)

### An Indian Agent Speaks Up

Leo Crane was an Indian agent among the Hopi tribe for eight years. He was also associated with the Indian Bureau in Washington, D. C. Consequently he has a great deal to say both about the Indians and the government in his new book, *Indians of the Enchanted Desert.* It is a well-made volume, substantial and fascinating. It speaks out about bureaucracy, political meddling and Indian stupidity. It is to be expected, then, that Mr. Crane will draw fire from some quarter. One gets the idea that life as an Indian agent is not easy. Washington either did not understand what its agents were about, or else muddled things up badly.

When Mr. Crane first visited Keams canyon he had the popular idea that a desert Indian has almost supernatural powers not possessed by the white man.

"An excellent thing," he writes, while sit-

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*F. Cutlerbuck.*

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ting back in a buggy, confident that his Indian driver would know the impossible road, and see it in the inky darkness as well, "to have an eagle eye. . . . Suddenly the world tipped and heaved. There was a moment of crashing confusion and complete chaos. The lines and my Indian driver and I were all on the floor of the buggy together. . . . Jehu had driven over a six-foot bank into an arroyo. Fortunately the team had taken it straight over, without swerving and, fortunately, too, those arroyo banks are of crumbling sand. We scrambled out to catch the heads of the horses.

"'What the blanketty blank did you do that for?' I cried at the dazed Indian, who, like myself, was very much numbed and scared. 'Where were your eyes? Couldn't you see the crossing to the left?'

"'Didn't you see it?' he mumbled.

"'I can't see in the dark—never pretended to; but you—you're an Indian, and—'

"'Indian eyes no different from white man's!' he announced in his defense. . . . 'I can't see in the dark either.'"

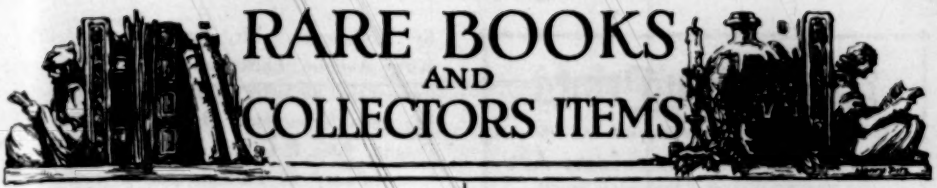
Of attempts at organization of courts of justice, presided over by native judges, Mr. Crane speaks plainly, saying that in all his Indian experience he has known only one native capable of being a judge; admits that he as agent had autocratically to administer justice, and quotes Col. Kit Carson on civil Indian service: "It has seldom been firm; it has been most confused and unjust; it has rarely been consistent, and it is always changing." (Little, Brown & Co.)

## Information About Books

*You can obtain from all publishers complete information regarding their books and authors. If there are any additional questions you might desire to ask, feel perfectly free to write to Mr. Harry Hansen, care of* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *49 East 33rd Street, New York.*

### In Answer to Inquiries

A general reply will be of service to four or five correspondents who write asking discounts on books. This department will attempt to give information about books, but does not deal in them. Whenever possible consult your local bookseller first; if he cannot obtain the book for you, write the publisher direct. I believe librarians receive special discounts, but the practice varies with publishers and arrangements have to be made separately. In many cases replies to inquiries have been made by mail; the writer asks the indulgence of his correspondents when the reply is not immediately forthcoming. Sometimes it has been necessary to consult an author who lives abroad. Mrs. E. C. Dickinson, 58 Campus Drive, Morgantown, West Va., is advised that Thomas R. Marshall's memoirs have been announced by the Houghton Mifflin Co., and should be issued soon. Mr. Arno L. Badu, of Grand Rapids, Mich., will find the books of Anatole France at most bookstores: *The Opinions of Anatole France*, by Paul Gsell, was published by Alfred A. Knopf in 1922 at $2.50; *Anatole France, the Man and his Work*, by J. L. May, was published by Dodd, Mead & Co. at $3. J. Edward Coyle, 4531 So. Tonti St., New Orleans, La., is informed that one other book by H. H. Richardson has been published here: *The Getting of Wisdom*, by Duffield & Co., some years ago at $1.50. As to his question "what other authors compare with Richardson?" that is something that stumps me. Richardson's *Maurice Guest* is a forerunner and stands quite alone but I have no further familiarity with this author's work. Helen J. Rogers, 2412 Durant Avenue, Berkeley, Cal., is advised that *Bashful Ballads*, by Burges Johnson, is out of print; therefore copies may be had from second-hand bookstores. I should advise writing some well-known dealer in second-hand books, or asking your bookseller to advertise for it. The same procedure is recommended to Mrs. Arthur R. Tones, 611 Fifteenth Street, Augusta, Ga., who asks for a copy of *Ukridge*,

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by Wodehouse. Mr. Joseph F. Ky, 133 Kirby Avenue, Lackawanna, N. Y., is informed that his letter to Ladislas S. Reymont has been forwarded; Reymont is still in Poland. Mrs. L. G. Jackson, of the Birmingham Library of Fiction, Farley building, Birmingham, Ala., is advised that the lists and prices she asks for may be found in the American News Trade Journal, and a subscription to this periodical is recommended. (131 Varick St., New York City.) Mr. Junius M. Martin, Vista Cottage, Salem, Ia., is advised that Edith Brush Perkins' *White Heart of Mohave* is published by the Century Co. at $4 and recommended. We endeavor, in this department, to present information about new, reliable and interesting travel books as they appear. He will be especially interested in the review in this number of Lummis' *Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo*. We do not sell books through this department, and with reference to *The Sexual Life*, by Malchow, we advise Mr. Martin to write the American Library Service, New York City. Answering a number of general inquiries: Good books, both fiction and biography, are constantly being described from month to month in this department. By watching this section Miss Madeleine L. Hoisington, 75 Union Street, Windsor, Vt., will find, I believe, all the reading she has time for. Also if she will write any one of the publishers named in this section he will be glad to supply circulars and more detailed data. This is also recommended to Miss Gladys Bassett, Wilson, Ark. There have been several inquiries for the "autobiography" of Selma Lagerlof. Mrs. J. G. French, 76 Oak Street, Gloversville, N. Y., writes on behalf of her book club. She will find *Marbacka* in most bookstores; or from the publisher, Doubleday, Page & Co., at $2. It was published in 1922. E. Spindler, the Blackiston organizations, Canton, O., is informed that *The Fool*, by Channing Pollock, was published in 1923 in book form by Brentano's at $1.50.

# IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

## Too Much for Your Money

By PAUL TOMLINSON

A MAN with money for investment is entitled to expect it to earn him a fair rate of return. The size of this rate is fixed by economic conditions over which the individual has no control, but during a period of years it will probably average somewhere between five and six per cent. Investors who wish to play as safe as possible will content themselves with a yield lower than the average, feeling that the safety of their investments is compensation for the low yield. People who wish to get a higher than average return must assume risks, and they, of course, feel that the high yield is compensation for lack of safety.

MONEY that earns an income is very like an individual working for wages or a salary. Put a man in a position which is his for life, which does not entail great responsibility, and his earnings will not be high; but if a man's work is a menace to his life and limb he must be paid a higher than average rate of wages, or he will not consent to undertake the work in hand. A civil service employee of the government might be an example of the first class of persons, and a deep-sea diver of the second.

FREQUENTLY one hears it said of people engaged in certain perilous undertakings: "They all get it sooner or later." The man who tries to get too much for his money,—in other words, the speculator,—also "gets it" sooner or later. Statisticians have figured it out that the average life of the speculative margin account in Wall Street is about three years. This is another way of saying that the man who goes in to beat the market, and make some easy money, finds that at the end of three years his capital is gone, that he has lost the money he started with.

AND why not? Practically none of the people who indulge in this expensive pastime of speculation know anything about it, and certainly it is no game for the novice. Further, most of the people speculating are relying upon tips, rumors, and "hunches," which in turn are usually based upon nothing more tangible than other tips, rumors, and hunches. It's a curious commentary on human nature that people will scrimp, and save and deny themselves, and then risk the fruits of their thrift in some wild speculation and lose in a few days or weeks the money they have labored for years to accumulate.

THE writer of this article recently received a copy of a circular letter and the first sentence was the question, "You want to make money, don't you?" The answer is obvious, and the second sentence of the letter stated, "Well, you can make money, and plenty of it, if you know how." A perfectly true statement

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of fact; and the letter went on to tell about three stocks, one selling for less than five dollars a share, "that looks good for $20 within 90 days;" another selling "around $55 that should prove a skyrocket within a short time;" in the case of the third, "indications point to a careful grooming for a startling rise in price." No promises are made, and no definite statements are made, but the implication is clear that if you subscribe to the financial service which the letter is trying to sell, you can make money and plenty of it, because you will know how. Perhaps you will know how, but we have a sneaking feeling that the process of learning would cost considerably more than the yearly subscription price of the financial service offered.

YEARS ago in law school one of the professors used to tell a story of two men who went into partnership. One put in money, and the other experience. At the end of three years their positions were reversed, for the man who contributed experience had the money, and the man who put in the money had nothing but experience. So it usually is with stock speculations; the speculator gets experience right enough, but that is about all he has to show for his money, and valuable as the experience may be, the exchange is seldom a profitable one.

CONSIDER, too, that no one is obliged to speculate. The man who buys stock with the sole idea of making a profit, and who incurs a loss instead, has nobody but himself to blame. This idea does not mean that he does not frequently blame Wall Street, so called, but if he is honest with himself he knows the fault is his, and his alone. A stock and bond exchange is essential to our business life, and if some one abuses the facilities offered it is poor sportsmanship, to say the least, to attack it for what you have brought upon yourself.

SUPPOSE you need a new suit of clothes. You have had some experience in buying clothes and you know approximately what a good suit costs. You are not an expert in textiles, however, and to a certain extent you have to trust to your tailor to furnish you cloth that will wear and give good ser-

vice. You very probably would hesitate before you bought clothes from some merchant entirely unknown to you, even though he offered you materials which so far as appearances go were just as good as the other man's, and even though the price were considerably lower. You know that in the matter of clothes it is sound practice to deal with a man you can trust, and that when you depart from this practice you immediately lay yourself open to risks which vitiate the value of any apparent saving.

WHY not have the same point of view in regard to investments? An investment banker is a merchant no less than a tailor, and just as the tailor's stock in trade is clothes, so the banker's stock in trade is stocks and bonds. This point has been so well brought out by the secretary of the Investment Bankers Association of America that we take the liberty of quoting some recent remarks of his on the subject:

"IN making safe investments the situation is exactly parallel to buying a can of sewing machine oil, or automobile lubricants, a bucket of paint, or a virgin wool sweater. You do not assume the difficult, technical work of the oil chemist when you investigate sewing machine oil, or automobile lubricants, and analyze the oil. You do not try to perform the work of a paint chemist when you buy paint. You do not endeavor to become a textile expert, qualified to tell worked-over wool from virgin wool when you buy a sweater.

"OF course not. It is impossible in this highly specialized age for one man or woman to be an expert in the several hundred highly specialized trades, callings, and professions intimately involved with every hour of existence. You go to an established, reputable dealer to buy oil or paint. You go to an honest, capable merchant to buy good clothes, free from shoddy and dishonest substitutes. You go to an honest, capable doctor or lawyer for their services, because you cannot be an oil chemist, a paint chemist, a textile expert, a doctor and a lawyer. You must depend on honest specialists.


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"TO make safe investments of the smallest to the largest sums, likewise, the services of a specialist are required. It is the investment banker's business to supply that service. He can advise dependably what investments to buy, whether it shall be life insurance, a savings account, a home, good bonds, or possibly other real estate, which is speculative, or common or preferred stocks in well-managed companies of good earning records."

BOILED down, it might be fair to say that the gist of this quotation is to buy securities only from people you know and trust. If this advice were followed, the problem of fake securities would almost automatically solve itself. Eighty per cent of worthless investments are sold direct by mail, and it is obviously impossible for the recipients of this flood of circulars, circular letters, and prospectuses to know much if anything about the senders. Similarly the salesman who solicits orders for fake securities must be unknown to the people he interviews and who buy from him. If he were known to them he would have practically no chance of making a sale, and it is in very rare instances indeed that such a salesman, having secured a string of victims in a given city or locality, ever has the temerity to visit that region again.

IF you deal, therefore, with a man or a firm you know and trust, there is slight chance of your ever buying fake securities. If the man or firm you deal with know their business you have greatly reduced the chances of your becoming the owner of undesirable securities. And if a banker suggests investments for your consideration that to your mind do not yield as much as you think they might, do not try too hard to make him change his recommendation. He knows what rate of income is fair and consistent with safety, and he appreciates the danger of trying to get too much for your money. He is looking out for your interests, and he has also a selfish motive of his own, for if you insist upon buying a bond from him which yields considerably more than the current rate, or if you purchase a speculative stock, and these investments turn

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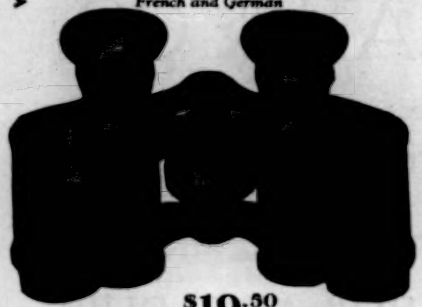

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out badly, you may be the one who loses money, but he and his firm suffer a loss of reputation.

THIS matter of a firm's reputation is a most important one; it is the most precious possession an investment house can have, and the better the reputation is the more jealously it will be guarded. If an investor, therefore, will first make certain that the investment house he deals with enjoys high standing and a good reputation he can proceed to the transaction of his business with a feeling of confidence that his interests are pretty certain to be protected and looked out for to the fullest extent. He can remember, further, that the firm's reputation is built upon a foundation of honest dealing and sound advice, and that it never would have acquired and kept such a reputation unless its policy in this respect had been consistent. And the probabilities are that the investment house with the best reputation can give the best advice, advice which the investor should remember is infinitely more valuable than any opinion about investments that he himself can have.

THE investor also should remember that no good business can pay more than current rates of interest. No good business has to. The minute an investment begins to yield more than its fellows, the time has come to view it with suspicion. True, many people think that because it does yield more it is a bargain, but if they will stop to think for a moment they will very quickly appreciate that a higher yield means a lower price, and if the price is "out of line" with other investments there must be an explanation, which is not necessarily favorable. Bear in mind the fact that investments are nothing more or less than commodities, and their selling price is fixed by the law of supply and demand, based largely upon intrinsic value. A five per cent bond selling at fifty is on the face of it worth just half as much as a five per cent bond quoted at par. On the other hand, the fact that one bond sells for twice as much as the other is pretty good evidence that investors consider it is worth twice as much.

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IMPROVE the appearance of *your* bathroom. Start with the toilet seat. Old-style painted or sprayed wooden seats absorb moisture, hold odors, crack and stain. They become a detriment to your home—*unhealthy*.

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# *Your Investment Problems*

HARPER'S MAGAZINE takes special interest in presenting to its readers the advertisements of reputable investment bankers and in securing as wide a variety of sound investment offerings as possible.

Announcements of our financial advertisers are commended to the thoughtful attention of our readers. They form a directory of an important service. Readers are asked to study them and to use them to such an extent as they can. The Houses are carefully selected and we believe that we are justified in recommending them to our readers.

A list of informative booklets issued by these investment houses is given below. These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed.

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CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT BANKER: A worthwhile booklet for investors, giving them an idea of what to expect in the way of service from their investment banker. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

COMMON SENSE IN INVESTING MONEY: A booklet setting forth the qualities in real estate mortgage bonds which commend them to investors. Offered by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.

FOR BUYERS OF BONDS: An interesting and helpful booklet which will be appreciated by investors. Offered by the National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City.

INSURED MORTGAGE BONDS: A booklet describing issues of real estate bonds which offer to investors the unique advantage of insurance as to payment of both principal and interest by an independent guaranteeing corporation. Offered by Stein Bros. & Boyce, 6 So. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.

INVESTMENT ASSURANCE: A booklet describing United First Mortgage Bonds, and investment opportunities in Detroit, Mich. Offered by the United States Mortgage Bond Co., Ltd., 320 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

PUBLIC UTILITY SECURITIES AS INVESTMENTS: A booklet of interest to investors who wish to know more about the public utility investment field. Offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 71 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

WHY THE SOUTH OFFERS INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITIES: An interesting discussion of economic and business factors in the South from an investment point of view. Offered by G. L. Miller & Co., Inc., 30 East 42nd St., New York City.

FIFTY-TWO YEARS OF PROVEN SAFETY: An unusual booklet giving the principles of investment which have made possible a perfect record of safety. Offered by The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

HOW TO SELECT SAFE BONDS: A booklet describing the various steps in the purchase of sound securities. Offered by George M. Forman & Co., 105 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

THERE is an old saying that only the rich can be truly economical. In other words, people with money can afford to buy the best, and in the long run the best is always the cheapest. So far as investments are concerned, however, we are inclined to think that conditions are reversed. The man with money can take chances that the little fellow cannot even consider, for with little to lose he has none to risk. It is trying to make a small capital yield a big return, or trying to make a small capital grow quickly into a large sum that causes the downfall of many a small investor. They try to get too much for their money. No one expects a one-ton truck to carry a ten-ton load, and everybody knows what would happen to the truck if ten times the burden it was constructed to carry were imposed upon it. And yet many people who would not expect too much of a truck will ask a good deal more than they have a right to ask of a dollar.

IT is a fact, not generally recognized apparently, that most substantial fortunes have been accumulated slowly, and by intelligent, consistent, and careful work. Few people have grown rich overnight, which may be discouraging but it is nevertheless true, and it is also well established that those who seek profits incommensurate with what they have a right to expect practically always come to grief. We read of the man who wins the big lottery, but we hear nothing of the hundreds or thousands who bought tickets and lost their money. The winner, of course, "made a killing," and his experience is news and is broadcast all over the world. Similarly we read of fortunes made in a short time in oil, or real estate, or in the stock market, but did you ever stop to think that the reason the newspapers print such stories is because they happen so seldom? If you can break the bank of Monte Carlo you'll be famous, but if you go broke yourself scarcely anyone will even listen to your story, which will be like that of thousands of others. So it is with investments. If you can speculate, and win, you're a lucky man, but if you play the game safe, and do not expect too much, the chances are you'll be independent some day, even if you never are rich.

# IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

## Signs of Worthlessness

By PAUL TOMLINSON

NO one knowingly buys a worthless investment. Such a statement, of course, is plainly self-evident, and the conclusion is therefore inescapable that when a man does exchange good money for valueless stock his action is prompted by ignorance, or because he has been deceived.

NOW ignorance is no defense in law, nor is it of any help to an investor who has lost money. Ignorance is no disgrace, however, and if more people were willing frankly to admit that they know nothing of the business of investing, and would take their problems to their banker, much money would be saved each year, and many tragedies averted. Every banker who has the best interests of his bank and his community at heart feels it his duty to protect the people who come to him with investment problems. There is no doubt about this, and the investor, therefore, should not hesitate to take his problems to his banker. A banker's knowledge makes up for the investor's lack of it, and what many of us are wont to forget is that a banker—even if he had no other motive—has a selfish interest in protecting the savings funds in his community. A bank cannot prosper in a poor community, but if the district in which the bank is located is prosperous, the bank is bound to have a share in the prosperity.

IN order to show what bankers consider the first essential of investing we quote from an address, printed in the *Montana Banker*, delivered by Mr. T. O. Hammond, President of the Montana Bankers Association. His subject was *The People's Money and the Banker's Duty*, and he said:

> "First and foremost in considering investments . . . should be security and not rate, for after all rate reflects security, and when one offers you high rate always be wary because money is always for hire, and while you may keep men idle and unemployed, you can never keep money from working, and money goes most willingly to the man who first of all will pay back the original loan and not to the person that promises to pay big interest and squanders the principal. And so with your most sacred trusteeships, such as money left your boy by a relative, or insurance left your mother from your father's love and foresightedness—look to security rather than rate."

Sound advice, and certainly Mr. Hammond is right in intimating that one of the first danger signals on the investment road is an offer of abnormally high yield. If good preferred stocks are yielding six and a half to seven per

cent, and the bait of nine per cent is dangled before your eyes, don't swallow it unthinkingly in the belief that you have got a bargain. Consult your banker and find out what he thinks before you pledge yourself to anything.

ALL good investments have certain fundamental characteristics in common, no matter what kind of businesses the issuing corporations may be engaged in. On the other hand, the financial swindlers all employ a more or less identical technique, whether they are selling stock in a company formed for the purpose of extracting gold from sea water, or shares in a fly-by-night radio corporation. And be it remembered that the swindler practically always sells *stock*, for theoretically there is no limit to the earning power of stock, and he can paint a most alluring picture of what a stock "might" do.

HOW is it possible for the inexperienced investor to tell whether the man who is trying to sell him shares of stock is a swindler or not? Well, if the investor will consult his banker before he buys any investment, his banker can set him right, and he need not worry about the matter himself. On the other hand, experience has shown that there are certain things about the way the financial swindler works that tend to indicate his true character, and it may be interesting to some people to have a few of these signs pointed out to them.

IN the first place, the financial swindler usually operates in some field that has had a recent and pronounced success. It is well known that whenever a company becomes prosperous, other companies spring up which attempt to emulate its example. And because the first enterprise was a smashing success is no indication at all that the second, or third, can also achieve success. As a matter of fact the very opposite is apt to be the case, for the first in the field may have exhausted all the possibilities or have established itself so firmly that no imitator can possibly compete. Take the mining and oil fields as an example of this fact. The failures in Calgary, Cobalt, Texas, Oklahoma, and the other


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Interest coupons or dividends which you receive in July may be applied to the purchase of 7% Smith Bonds. Thus these odd sums immediately start to earn 7%.

Under our Investment Savings Plan, with 10 months to complete your purchase on any terms that are convenient to you, you receive the full rate of bond interest on every payment.

Mail the coupon now for circulars fully describing our July offerings, and learn for yourself the exceptional safety features which assure complete protection of your principal and prompt payment of 7% interest. We also will send you our two booklets, telling the facts you will want to know about Smith Bonds and explaining our Investment Savings Plan.

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Smith Bonds are owned by investors in 48 states and 30 countries and territories abroad. This world-wide confidence in Smith Bonds is the result of our 52-year record of proven safety, meaning:

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"How to Build an Independent Income" tells how you can buy Smith Bonds with savings of $10 or more a month and get the full rate of bond interest on all payments. Also shows the results you can accomplish by investing systematically at 7%.

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oil and mining districts outnumber the successes by at least ten to one. Think of money which since the War has poured into the automobile, radio, sugar, motion picture, and other businesses because of their sudden prosperity. And some of the people who read these words may know from bitter experience that not every company engaged in these enterprises has earned dividends for its shareholders.

THE swindler talks glibly of the profits made by the original stockholders of the Victor Talking Machine Company. He tells you of the easy money made by the people who were in on the "ground floor" when the Eastman Kodak Company and the Bell Telephone Company were started; just suppose you had some of the original issue of Ford stock; look what such and such a radio stock has done. All of which is true, but as we have tried to point out, beside the point. The swindler always talks beside the point, for if he sticks too closely to the particular shares he is trying to sell, unfavorable matters are sure to develop. Almost the surest sign of worthlessness is stress laid upon some stock other than the one you are being urged to purchase.

THE swindler denounces conservative savings banks. Why, he asks, should you be satisfied with three or four per cent when it is so simple a matter to get two or three times that yield? Any man who ridicules savings banks has in practically every instance an ulterior motive, for while savings banks may not pay the highest rates of interest, they afford their depositors a high degree of safety, and the price of safety is usually low return. The kind of investments a savings bank can make are prescribed by law, laws designed purely and simply for the protection and safeguarding of the depositors' funds.

THE swindler always promises enormous dividends, of course, but such a promise is not only worth nothing of itself, but to an experienced investor is a warning. Is it reasonable to suppose that if a stock is so certain of paying enormous dividends that the seller can

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If you want to be sure of getting the best possible rate of interest, the symbol above is a good thing to look for. It indicates the Fourth of the Four Distinguishing Marks of Miller First Mortgage Bonds—Full Interest—nothing deducted from the rate the mortgagor pays. Under this symbol you can safely get as much as 7%.

We would like to send you some facts about the Four Distinguishing Marks—guides to safe bond buying. Ask for Folder B-7607.

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BEFORE investing your surplus funds, take the precaution against loss by seeking the expert and conservative advice of your local or investment banker, who will gladly serve you.

## Guard Against Loss In Investments

For after all good investment opportunities predominate. Caution, Care, Investigation will reveal safe and profitable channels for your surplus funds.

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make a "promise," he would want to sell? Human nature has scarcely reached the plane where people who own something which they think will be immensely profitable are ready to invite complete strangers to share with them. It is true that most new enterprises require capital, and that one of the usual methods of raising capital is by selling stock; on the other hand, if the enterprise the salesman pictures is as good as he is certain to state it is, it would be a simple matter to raise all the capital needed without having to peddle the stock around from door to door.

THE swindler almost invariably denounces Wall Street, and by this term he means the financial district in New York. Now Wall Street may be a very wicked place—politicians usually say it is, anyway—but so far as we know the people who do business there have never been accused of lack of business acumen. The stock salesman, therefore, who denounces Wall Street is probably doing it for one of two reasons. In the first place, if his proposition is honest, he may very possibly have tried to raise money in Wall Street, and failed because the bankers there have not considered it sound. In the second place, if his proposition is dishonest, he probably did not dare try to raise capital in Wall Street. In either event, therefore, he has no love for Wall Street, and in nine cases out of ten for personal reasons: because he could not get what he wanted there, or because he thinks an attack on Wall Street will cover up what he is trying to do.

BE suspicious of the salesman who offers you a limited number of shares of stock. Beware of the salesman who tells you that only a limited number of people in each community are to be allowed to buy stock, and that you are one of the favored few. These are both old "gags," but evidently they have been successful, perhaps because they play on man's vanity and appeal to the desire, which seems to be present in nearly everybody, of having something that no one else can have. There is, however, nothing exclusive about the ability to purchase worthless stock, and limiting the number of purchasers is

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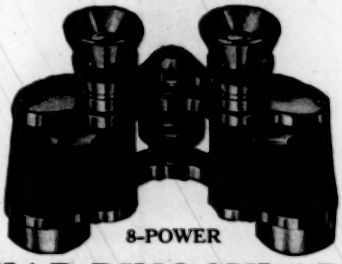

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 East 33rd Street New York

usually an exceedingly doubtful privilege. Moreover, does it stand to reason that a corporation which is trying to raise money should refuse subscriptions from as many people as can be found?

IF shares of stock are offered you at some absurdly low price, such as a few cents a share, it is well to be on your guard. Stock, like other commodities, sells for what it is worth, and if the price is five cents a share, the chances are that it is worth no more than five cents a share. And two thousand shares of five-cent stock are worth no more than one share of stock which is in demand at one hundred dollars a share. It is not the number of shares you own which determines the worth of your holdings, but the value per share.

WHEN stock is offered on the understanding that the purchaser cannot sell for a period of months or years, it is well to stop, look, and listen. Such arrangements have been effected in times past, and while they are excellent from the standpoint of the seller—because he is protected against the shares being offered in competition with his own operations—they are very bad indeed for the purchaser. All the best investments are readily exchangeable for cash at any time, and while a man may be justified in owning some securities which are not readily marketable, he is very silly ever to consider any which he is absolutely precluded from selling before a specified time, whether that time be long or short.

THE promoter of doubtful enterprises frequently assures the prospective purchaser that the present allotment of stock will soon be exhausted and that unless he acts quickly a golden opportunity will be lost. And the more doubtful the enterprise the more anxious the salesman will be to make a quick sale. Do not be worried by any such statements, and do not be hurried into buying. First of all, these statements are probably untrue, and in the second place, even if they are true, there is no need to worry. Just as the sea is full of fish, so the world is full of good investments, and a lost oppor-

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*By EMILY ROSE BURT*

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tunity is not half so serious as lost dollars.

EVERY share of stock should display prominently its par value, or if it has no par value, this fact should be conspicuously stated. The entire amount of stock authorized should be made known to the purchaser; he should be advised of the bonded indebtedness of the issuing corporation and the fixed charges which must be met before any funds are available for dividend payments. Failure to answer questions on these points, or any hesitation or evasion in replying to them, should be construed as indications of worthlessness.

COMPANIES promoting new inventions, fruit or nut orchards, patented articles, mining and oil enterprises, moving pictures, radio, and any sort of a single proprietary article should either be avoided or rigidly investigated before there is a commitment to buy. Some companies operating in these fields have made conspicuous successes, but more have failed, and, as we have already stated, the fact that one succeeds is rather more of an indication that the others which follow will fail than that they will do likewise.

OF course, the best safeguard against worthless investments is plain common sense. No one, we believe, who considers the various points we have raised will do other than agree that common sense, and a few moments' thought, will serve to show that they indicate danger. Danger is a signal for caution, and caution calls for investigation before any action is taken. Investigation immediately suggests the advice of an expert. The expert in the matter of investments is naturally the investment banker. If an investment banker is not easily accessible, go to any banker, and if you are not certain yourself about the worth or worthlessness of an investment, he can consider the evidence and render a decision for you. That is his business.

# IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

## Two Ways of Selling Securities

By PAUL TOMLINSON

TWO circulars have recently come to our attention, one descriptive of a recently offered issue of bonds, and the other hinting at the possible fortunes to be made through the purchase of stock in a certain new company whose main assets are patent rights.

THE bond circular states plainly the name of the company making the loan, the amount of the bonds to be sold, the price at which they are being offered, the date on which they mature, and their yield. It describes the territory served by the issuing corporation, a public utility; the security for the bonds is described in detail. The past year's earnings are given exactly; and sets forth a comparison of the net earnings with the annual interest requirements on the company's bonded debt, including the present issue. The management of the company is described, and names are given of men of established reputation whose connection with the enterprise undoubtedly will inspire confidence.

THE stock circular tells how one hundred dollars invested in Eastman Kodak returned $60,000; $100 invested in Ford Motor returned $250,000; it tells about a man who invested $500 at the beginning in the Prest-O-Lite Company and later refused $3,000,000 for his stock. It tells of an estimate made ten years ago showing that American manufactures which have for their foundation inventions amounted to the enormous sum of $21,000,000,000. "Think of twenty-one billion dollars' worth of manufactured goods in one year, all due to industries that were created by inventions!" says the circular. Then it proceeds: "With the great increase in manufacturing, how many billions of dollars do you suppose are being earned from inventions to-day?" The answer might be that we have no idea, but the fact that many companies dependent upon patents for their success are making money is no indication that another and a new company can emulate their success. "We suggest immediate action," says the circular, but no pertinent facts are given, the whole idea of the circular apparently being to whet the curiosity and appetite of the people who receive it, secure their names as interested parties and then possibly turn loose on them some clever salesman who may be able to persuade them to buy.

CONTRAST the two circulars and ask yourself which inspires confidence. Reputable investment security houses depend for the success of their selling efforts upon plain statements of facts, and it may be interesting to consider how an investment banker goes about the purchase and sale of an issue of bonds. In our brief account we are taking the liberty of drawing extensively from a paper read by Mr. H. K. Harley,

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# National Surety Company
## to Guarantee Our
# INSURED MORTGAGE BONDS
## A National Security

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**1**—It is the Largest Surety Company in the world.

**2**—The United States Government accepts its unsecured indemnity bonds for a larger single amount than from any other Surety Company.

**3**—It transacts a larger bonding business than any other company.

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**5**—It is well known to employees holding positions of trust, from the humble clerk to the Secretary of the United States Treasury.

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**7**—It has taken a notable position as an Institution which stands for the Ideals of honorable dealing in business and in private life.

**8**—It is the greatest guarantor of honesty and integrity in the world.

**9**—It brings added resources of a great financial institution for the insurance protection of each Insured Mortgage Bond sold to the investor, its capital being $10,000,000.00.

**10**—It assures investors that the underlying security has been independently investigated and declared safe.

**11**—It removes every possible element of risk to the holder of Insured Mortgage Bonds.

Conservative Investors recognize that Insured Mortgage Bonds afford the highest type of real estate mortgage investment obtainable. That is why Insured Mortgage Bonds are continually over-subscribed and new issues can only be obtained by making advance reservations.

*If you are interested in receiving further information, we will take pleasure in sending you booklet, "An Investment Insured for Its Lifetime."*

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# INSURED MORTGAGE BONDS

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**2**—Because Insured Mortgage Bonds are secured by first mortgages of the highest class which we consider unquestionably safe for our guarantee, and they are independently investigated and approved by us on their merits as sound investments.

**3**—Because mortgages are restricted to completed structures most essential to daily life, carefully selected from the Nation's progressive cities. Mortgages do not exceed 60% of appraisal values and in actual practice average nearer 50%. Borrowers are required to reduce mortgages by monthly payments of stipulated amounts.

**4**—Because each new issue is painstakingly measured by the same high standards of Unquestioned Safety. Every detail is passed upon by us before being guaranteed.

In effect the guarantee on Insured Mortgage Bonds serves as a faithful corporate trustee safeguarding the invested funds of others, while assuming the full legal responsibility for the prompt payment of principal and interest from date of issue to date of maturity.

*The Mortgage Security Corporation of America is recognized as the PIONEER in placing on the market this form of security possessing the ultimate degree of safety for investors.*

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OUR description will deal with a corporation issue, and the first question, of course, is how such loans come to the attention of the investment bond house.

USUALLY these deals originate through a connection or relationship established between the bond house and a particular organization in consideration of which the bond house agrees to handle the financing of a company or group of companies at such times and in such amounts as capital is required.

THE negotiations for the purchase may consist merely of an informal telephone conversation confirmed later by letter. On the other hand, the negotiations may require frequent and extended conferences, engineering reports, audits, legal services, and many other formalities. In such a case there is customarily a preliminary presentation by the borrower to a member of the bond house's buying department with a discussion of the whole business and the character of the loan desired. If this preliminary presentation is satisfactory, the buying department will seek additional data in order to determine whether the house will be interested in investigating further. If so, a preliminary contract will be drawn giving the bond house an option for a certain time during which it may go more carefully into the matter, which usually means examinations regarding the credit, control, management, and financial condition of the prospective borrower. If everything is satisfactory to this point, the bond house will then conduct a final examination of the company, carried out with great detail and frequently at considerable expense.

IN this final examination the buying department will thoroughly investigate the ownership of the corporation, its management, credit, the location of its property, the territory in which it operates, the kind of competition it is subjected to, labor conditions, and will make an analysis of its earnings, capitalization, and the balance sheet.

*ALBERT GALLATIN, American statesman and financier, was Secretary of the Treasury from 1801 to 1813—a very difficult period in the history of this country—serving in the cabinets of both Jefferson and Madison. He also served as one of the American peace commissioners who signed the Treaty of Peace with England at Ghent on December 24th, 1814. As head of the national treasury for a dozen years he won a high reputation for financial skill, due in large measure to his loyal adherence to the sound fiscal policies of a great financial leader—Alexander Hamilton.*

# How a good investing sense may be acquired

SOUND INVESTMENT, like fiscal administration, depends very much on the financial leadership you follow—on the company you keep. Becoming the customer of a bond house which is both large and experienced is a very effective way of building for yourself a sound investment viewpoint. You are kept in touch with a wide range of conservative issues and the values upon which they are based.

This is especially true if the house does an extensive originating business—that is, creates bond issues itself. That gives it first-hand knowledge of underlying values—a dependable source of information for its customers.

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To develop a true financial sense is worth a good deal to the average investor. This need not mean an intimate knowledge of securities. It may not enable him to know all about a given issue. He may lack the experience and the facilities for finding out and appraising such important factors as assets, earning power, titles. But he can and should exercise his own judgment as to the type and grade of bond to purchase.

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To get full benefit from relationship with this house, investors should *utilize* the resources placed at their disposal. Then you need not guess at values. You can *know*. By putting your *whole* investment problem up to us, you secure a well proportioned judgment of it, based upon all the facts. You can obtain a preliminary idea of what we can do for you by asking us a definite question or by submitting a list of your bond holdings for review. This service is offered through any of our branch offices or by correspondence.

"CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT HOUSE"—*This booklet clearly presents the factors of experience and equipment by which you may judge the inherent permanence and the service resources of a bond house. It is well worth the little time required to read it. Ask for booklet* HM-85

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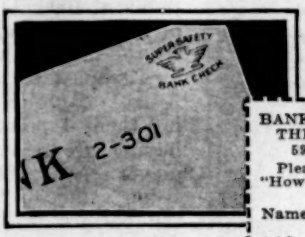


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most important step, and aside from the selfish consideration of wishing to make a profit, the investment banking house is concerned with two other factors: Will the retail price of the issue be such as to attract investors so that the bonds may be readily sold? Second, is the financing of such a type that the borrowing corporation will not be hampered or restricted in a way which might handicap it in its operations? If everything is satisfactory a final contract is signed by the corporation and the banking house, and the deal then passes from the hands of the buying department to the sales department.

IT IS taken for granted that the far-sighted banker recognizes that the interest of the corporation, the banker, and the investor are mutual and that anything disadvantageous to the corporation is likewise disadvantageous to the investor, and indirectly to the banking house which sponsors the issue. It can be assumed that these factors have been kept in mind throughout, and the work of distribution then commences.

THIS consists of underwriting, wholesaling, and retailing. Frequently a bond house may not wish to assume the task of selling the whole issue, and consequently invites other banking houses to act with it, which means that these others also assume their proportionate share of the risks involved in the contract between the borrower and the bankers. This practice of distributing or dividing the risk is known as underwriting. Suppose the originating bond house has purchased an issue of bonds at 95, which it intends to offer to the public at 100. This allows a gross profit of 5 points, which will also be enjoyed by the original underwriters or associates who were invited to participate. A banking group is formed at 96, allowing them 4 points gross profit, and a buying group at 96½, affording 3½ points gross profit. Participants in the selling syndicate formed at 97 are given the balance of the gross profit, of 3 points.

PARTICIPANTS in a syndicate are usually governed by special agreements sent out by the managers of the

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deal. These agreements set forth the terms of the offering and the procedure to be observed by the participants in the retailing. Such an agreement lists the schedule of prices—that is, the prices at which the bonds are to be offered to the public. The price to the syndicate is given; the amount of the selling commission is fixed; the date of delivery of the definitive bonds is mentioned; and it is usually provided that subscriptions must be taken subject to confirmation by the syndicate managers. The date is fixed for the opening of the subscription books; the matter of circulars and advertising is covered; and a proviso is made that the syndicate participants will be liable to the amount of their participation in the issue. The syndicate managers usually reserve the right of full and unrestricted powers in all syndicate matters, with the right to change the terms, commissions, or anything else which they may consider expedient for the best interests of the syndicate. They can, for instance, borrow money, or if any bonds remain unsold at the termination of the syndicate, the managers may sell them on any terms they deem advisable.

SUPPOSE a bond house jointly with associates has purchased ten million dollars of 6 per cent bonds. According to agreement it is arranged that the issue is to be syndicated, or, in other words, wholesaled, at 94, the list or retail price being 97. This price will show a 3 per cent gross profit to the participants from which all expenses and selling commissions are to be deducted, and certainly is not unreasonable. The selling commission is 1½ per cent, and on the day the offering is made subscriptions are received by the syndicate managers by telegraph or telephone and are entered on the books in the order in which they are received. When a sufficient number of subscriptions have come in, the books are closed, and as speedily as possible the syndicate managers will notify the various participants whether they can get the number of bonds they want, or if there is an over-subscription, what their allotment is to be.

WHEN the allotments are received, the salesmen are ready to solicit orders and the real work of the salesman

then commences, and his campaign, of course, will depend largely upon the character of the bond issue. The volume of business now done over the telephone by the best investment houses is truly remarkable, and is increasing steadily, which means, of course, that absolute confidence must exist between the investment banker and the investor. Bond houses also have extensive advertising and mail order departments, as well as trading departments which keep in close touch with market conditions and price changes. Numbers of them maintain statistical departments whose duty it is to furnish salesmen and their customers with all kinds of financial information. Many houses conduct training schools for their salesmen, for competition in the bond business grows keener all the while, with investors more discriminating, so that there must be representatives in the field who are familiar not only with their own securities, but who can judge investment values and prescribe sound methods of investment policy suited to the requirements of their customers.

ALL of this describes rather sketchily the way an issue of bonds is purchased by a reputable investment bond house and distributed to the public. What we have tried to emphasize is the thoroughness with which all details of the transaction are handled and the great care with which an issue is selected. Mr. Harley states that a majority of the deals submitted to a conservative bond house are turned down, and of instances where deals are said to "walk into the office" 99 out of 100 are rejected. In other words, the conservative investment banker is protecting the investor's interest from the very start, and will do all he can to steer clear of securities which might cause loss to the investor, for from a selfish standpoint, if no other, such a loss will bring discredit on his house, reflect upon his judgment, and in turn mean the loss of money to him. We leave it to any reasonably minded person to decide whether an investor will be better off with a house using these methods or with a concern which talks in generalities and lays the emphasis mostly on facts which, while they may be true, are entirely beside the point.


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# IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

## Gambling, Speculating, and Investing

By PAUL TOMLINSON

THERE are three kinds of people who make a practice of buying bonds and stocks: gamblers, speculators, and investors. The gambler takes a blind chance, whether he realizes it or not, and in practically every instance he loses; the speculator takes chances, but chances that have in them the possibility of proving successful; the investor does his best to eliminate all risks, and stresses safety above all else.

THE gambler tries either to get something for nothing or a very great deal for a very little. He is an optimist and seldom considers the possibility of loss, although if he were asked to state a few sound reasons why he expected to profit by his operations he would no doubt find it exceedingly difficult to do so. And it is a curious thing about the people who gamble in stocks and bonds: so many of them fail to appreciate that they are gambling, or at any rate they close their eyes to the fact. We have known ministers, school teachers, leaders in almost every kind of walk in life, who will gamble in stocks, and yet these same people would be insulted if they were invited to play poker or bet on a horse race. Moreover, they would probably be highly indignant if it was intimated to them that they were gambling in stocks.

THE people who go into the "market" and buy stocks on small margins are gamblers pure and simple, and it takes less than an average of four years for them to lose whatever money they started with. We heard of a man who took his life's savings, $10,000, and used every cent of it to buy a certain stock; he had had a "tip," and in order to make a really respectable pot of gold he bought a thousand shares on a ten point margin. Some unexpectedly bad news suddenly came out, and the stock market went rapidly down. Calls were issued for more margin, but in the case of our friend there was no more margin to be found, and his broker, in accordance with the rules of the game, sold him out. When his account was settled up he had $937.64 coming to him, all that was left out of his $10,000 that had taken years to accumulate and less than five hours to dissipate.

OF COURSE there is the old story of the lumberjack, who, after nearly a year's work, came into the city

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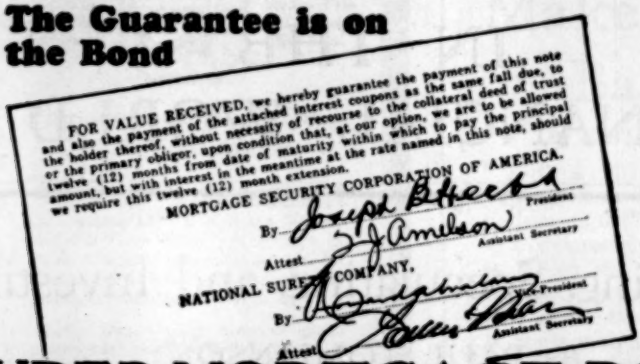

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MORTGAGE SECURITY CORPORATION OF AMERICA.

By Joseph Bfreed President

Attest J. J. Amelson Assistant Secretary

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By [illegible] Vice-President

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As Investment Bankers independently engaged in offering to conservative Investors only the most carefully chosen securities, we unhesitatingly recommend Insured Mortgage Bonds:

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**2**—Because we have painstakingly investigated the Mortgage Security Corporation of America and find its policies and finances sound; its Officers and Directors eminently equipped to maintain the highest standards of safety through the future.

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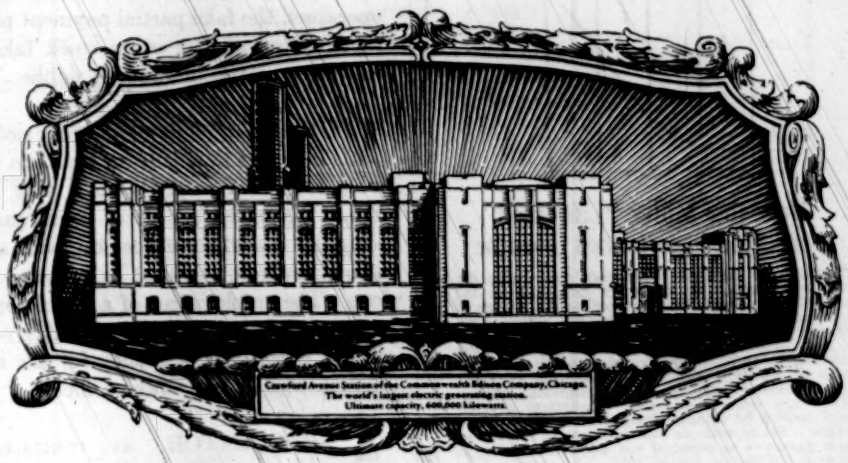
and risked his entire earnings on one single play at roulette. Naturally he lost, but to show what a philosophical lot of men lumberjacks are, his only remark was, "Oh, well, easy come, easy go." Amusing perhaps, but tragic also, and it is said that the people who do gamble in stocks and who are lucky at the start are the very ones who are almost certain to lose everything before they get through. The burnt child dreads the fire, but the small boy who raids the jam closet and escapes detection is pretty liable to continue his operations until the inevitable slip is made and he is found out.

GAMBLING means taking a chance in the hope of securing results of far greater proportion than the facts warrant. The person, for instance, who buys oil or mining stocks about which he knows nothing, relying upon the glib words of a salesman he knows nothing about, and expecting to reap enormous profits, is nothing more or less than a gambler. Not a professional gambler, mind you, but a rank amateur, as much of a sucker as the people who lose money to strangers at cards. Most people know, for example, that the gentlemen who used to earn their living selling gold bricks to the farmers are now stock salesmen. Their victims are gamblers, not through design so much as ignorance, but they know this much: that they are being offered more than they know they have a right to expect, and their cupidity does the rest. This cupidity is a very human and very common trait, and so skilled are the sellers of fake securities that they will pay large sums merely for lists of names of people on whom they can work their nefarious schemes. It is said that the compilers of so-called "sucker lists" placed a value of more than a hundred thousand dollars on the names of the two hundred and fifty thousand people who voted on the Bok

# SUPERPOWER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# —what it means to the bond investor

MUCH has recently been said and written about superpower electric development in this country. Great things have been prophesied for the future. The linking of power plants and distributing lines into extensive systems will undoubtedly accomplish much in making electric service more widely available. That is bound to be an economic gain.

## *Greater Strength and Stability*

At the same time, and for the same reason, the superpower tendency in public utility operations is emphasizing, as never before, the inherent strength and stability of public utility bonds. It is spreading and diversifying the use of electricity, saving investment by eliminating extra plant and spare equipment, getting more revenue per dollar of capitalization. It is not displacing efficient local plants; it is utilizing them to better advantage.

The public utility field holds a tremendous future for the conservative investor. Attractive rates of interest are being paid. The security is broadly and deeply founded upon an essential industry affording a service which is indispensable to modern life.

But it is necessary, in this field of investment, as in every other, to discriminate in the choice of investments. This is especially true in a period of far-reaching development such as superpower is now experiencing. Strategic location, prosperous communities, good management, sound financing, are factors which have a vital bearing upon the earning power and stability behind the bonds.

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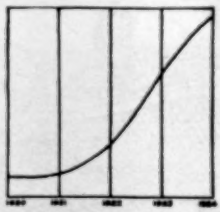

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peace plan; they could have sold it to the market tipsters, the bucket shop operators, the fake partial payment promoters, and all the other stock fakers who prey on the unknowing public.

YOU cannot get something for nothing, and it is silly to try. So no matter what a person's ideas may be about the moral aspect of stock gambling, he should remember the odds are all against him, and that he is bound to lose. The employment of a bit of common sense in this particular matter will save a great deal of money for the investors who like to "take a flier."

A SPECULATOR, as contrasted with a gambler, is a person who takes chances, but with his eyes open and a reasonable expectation that the results will be happy ones. A man, for instance, who takes his capital and invests it in his own honest business is a speculator, but one who is justified in his course, and if he shows sufficient perspicacity and industry his return will be satisfactory and his principal invested in a good cause.

FEW people are justified in gambling, but many are in a position to do a certain amount of speculating. Most common stocks, for example, are speculations, but for many a man they are entirely legitimate investments. Common stocks, as most people know, are entitled to a share in the profits only after all prior obligations have been satisfied, but whereas these prior obligations share only up to a limited, fixed amount, the earnings on common stock may, in theory at least, earn limitless numbers of dollars. If a company's financial structure is of such a character that the common stock has a good chance of getting a large portion of the earnings it is frequently a profitable purchase. The common stocks of many

# IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

## Sharing in the Profits

By PAUL TOMLINSON

THE word profit means the accession of good, the acquiring of some benefit. A man in business strives to have his receipts exceed his expenditures, and if successful he makes a profit, which is represented by the difference in the two amounts. All corporations with shares of stock outstanding are in business for profit, and the profits, if any, are regularly distributed among the stockholders in the form of dividends.

THERE is a story about a citizen who rowed alongside one of our big battleships, and having expressed the desire to come aboard, he was asked to disclose his identity. "I'm one of the owners," he replied. In the same way, the man who possesses a few shares of railroad stock can claim to be one of the owners of that particular line. He is. Corporations are owned by their stockholders, and the management of the business is in the hands of a board of directors, elected by the stockholders. Bond owners are mere creditors, and while bond interest must be paid before any dividends can be disbursed, they have no share in any profits which may be earned, or any voice in the management of the company's affairs.

NOW quite recently an interesting thesis has been put forward to the effect that, in the long run, stocks are more satisfactory and profitable investments than bonds. Many economists and bankers subscribe to this theory, and while it is fraught with certain dangers, there is no denying that it has its points. In the first place, the fluctuation in the purchasing power of money is a factor in bond ownership which is not so everpresent in the case of stocks. For instance, if a man paid a thousand dollars for a bond, twenty-five years ago, and the bond matured this year, he received his thousand dollars back all right, but the thousand dollars in actual purchasing power has decreased by at least fifty per cent. In other words, money being worth only what can be obtained in exchange for it, the bondowner actually lost five hundred dollars on his investment. Moreover, in spite of the fact that he received a certain fixed amount of interest on his bond each interest date, with the passing of nearly every year he could buy less and less with the money. He was in a position comparable to that of the salaried man whose income remained the same while the cost of living mounted steadily.

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has won recognition on public record as the PIONEER in creating and placing on the National Investment market, a real estate mortgage security which is insured against loss. This fact is established for all time.

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*"Insured Mortgage Bonds are the highest type of real estate mortgage investment obtainable in any market,"*

and the published statement of the National Surety Company, the World's Largest Surety Company, that

*"Insured Mortgage Bonds issued by the Mortgage Security Corporation of America are secured by first mortgages of the highest class, which we consider unquestionably safe for our guarantee. They are independently investigated and approved by us on their merits as sound investments."*

But the greatest assurance to Cautious Investors is the constant watchful presence of the guarantee endorsed on each Insured Mortgage Bond, covering full payment of principal and interest from date of issue to date of maturity through ever-changing conditions. This guarantee is endorsed jointly by the Mortgage Security Corporation of America and the National Surety Company.

**This Is An Epoch Making Achievement**

*If you are interested in receiving further information, we will take pleasure in sending you booklet, "An Investment Insured for Its Lifetime."*

INSURED MortgageBonds — MORTGAGE SECURITY CORPORATION OF AMERICA NORFOLK, VIRGINIA — INSURED MortgageBonds

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.


That is one argument these people who favor stocks use against bonds.

ANOTHER is equally interesting. "Isn't it true," asks the man with a preference for common stocks, "that a bond to be entirely sound should have its interest earned at least two and a half times over, and that earnings should have been in this proportion over a period of years? If so, why isn't there a sufficient margin of earnings over interest charges to make the stock a safe investment too, and a more profitable one than the bonds?" As an example of what he means, suppose a corporation has four millions of six per cent bonds outstanding, and five million dollars of stock. The annual interest requirement for the bonds is $240,000, and if this amount has been regularly earned at least two and one-half times over for ten years that means total earnings of $600,000 a year, and $360,000 of it is available for dividends. This amounts to over seven per cent on the stock, and even if the directors think it advisable to pay only six per cent, and put $60,000 a year into surplus, the stock pays more than the bonds. If unusually profitable years have come along, it may be that earnings have been sufficient at times to declare extra dividends, and it is supposed that in the case of lean years it has been possible to make up any deficiency in earnings out of surplus.

THE argument in favor of stocks largely resolves itself into a matter of the purchasing power of the dollar, the theory being that stock prices and earnings more nearly keep pace with the fluctuations in the value of money. If money will buy less than formerly, the theory is that a corporation gets higher prices for its products, so that more dollars can be paid out to stockholders, and that so far as purchasing power goes, therefore, they do not suffer.

*JOHN SHERMAN, Secretary of the Treasury in the cabinet of President Hayes (1877-1881), began his long career of public service in 1855, as a member of Congress. Thereafter he continuously occupied positions of national influence, eventually becoming Secretary of State under President McKinley. He brought to his administration of the Treasury Department, a broad experience of men and affairs—an administration which was skilful indeed, and of great public value during the troubled period following our Civil War.*

# Select a bond house

## *before selecting a bond*

BROAD FINANCIAL EXPERIENCE is a necessary background for successful investment. Finance is a profession quite as much as law or engineering. You would not think of getting along without a lawyer in a legal transaction, or without an engineer in building a bridge. That would be imprudent.

It is equally unwise to attempt so important a task as finding a profitable place for your money without utilizing the knowledge and advice of a competent bond house. There is safety in its counsel.

### *Competent Advice*

It is a wise investor who keeps in close touch with his investment banker—gives him all needful facts about himself, his circumstances, income and holdings. That enables the banker to be of real service in helping the investor select securities which fit his situation and properly diversify his holdings. Through such counsel you can build up an investment structure of your holdings, so suitable and so diversified that it will stand unimpaired over a long period of time.

### *The Investor's Protection*

The first step is to pick out a good bond house to deal with—one which is old and well known, whose operations are extensive, whose experience covers a wide field of conservative bond investment, whose record goes back for a long period of years.

In dealing with such a house, the investor not only protects himself, he greatly simplifies his investment problem. He has fewer doubts and perplexities. He can confidently exercise his own financial judgment because it is based upon facts and backed by competent opinion. Instead of a miscellaneous collection of securities, he builds up a solid investment structure for himself and his heirs.

"CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT HOUSE"—*This booklet clearly presents the factors of experience and equipment by which you may judge the standards and service resources of a bond house. It is well worth the little time required to read it. Ask for booklet* VIM-X5

**HALSEY, STUART & CO.**

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GUARANTEED-INSURED-PROTECTED

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You insure your life, your home and its contents. Now you can insure your capital and income against all possible loss. The following Surety Companies severally insure, in varying percentages, the payment of 100% of the principal and interest of the first mortgages securing National Union Mortgage Company Bonds —

U. S. Fidelity & Guaranty Co., Baltimore
Maryland Casualty Company, Baltimore
Fidelity & Deposit Company, Baltimore
National Surety Company, New York

National Union Mortgage Bonds are safe because of the insurance feature but they could not be so insured unless the security was fundamentally sound even without this insurance protection.

PROTECTED

The "Standarized Requirements" of the National Union Mortgage Company, in themselves *fully protect* the principal and interest of these bonds. A copy of these requirements will be sent on request and should convince any investor that only the soundest mortgage practice is followed and that every possible *protective* measure is employed to safeguard this investment.

GUARANTEED

In addition to the insurance against loss by the Surety Companies mentioned above, all mortgages are unconditionally guaranteed by the issuing mortgage companies. Furthermore, every bond is guaranteed, principal and interest, by the National Union Mortgage Company.

$500 and $1,000 6% Coupon Bonds

NATIONAL UNION MORTGAGE CO.
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

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MACKUBIN, GOODRICH & CO.
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Gentlemen: Please send me your booklet No. 54

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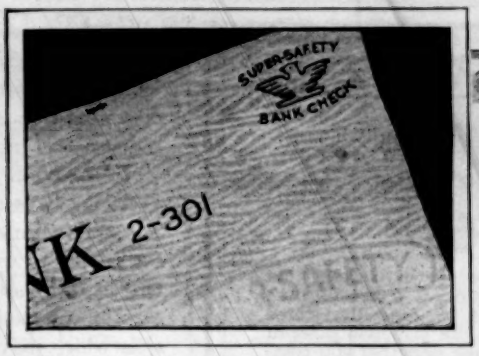
IT IS an exceedingly interesting thesis, and one which many people are finding acceptable. Some prominent experts, in fact, have gone so far as to rank common stocks—for it is common stocks, of course, to which this thesis applies—unreservedly above bonds as investments. Which would seem to be going pretty far, for there is no denying that bonds as a class are certainly safer investments than common stocks as a class. And for the small investor, safety is the one element of an investment that he cannot afford to overlook. Why isn't it best to say that bonds are most suitable as first investments, and then when one's list of holdings grows that it may be profitable to leaven the whole group with a mixture of bonds and stocks? In any event it is no more than prudent to get expert advice from one's banker before buying stocks; such advice is highly desirable in the case of all investments, but particularly so when stocks are being considered, for even if one is willing to grant that they may be more profitable than bonds, they are also subject to more violent recessions in price, and dividends are more liable to disappear than interest.

SO MUCH for that. It may be interesting, however, to pursue the idea of investing in common stocks a bit further and to speculate—mentally, of course—on what kind of stocks should prove the most profitable. It goes without saying that in the long run the most profitable businesses are those whose products are most in demand. There are certain commodities which are in daily use by practically every human being nowadays, and the companies which furnish these necessities of life—not all the companies, of course—would seem to hold out the greatest attractions for investors. In every household, for instance, there is need for light, for heat, for water; most houses have telephones;



# How a checking account helps you get ahead . . . *in 8 ways!*

## *You've thought of a check-book as a convenience . . . now learn how it furthers financial success*

THE way to handle money efficiently, say authorities and successful people, is to determine *in advance* just where each dollar is going. Thus you spend and save *intelligently.*

A checking account helps you do this. In 8 definite ways it makes your money go farther.

By stopping thoughtless, needless expenditures. By eliminating risks of losing money, making wrong change. By removing the chance of paying the same bills twice (for each check is its own best receipt). By saving your time—which is money in the making. By always showing you just where you stand. Further, a checking account is the only way in which you can plan and operate a budget with success. It gives you the powerful friendship of a good bank. And it earns the valuable respect of business people.

Eight influences that work constantly toward financial independence for you. And you can employ them today if you just *will!*

### *Talk to your banker*

This is but one of the great services your bank can render. An *important* one. Some banks make a small monthly charge, where checking balances run below a certain minimum. That is because such accounts actually represent a loss to the bank. But the small fee is well worth paying. It buys you these great advantages in getting ahead . . . in being successful.

### *Now—protected checks*

All over the country banks today are supplying depositors with checks protected against fraud. They are Super-Safety checks—safest of any supplied by banks.

Made of fine safety paper, which instantly exposes any attempt at alteration by knife, acid or rubber erasure.

This famous Super-Safety paper is guarded like Government bank-note paper. Not a single blank scrap of it, large enough to make a check, is permitted to get out of the factories into strange hands.

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We have a book, privately printed, which you will enjoy and find valuable. It tells how to budget an income of any size. How to make money go farther. You may have a copy free. Just send the coupon.

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**First Mortgage Bonds**
**6½%**

WE are now offering several First Mortgage Bond issues yielding 6½% secured by centrally-located properties in the principal cities of the country and urge that you communicate with us at once for further particulars.

*Ask for Circular 2213*

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Dynamic Detroit, this wonderful thriving metropolis with its wide range of industries, offers you a splendid opportunity for substantial, profitable investment. United First Mortgage Bonds secured by carefully selected Detroit apartments, homes and office buildings offer you good investments.

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Capital $1,000,000 Resources more than $10,000,000

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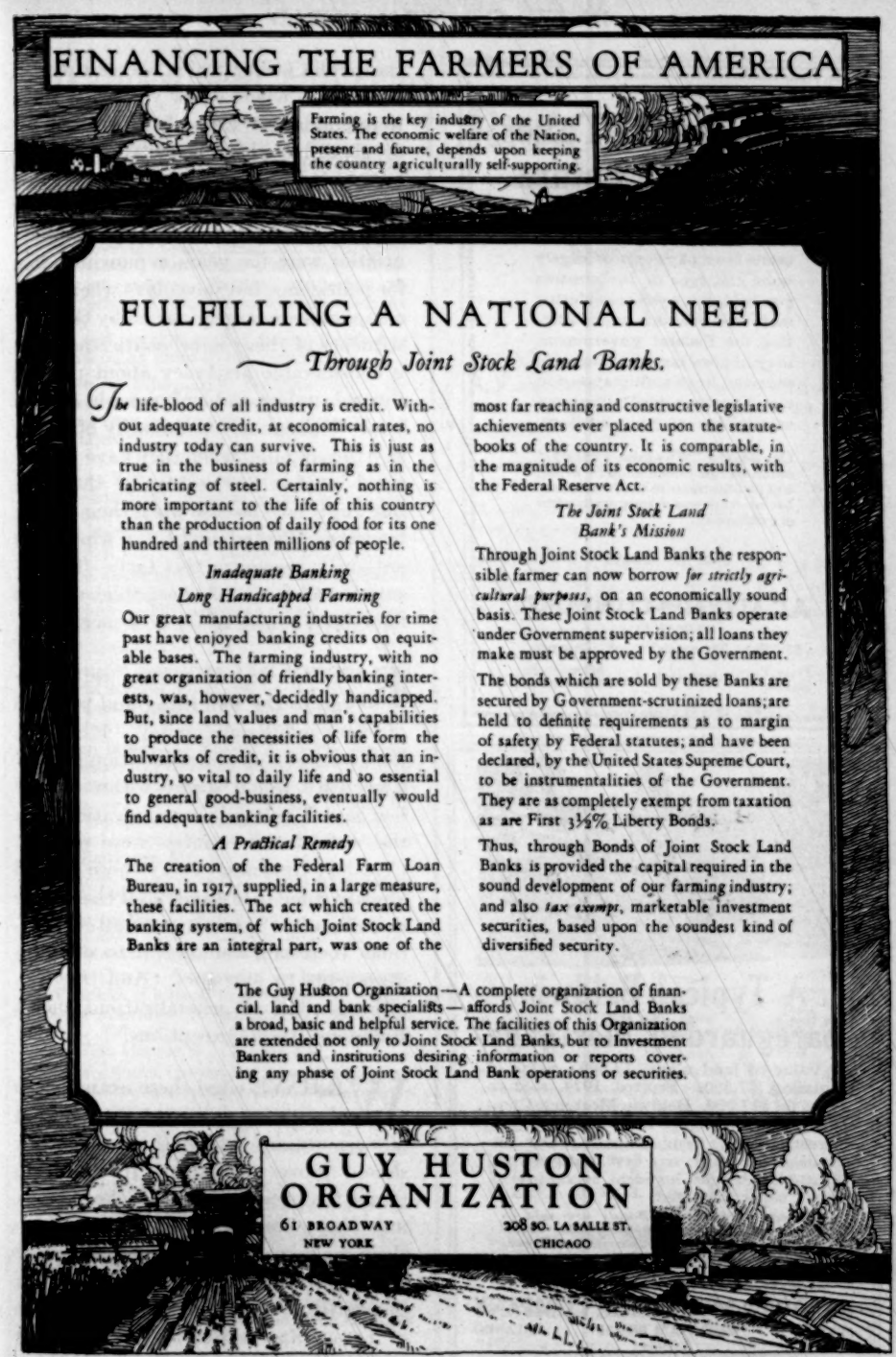
**6½% UNITED BONDS**

all of them need food. Transportation is one of the greatest factors and problems in modern civilization. Banking is a necessity in modern business and modern life; insurance is in almost universal demand. Everyone wears clothes, everyone lives in houses. Office buildings and factories are necessary as places for people to work. What we are getting at, in other words, is that there are certain commodities and certain materials which may be classed as basic, as, in other words, fundamentally necessary, and therefore sure of a ready and constant market.

STEEL, for example, is frequently cited as the basic industry, and many people are in the habit of estimating the prosperity of the country as a whole by the prosperity of the steel business. As a matter of fact there is a system for trading in stocks based on the number of blast furnaces in operation and the percentage this number bears to the total in the country, the idea being that by this means it is possible to tell whether business generally is good or bad. Certainly steel is a pretty reliable barometer of conditions, and if there is an active demand for it, the probabilities are that there is activity in other lines of business, too. Think of the amount of steel used by railroads, shipbuilders, automobile manufacturers, and in the erection of buildings.

MANY of the public utility corporations have tried very hard of recent years to distribute their stock widely among their customers. "Customer ownership" this is called, and one of the selling arguments has been that you can pay your water, light, power, or telephone bills with the money received from dividends. The plan has been effective, and to-day there are thousands of people with a proprietary interest in


FINANCING THE FARMERS OF AMERICA
Farming is the key industry of the United States. The economic welfare of the Nation, present and future, depends upon keeping the country agriculturally self-supporting.
FULFILLING A NATIONAL NEED
— Through Joint Stock Land Banks.
The life-blood of all industry is credit. Without adequate credit, at economical rates, no industry today can survive. This is just as true in the business of farming as in the fabricating of steel. Certainly, nothing is more important to the life of this country than the production of daily food for its one hundred and thirteen millions of people.
Inadequate Banking
Long Handicapped Farming
Our great manufacturing industries for time past have enjoyed banking credits on equitable bases. The farming industry, with no great organization of friendly banking interests, was, however, decidedly handicapped. But, since land values and man's capabilities to produce the necessities of life form the bulwarks of credit, it is obvious that an industry, so vital to daily life and so essential to general good-business, eventually would find adequate banking facilities.
A Practical Remedy
The creation of the Federal Farm Loan Bureau, in 1917, supplied, in a large measure, these facilities. The act which created the banking system, of which Joint Stock Land Banks are an integral part, was one of the most far reaching and constructive legislative achievements ever placed upon the statute-books of the country. It is comparable, in the magnitude of its economic results, with the Federal Reserve Act.
The Joint Stock Land Bank's Mission
Through Joint Stock Land Banks the responsible farmer can now borrow for strictly agricultural purposes, on an economically sound basis. These Joint Stock Land Banks operate under Government supervision; all loans they make must be approved by the Government.
The bonds which are sold by these Banks are secured by Government-scrutinized loans; are held to definite requirements as to margin of safety by Federal statutes; and have been declared, by the United States Supreme Court, to be instrumentalities of the Government. They are as completely exempt from taxation as are First 3½% Liberty Bonds.
Thus, through Bonds of Joint Stock Land Banks is provided the capital required in the sound development of our farming industry; and also tax exempt, marketable investment securities, based upon the soundest kind of diversified security.
The Guy Huston Organization — A complete organization of financial, land and bank specialists — affords Joint Stock Land Banks a broad, basic and helpful service. The facilities of this Organization are extended not only to Joint Stock Land Banks, but to Investment Bankers and institutions desiring information or reports covering any phase of Joint Stock Land Bank operations or securities.
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*Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers*

## Inheritance Taxes and Your Estate

The amount of such taxes your estate must pay depends largely upon the type of investments you hold. It is even possible that more than one state, and in addition the Federal government, may impose taxes on the same security! Such multiple taxation may often be avoided by the proper selection of your holdings.

Our booklet "Why Estates Shrink," outlining this information in detail, will be of interest to every investor. Let us send you a copy gratis without obligation.

*Ask for* 6-2456

**A. C. ALLYN AND COMPANY**
INCORPORATED
67 West Monroe Street, Chicago
New York Philadelphia Milwaukee
Boston Minneapolis

## A Typical Baldwin Safeguarded Mortgage

Value of land alone, $3,000; value of building, $7,250. Erected 1924, sold in 1925 for $17,000. Baldwin Mortgage Company First Mortgage Loan $4,500, 8% interest, payable semi-annually. Our appraisals are rigid; our first mortgage real estate bonds offer an ideal, sound investment, super protected.

*Baldwin Safeguarded Bonds are sold in denominations of $1,000, $500, $100. Serial maturities. Deferred payment purchasers receive 8% on all payments, or where investors prefer may purchase mortgages outright. Write for descriptive folders.*

**BALDWIN MORTGAGE COMPANY**
MIAMI WEST PALM BEACH ORLANDO
Address
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MIAMI, FLORIDA


the public utility which serves them in these ways where a few years ago there were hundreds. Undoubtedly, many individuals have been benefited, and there has also been a favorable reaction so far as the corporations themselves are concerned. Everyone knows that public utilities were for years a punching bag for politicians, but nowadays when these companies are largely owned by the constituents of these same politicians there is considerable hesitancy about putting through unfair and unfavorable legislation. Citizens are customarily of a passive turn of mind when they have no personal interest in the laws of the land, but this is not the case when their pocket books are affected, and those who are in authority recognize this fact. The results in the case of the public utilities have been beneficial for all concerned.

RAILROADS, of course, are essential to the well being and progress of every industrial country. It is said, for instance, that the population of New York City would starve within a very few days if railroad communication with the rest of the country were cut off. Certainly business everywhere would quickly come to a standstill if there were no railroads. Shares in railroad corporations, therefore, would seem to offer inducements to investors. And they do, although, like all generalizations, such a statement has its exceptions.

WE HAVE cited these examples to show what is meant by the kind of corporations whose shares of stock should prove profitable. It stands to reason that a company, to make money, must have something to sell for which there is a demand. Further, it is evident that a company which has a record of prosperity behind it has a better chance of prosperity in the future than one which is new, which offers something which may or may not be in demand,

# *Your Investment Problems*

HARPER'S MAGAZINE takes special interest in presenting to its readers the advertisements of reputable investment bankers and in securing as wide a variety of sound investment offerings as possible.

Announcements of our financial advertisers are commended to the thoughtful attention of our readers. They form a directory of an important service. Readers are asked to study them and to use them to such an extent as they can. The Houses are carefully selected and we believe that we are justified in recommending them to our readers.

A list of informative booklets issued by these investment houses is given below. These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed.

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CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT BANKER: A worthwhile booklet for investors, giving them an idea of what to expect in the way of service from their investment banker. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

COMMON SENSE IN INVESTING MONEY: A booklet setting forth the qualities in real estate mortgage bonds which commend them to investors. Offered by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.

INVESTMENT SECURITIES: An interesting and helpful booklet which will be appreciated by investors. Offered by the National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City.

INSURED MORTGAGE BONDS: A booklet describing issues of real estate bonds which offer to investors the unique advantage of insurance as to payment of both principal and interest by an independent guaranteeing corporation. Offered by Stein Bros. & Boyce, 6 So. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.

INVESTMENT ASSURANCE: A booklet describing United First Mortgage Bonds, and investment opportunities in Detroit, Mich. Offered by the United States Mortgage Bond Co., Ltd., 320 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

PUBLIC UTILITY SECURITIES AS INVESTMENTS: A booklet of interest to investors who wish to know more about the public utility investment field. Offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 71 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

WHY THE SOUTH OFFERS INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITIES: An interesting discussion of economic and business factors in the South from an investment point of view. Offered by G. L. Miller & Co., Inc., 30 East 42nd St., New York City.

FIFTY-TWO YEARS OF PROVEN SAFETY: An unusual booklet giving the principles of investment which have made possible a perfect record of safety. Offered by The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT REAL ESTATE BONDS: A booklet of interest to buyers of real estate bonds. Offered by the Adair Realty & Trust Company, Atlanta, Ga.

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# RESULTS COUNT

*—the one reason why more and more investors are turning to*

**7% SMITH BONDS**

ONLY one thing really counts when you invest money—results. Either an investment turns out right, or it doesn't. It brings you satisfaction—or regret.

It is on the basis of proven results for more than half a century that both large and small investors, in constantly increasing numbers, are turning to Smith Bonds.

Since The F. H. Smith Company was founded, in 1873, men and women who have put their money into our First Mortgage Investments have known but one result—perfect safety and perfect satisfaction. Behind Smith Bonds is our record of *no loss to any investor in 52 years.*

**7% WITH PROVEN SAFETY**

When you buy Smith Bonds, the liberal interest rate of 7% contributes much to the results you can accomplish with the money you save and invest. Moreover, you have the privilege of using our Investment Savings Plan, which gives you the full rate of bond interest on every payment.

You may use this plan to buy a single $100, $500 or $1,000 Smith Bond by payments extended over ten months, or to create a competence by systematic investment over a period of years. If your savings average $10, $20, $50 or more a month, they may be invested safely at 7%.

Let us send you our two booklets, "Fifty-two Years of Proven Safety" and "How to Build an Independent Income," telling about the time-tested safety features which have made Smith Bonds the choice of investors in 48 States and 30 foreign lands, and explaining all details of our Investment Savings Plan. Send your name and address for these booklets today.

**The F. H. Smith Co.**

*Founded 1873*

New York Philadelphia **Smith Bldg., Washington, D.C.** Pittsburgh Minneapolis

*NO LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR IN 52 YEARS*

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*Address* .....

*Please print name and address plainly* 83Z

# 6½% BONDS

*insurable against loss at the option of the investor*

CREATED and safeguarded by the South's Oldest Mortgage Investment House, and backed by a record of 60 years without loss.

Each issue secured by a first mortgage upon income-producing property in a leading Southern city where values are continually enhancing and where attractive rates may be had without sacrifice of safety.

So fundamentally safe and so thoroughly protected that one of the largest Surety Companies in the United States will unconditionally guarantee payment of principal and interest, at the investor's option.

*Write today for full information*
*Address Dept. D7*

**Adair Realty & Trust Company**
*The South's Oldest Mortgage Investment House*
*Founded 1865* ATLANTA
PHILADELPHIA, Packard Bldg.
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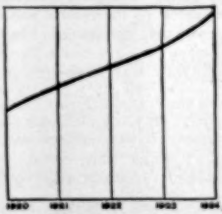


**Here is the Miller "Life-line" of satisfied customers**

THE increase in sales to old customers, shown on the chart above, is but one important reason for you to consider Miller Bonds as a wise investment. Remember that while sales have grown, capital and surplus have also grown—on the average of 100 per cent each year. Each issue of Miller Bonds is secured by a first mortgage on an independently appraised office building, hotel or apartment structure.

Interest up to 7 per cent. Normal federal income tax refunded. Various state taxes refunded or paid. Genuineness of each bond certified by a bank. Denominations—$100, $500, $1000. Bonds with a guarantee of principal and interest, available if desired.

It will pay you to find out more about Miller Bonds and descriptions of current offerings paying interest up to 7 per cent. *Write for Booklet* 7609.

**G. L. MILLER & CO.**
INCORPORATED
30 East 42nd Street, New York City

NO INVESTOR EVER LOST A DOLLAR IN
**MILLER FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS**


and whose management is untried. Sellers of fake stocks specialize in new enterprises, in companies depending upon doubtful patent rights for their success, on questionable supplies of oil or minerals, or those who are trying to emulate the success of some company already established with which they can scarcely hope to compete. People who wish to share in profits will do well to leave such companies severely alone, for it is almost always exceedingly doubtful whether there will ever be any profits to share. Conservative investments almost always pay best in the long run, and to be doubly conservative, the inexperienced purchaser of securities—and few are anything else—will get the best expert opinion before he buys anything. This procedure is not only the wisest precaution against loss, but comes nearer a guarantee of providing beneficial results than any yet discovered.

AS HAS been pointed out before in these columns, the safe investing of money demands the expert knowledge of those who are thoroughly conversant with the investment field. This is a highly specialized calling, and beyond the range of the average citizen whose efforts lie in some particular line of endeavor remote from questions of finance. But to-day there are numerous reputable investment houses who offer themselves as consultants and advisers. They will not express opinions as to investments which are essentially speculative enterprises and which offer a lure to the thousands who are attracted to gambling possibilities. Their study and service are confined to investments which are safe. The man who seeks guidance as to the disposal of his spare capital or earnings will, in the long run, profit most largely by seeking the conservative advice of such bankers. He has only to specify his resources and preferences as to investments, and in return he will receive expert counsel, for which there is no charge. Reputable investment companies, and your own local bank, stand ready to offer such service.

# IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

## A B C For Investors

By PAUL TOMLINSON

IN THE financial columns of HARPER'S for May we printed an article entitled "A Billion A Year." This amount, we stated, represented the losses incurred during an average twelve-month period by gullible persons who buy worthless and fake securities. A staggering sum of money, to be sure—an average of nearly twenty million dollars a week, two and three-quarter millions a day, over one hundred thousand dollars an hour. The interest on a billion dollars itself is fifty millions a year, figured at only five per cent. It seems incredible.

ON AUGUST 25 there appeared in many of the leading newspapers an Associated Press dispatch, based on the report of the Better Business Bureau of New York City, stating that "the cost of credulity in 1924 was well over the billion-dollar mark," and that indications point to another "normal" year for the "still flourishing cult of gold-brick artists." "Despite enactments in many states of blue-sky laws for its protection," the account states, "the American public will pay $1,000,000,000 in 1925 to operators of fraudulent stock schemes, promoters of sandy oil wells, and financial wizards of the Ponzi type."

THE account makes interesting if rather disheartening reading. It proceeds:

> "Indorsing partially the axiom attributed to the late Mr. Barnum, the Bureau expects there always will be a considerable number of people ready to purchase shares in Brooklyn Bridge, or to 'invest' their savings in that hardy old standby, the 'money-making machine.'"

ONLY last month we read, in one of the New York newspapers, of a girl, a cook in a private family, who by dint of hard work and saving had accumulated twenty-five hundred dollars; an affable and newly found acquaintance of the opposite sex persuaded her to draw fifteen hundred dollars out of the bank and let him double it for her in his money-making machine. She thought she saw him place the bills in the machine, which she kept in her possession, but when she opened it the following day her money, of course, was gone, and her affable friend also had disappeared.

IF PEOPLE are so gullible, one may say they deserve to lose their money. Perhaps they do, but how many people

# INSURED MORTGAGE BONDS

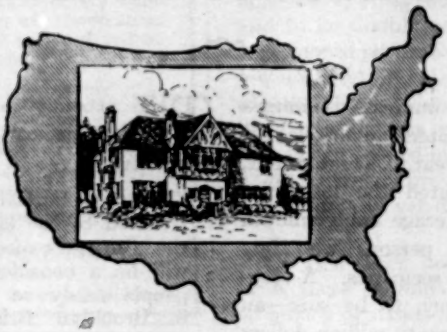
## A National Security

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## 6%

## Unquestioned Safety
## Through Nation-wide Diversification

*A National Service in Home Ownership*



*Home Loans—vs—Millions invested in Large Structures*

A wide distribution of First Mortgage Loans spread over the length and breadth of the Nation, establishes a broad foundation upholding the security of Insured Mortgage Bonds. The standards of safety are precisely the same on all issues.

Each Bond bears the guarantee of the Mortgage Security Corporation of America, and jointly with it, the Insurance Guarantee of the National Surety Company, the world's largest surety company, covering full payment of principal and interest from date of issue to date of maturity.

The holders of these bonds acquire ever increasing diversification by enlarging their investments in Insured Mortgage Bonds as distributed through a country-wide group of Investment Bankers.

*"Unquestioned Safety" completely describes Insured Mortgage Bonds. Detailed information may be obtained by writing for our Booklet;*

"An Investment Insured For Its Lifetime"

INSURED Mortgage Bonds — MORTGAGE SECURITY CORPORATION OF AMERICA — INSURED Mortgage Bonds

CORPORATION OF VIRGINIA

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

# INSURED MORTGAGE BONDS

## A National Security

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## 6%

## A Nation-wide Distribution
## By
## Investment Bankers

Investment Bankers independently engaged in offering to conservative Investors only the most carefully chosen securities, unhesitatingly recommend Insured Mortgage Bonds as issued by the Mortgage Security Corporation of America.

**1**—Because the First Mortgages securing Insured Mortgage Bonds are fundamentally safe in themselves, being surrounded by unusual safe guards.

**2**—Because cautious Investors are not merely asked to *believe* Insured Mortgage Bonds are safe. Tangible, binding proof is given in the form of an unqualified Insurance Guarantee endorsed on each bond, signed jointly by the Mortgage Security Corporation of America and the National Surety Company, the world's largest surety company, covering full payment of principal and interest from date of issue to date maturity.

BLOCK, FETTER & TROST, Inc.
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**Insured Mortgage Bonds are distributed to Investors by the above-named established Investment Bankers, to whom orders for bonds as well as inquiries for booklet "An Investment Insured for Its Lifetime" should be addressed.**

STEIN BROS. & BOYCE
Investment Bankers Since 1871
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INSURED MortgageBonds — MORTGAGE SECURITY CORPORATION OF AMERICA NORFOLK, VIRGINIA — INSURED MortgageBonds

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# The Dual Satisfaction of SMITH BONDS

NOW PAYING 7%

MEN and women who put their money into Smith Bonds experience a dual satisfaction in owning these time-tested investments.

In the first place, you have the comfortable feeling of financial security—the knowledge that your money is safe. Every Smith Bond is a First Mortgage Bond, strongly secured by income-producing city property, and protected by the safeguards which have resulted in our record of *no loss to any investor in 52 years.*

In addition to the satisfaction of knowing that your money is safe, you have the satisfaction of knowing that, without risk or worry, you are realizing the full earning power of your money, receiving a substantial income, regularly and promptly paid. It is the policy of The F. H. Smith Company always to pay the highest rate of interest consistent with our standards of safety—standards which have resulted, for more than half a century, in the prompt payment of every cent of principal and interest to every purchaser of our first mortgage investments.

## EVERY PAYMENT EARNS 7%

Current offerings of Smith Bonds pay 7%. You may invest in denominations of $100, $500 or $1,000, outright or under our Investment Savings Plan.

This latter plan gives you 10 months, after an initial payment of 10%, to complete your purchase, and every payment earns *the full rate of bond interest.*

Send your name and address today, on the form below, for our two booklets, "Fifty-two Years of Proven Safety" and "How to Build an Independent Income." The first of these booklets tells about the time-tested safety features which have made Smith Bonds the choice of discriminating investors in 48 states and 30 foreign lands. The second booklet explains our Investment Savings Plan, and points out the results you can accomplish by systematic investment at 7%.

## The F. H. Smith Co.

*Founded 1873*

New York Philadelphia **Smith Bldg., Washington, D.C.** Pittsburgh Minneapolis

***NO LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR IN 52 YEARS***

*Name* .....

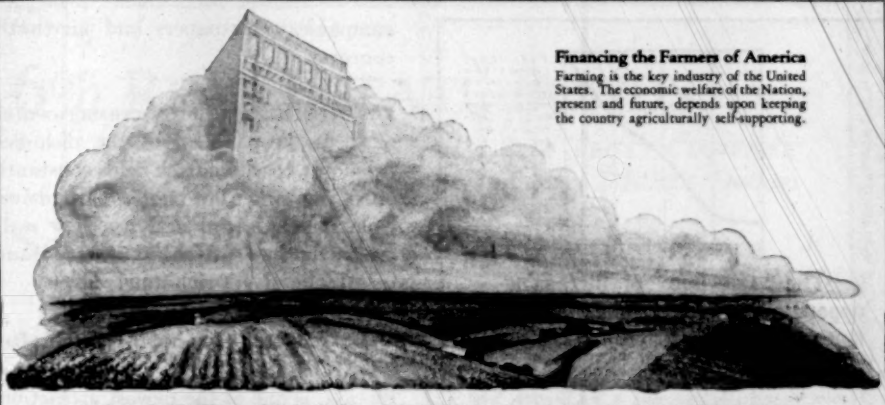
*Address* .....

*Please print name and address plainly* 85-A


can truthfully say that they have not been gullible themselves at some time or other? It may be their losses have been small, and if a lesson has been learned from them they very possibly have proved a good investment. A burned child dreads the fire, and a fleeced investor should be pretty wary about a second fleecing. Perhaps they are, but Mr. Barnum was almost if not entirely correct in his famous remark, and according to the Better Business Bureau, the rural sections have no monopoly of gullibility; New York City residents have complaints to make to the Bureau and the district attorney's office just as frequently as the supposedly less experienced dwellers in the "sticks." And what can be done about it? The newspaper account already mentioned tells about some of the safeguards being provided, and cites a few sample cases. We quote from it again:

"MEANTIME, however, the campaign against fraudulent stock operations and other machinations which may be broadly characterized as Wallingfordian will be carried forward. The Martin act, now on the statute books of New York, is cited as an excellent deterrent to the use of stock certificates to separate the unwary from their assets. The law permits the speedy issuance of injunctions to restrain bucket shops and similar organizations, and its enforcement here is said to have caused an exodus of one branch of the industry to less finicky jurisdictions.

"THROUGH chambers of commerce, advertising clubs and particularly through the new organizations closely related to both, known as better business bureaus, the activities of the ubiquitous investment quack are being gradually curtailed. These bureaus have been established in forty cities, being maintained by banks, brokers, investment



**Financing the Farmers of America**

Farming is the key industry of the United States. The economic welfare of the Nation, present and future, depends upon keeping the country agriculturally self-supporting.

# INCREASING FARM PROSPERITY

## through Joint Stock Land Banks

FOR years, the American farmer paid as high as 8% to 12%—and rarely less than 6%—for loans adequately secured by productive property. On the other hand, manufacturing concerns, with no better security than that offered by the farmer, could borrow money at far lower interest rates, because it was recognized that they could not profitably continue in business if exorbitant rates were demanded. The farmer, however, was expected to prosper under conditions which, if imposed on any other business enterprise, would threaten it with bankruptcy.

### No Direct Contact with Capital

The reason such a situation existed was due primarily to *the inability of the farmer to establish direct contact with available and interested capital*. He was forced frequently to pay as many as four and five commissions to middlemen, thus doubling and trebling his cost on a perfectly sound loan.

The condition was not remedied until the Federal Farm Loan Act was passed by Congress in 1916, which offered a basis for the establishing of a practical, national farm banking system. Capital for agricultural purposes then became available to the farmer through Joint Stock Land Banks—at a net rate which has never since exceeded 6%. This government recognition of the fact that widely distributed credit resources for agriculture as well as industry are essential to the life of the nation assures the permanency of the Joint Stock Land Banks, and precludes the possibility of a return to the old and extremely unsatisfactory methods.

### Government Supervision

Today, Joint Stock Land Banks supply a large part of the capital needs of agriculture. This is done as directly, and even more simply, than industrial enterprises can obtain similar credits. Under Government regulation, these Banks extend direct loans, secured by productive property, the value of which has been appraised by the Government.

### Bonds are Tax-Exempt

The funds for these constructive loans are obtained principally through the purchase by investors of Joint Stock Land Bank Bonds. These Bonds are printed by the Government, they have been declared instrumentalities of the Government by the United States Supreme Court; and they are secured by first mortgages on productive farm lands. They are, by Federal Law, as fully tax-exempt as First Liberty 3½% Bonds.

The Guy Huston Organization—a complete organization of financial, land and bank specialists—affords Joint Stock Land Banks a broad, basic and helpful service. The facilities of this Organization are extended not only to Joint Stock Land Banks, but to investment bankers and institutions desiring information or reports covering any phase of Joint Stock Land Bank operations or securities.

# GUY HUSTON ORGANIZATION

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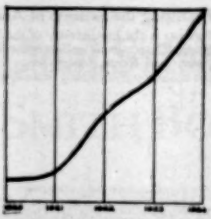

*This chart shows the increase in bond issues underwritten by G. L. Miller & Co. during the last five years.*

**The "Life-line" of increasing opportunities for Miller investors**

G. L. Miller & Co. is called upon to finance more and more of the finest income-earning properties in all sections of the country.

Thus do Miller customers find constantly growing opportunities for profitable investment in first mortgage bond issues of the highest type.

Miller sales have grown on an average of 100 per cent per annum for the last five years.

Miller Bonds pay interest up to 7 per cent. Normal federal income tax refunded. Various state taxes refunded or paid. Genuineness of each bond is certified by a bank or trust company. The denominations of Miller Bonds are of a size to suit every investor—$100, $500, $1000. **Bonds with an unconditional and independent guarantee of principal and interest, available if desired.** *Write for descriptive Booklet 7610.*

**G. L. MILLER & CO.**
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30 East 42nd Street, New York City
NO INVESTOR EVER LOST A DOLLAR IN
**MILLER FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS**

EVERY DOLLAR THAT HAS BECOME DUE ON FIRST MORTGAGE BUILDING BONDS SOLD BY US HAS BEEN PAID TO EVERY INVESTOR

**Safe**
**First Mortgage Bonds**
**6½%**

WE are now offering several First Mortgage Bond issues yielding 6½% secured by centrally-located properties in the principal cities of the country and urge that you communicate with us at once for further particulars.

*Ask for Circular 2209*

**AMERICAN BOND & MORTGAGE CO.**
ESTABLISHED 1904 INCORPORATED
AN OLD RESPONSIBLE HOUSE
Capital and Surplus over $7,000,000
127 No. Dearborn St. Chicago — 345 Madison Ave. New York
Cleveland, Detroit, Boston Philadelphia and over thirty other cities


companies, newspapers and mercantile concerns.

"THEIRS is a never-ceasing contest to keep ahead of the dishonest promoter, to whom fresh fields constantly open, for when promoters are driven from one unlawful activity, new webs are woven for trustful folk who succumb to attacks of get-rich-quick fever.

"THIS summer, real estate, often coupled with the magic name of Florida, is one of the newest attractions for former stock swindlers. Others are venturing in the illicit liquor traffic, despite the collapse recently of the projects of the titled Briton, Sir Broderick Hartwell.

"AND the oil fakers never quit. Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of near-polar fame, is in Leavenworth prison, with the story of his deals of painful knowledge to millions, but the game goes on. Three promoters were arrested in California this summer, accused of cleaning up $500,000 on the Pacific coast by pushing a subscription stock scheme combining fifteen companies. Another blue-sky promoter, sandwiched between reputable Wall Street firms in New York, when arrested was found to be wanted in Boston to serve out a sentence at hard labor.

"THERE is the beautifully furnished Riverside Drive apartment in New York City used as a lure by a former Sing Sing resident to swindle victims to whom he sells stock upon promise of a salaried job.

"ON PROMINENT business streets in any large city are found fly-by-night 'store sets' and promoters' offices, as realistic as Hollywood and Astoria movie sets, awaiting the uninformed investor.

# 6% REAL ESTATE BONDS

*Recommended by a TRUST COMPANY with resources of Fifty Million Dollars*

## Secured by First Mortgages

*Guaranteed by a SURETY COMPANY with resources of Forty Million Dollars*

THE BOND DEPARTMENT OF THE BALTIMORE TRUST COMPANY offers several new issues of 6% Real Estate Bonds from which to make a selection for your November funds. Each issue is secured by First Mortgages that are:

1. **Approved as to investment standard** by The Baltimore Trust Company, which has resources of more than $50,000,000.
2. **Guaranteed as to principal and interest,** except as to title, by the United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company, which has resources of more than $40,000,000.
3. **Guaranteed as to title** by the New York Title & Mortgage Company, which has resources of more than $16,000,000, or by some other Title Company approved by The Baltimore Trust Company and the United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company.

Every investment made in these bonds is *triply secured*—first, by the ample capital and surplus of a well-established Mortgage Company; second, by First Mortgages made for not more than 50% of the value of leasehold property and not more than 60% of the value of fee simple property; third, by the guarantee of principal, interest and title on each mortgage.

Each bond is certified by The Baltimore Trust Company as Trustee, or by some other Bank or Trust Company approved by The Baltimore Trust Company and the United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company.

### Consult Your Own Bank or Banker

$500 and $1,000 bonds of any available issue or maturity (1 year to 10 years) are sold at par and accrued interest to yield 6%. All issues provide for the refund of the securities tax of any state up to 4½ mills in any one year. Orders for these bonds may be placed with your own Bank or Banker; or with The Baltimore Company, Inc., 52 Cedar Street, New York, N.Y.; or sent to the Main Office of THE BALTIMORE TRUST COMPANY, 25 EAST BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

*Write for Booklet No. 18*

# THE BALTIMORE TRUST COMPANY

*The Largest Trust Company in the South Atlantic States offering complete banking, trust and investment services*

CAPITAL RESOURCES $7,000,000 — MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM — TOTAL RESOURCES $50,000,000

50,000 DEPOSITORS

The World Takes Stoves from Detroit

Detroit is first in world production in 29 industries, including stoves. Detroit's wide range of large industries has attracted thousands of investors who are participating in its rapid, substantial growth. Here is your opportunity for safe, profitable investment in United First Mortgage Bonds, secured by first mortgages on high grade Detroit apartments, homes and office buildings.

*Write for complete listings of investments open to you*

UNITED STATES MORTGAGE BOND COMPANY LIMITED

*Howard C. Wade, President*

318 U.S. Mortgage Bond Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Capital $1,000,000 Resources more than $10,000,000

Or you can buy "United Bonds" doubly safe-guarded—guaranteed as to principal and interest. Ask us about United guaranteed bonds.

6½% UNITED BONDS

THE STOCK MARKET BAROMETER

*By William Peter Hamilton*

¶ In this unusual book, William Peter Hamilton, the editor of the *Wall Street Journal*, explains exactly what is meant by Dow's theory of the stock market price movement.

¶ The book shows how the stock market movement reflects in advance, and often many months ahead, the coming conditions of business generally.

¶ Mr. Hamilton's illustrations and examples come from the personal experience and observation of one who has had confidential intimacy with Wall Street leaders and executives of national reputation, for the past twenty-two years. $3.00

HARPER & BROTHERS

Established 1817 New York


"IN THE financial district two companies were put out of business under the Martin law early this year for 'switching' operations by which high-pressure salesmen, called 'dynamiters,' working mainly by telephone from 'sucker lists,' sold well-known stocks as bait, persuading the buyer subsequently to switch his equity and make additional cash payments on worthless stock."

EARLY in the summer the United States Post Office Department issued a fraud order against a chemical company which was conducting a spectacular stock-selling campaign by mail. A newspaper bearing the title "Lake of Treasure" was circulated, which reported that the company hoped to establish at a California lake "the world's greatest source of supply of commercial borax." The literature prominently featured the statement, "$1.00 invested now may return to you as much as $34,140." The investigation of this company's activities is said to have revealed that approximately $200,000, or 40% of the funds received from investors, were disbursed through the medium of "promotional costs."

SO IT goes, and with every passing day over two and a half millions of dollars are lost by a trusting, gullible, careless public in an effort to make easy money, to get something for nothing, and to secure riches without working for them. Still they try to beat the game, in spite of the fact that time and time again it has been incontrovertibly demonstrated that the cards are always stacked and the dealer is sure to win. A billion dollars a year.

WHAT is the answer to this state of affairs? How is the public to be protected against these crooks and fakers who prey upon them? Must everyone learn from bitter experience

# How Do You Invest Your Money

## *Do You "Take a Chance" With Your Earnings and Savings? Does It Pay?*

THERE'S THE STORY of the man, who after almost a lifetime of hard, honest work, invested his savings in what he was told, and what he believed to be a "safe investment," and one that would "double up" his capital in "no time at all." Today, an old man, he is holding down a small job, at small salary. His savings are gone — he TOOK A CHANCE.

### SAFEGUARDS

**INSURED**

The following Surety Companies severally insure in varying percentages the payment of 100% of principal and interest of the first mortgages securing National Union Mortgage Co. Bonds:

U. S. Fidelity & Guaranty Co.
Maryland Casualty Co.
Fidelity & Deposit Co.
National Surety Co.

**PROTECTED**

The "Standardized Requirements" of the National Union Mortgage Company, in themselves fully protect the principal and interest of these bonds. A copy of these requirements will be sent on request and should convince any investor that every possible *protective* measure is employed to safeguard National Union Bonds.

**GUARANTEED**

In addition to the insurance against loss by the Surety Companies mentioned above, all mortgages are unconditionally guaranteed by the issuing mortgage companies. Furthermore, every bond is guaranteed, principal and interest, by the National Union Mortgage Company.

The average man has little or no opportunity during a busy lifetime to study the perplexing problem of investments. He is busy providing for his family. He manages to save in spite of increasing demands on his income. He is saving for a definite purpose. To provide a "nest egg" for his old age, and, in case he should die, to provide for his family's future welfare.

What he — and that means each one of us — does with the money he saves is of vital importance. Taking chances with investments not only does not pay; it defeats the end toward which he bends all his efforts.

There are, however, investment securities which anyone — experienced or inexperienced — can buy with safety. A National Union Mortgage Bond is such a security. Read the three unusual safeguards *Insured - Protected - Guaranteed* shown at the left.

## GUARANTEED SAFETY PLUS 6% INTEREST

**Mail the Coupon today for booklet "Why National Union for Safety."**

$500 and $1,000 6% Coupon Bonds

*Correspondence with Investment Bankers Invited*

## NATIONAL UNION MORTGAGE CO.

Baltimore Maryland

Mackubin, Goodrich & Co. 111 E. Redwood St., Baltimore, Md.
Fiscal Agents Established 1899

COUPON

Mackubin, Goodrich & Co., 111 E. Redwood St., Baltimore, Md.
Gentlemen: Send me booklet "Why National Union for Safety."

*Name* _____

*Address* _____

*City and State* _____

**A Typical Baldwin Safeguarded Mortgage**

Value of land alone, $3,000; value of building, $7,250. Erected 1924, sold in 1925 for $17,000. Baldwin Mortgage Company First Mortgage Loan $4,500, 8% interest, payable semi-annually. Our appraisals are rigid; our first mortgage real estate bonds offer an ideal, sound investment, super protected.

*Baldwin Safeguarded Bonds are sold in denominations of $1,000, $500, $100. Serial maturities. Deferred payment purchasers receive 8% on all payments, or where investors prefer may purchase mortgages outright. Write for descriptive folders.*

**BALDWIN MORTGAGE COMPANY**

MIAMI WEST PALM BEACH ORLANDO

Address
320 Congress Building
MIAMI, FLORIDA

**Buy Bonds That Fit Your Needs**

After ***safety,*** do you know what other features to look for? Do you know what ***type*** of bonds to buy? Do you know how to ***apportion*** your investment funds?

We will be glad to give you, without obligation, the benefit of our experience in these matters. First let us send you our free booklet, "*What Bonds Shall I Buy?*" It will start you thinking.

*Ask for* 6-2455

**A. C. ALLYN AND COMPANY**
INCORPORATED
67 West Monroe Street, Chicago
New York Minneapolis Philadelphia Milwaukee Boston

before he can be trusted to invest his savings properly? Laws help to a certain extent, but they do not by any means afford all the protection necessary, for the rich rewards to be gained will always tempt the unscrupulous to run the risk of detection, and even when they are caught, the money they have already collected has disappeared. Education seems the only possible solution of the problem.

WHEN we mention education we do not mean that everyone must be an investment expert, and acquaint himself with all the intricacies of bond and stock investment. Obviously that is impossible, and out of the question. The only thing it is necessary to know is that when the purchase of securities is contemplated, expert advice is essential. When we are sick we call in a doctor; we don't pretend to know anything about medicine, and we don't attempt to prescribe for ourselves. Why should we try to prescribe proper investments for ourselves any more than we should use our own judgment about the taking of medicines? If our teeth ache we consult a dentist. If we have legal matters for decision we lay them before a lawyer. When people realize that buying bonds and stocks is a matter requiring the advice of specialists, the doom of the crooked promoter and the dealer in fake securities is sealed. This is all the education necessary: get expert advice, or in the language of the increasingly familiar slogan, "Before you invest, investigate."

THE analogy between the doctor, the lawyer, and the investment expert is a true one, we believe, except that a doctor and a lawyer charge for their advice, while a banker's opinion may be secured without cost. It is the easiest thing in the world to get this advice, and is it any more than common prudence—common sense, if you like—to make use

# PACIFIC NORTHWEST

Shippers save from two to ten days and thousands of dollars by routing their trans-Pacific shipments through the great ports of Washington and Oregon

## *The door to America's fastest growing market*

The spectacular increase in our Oriental trade is the most striking feature of our foreign commerce in recent years.

While Europe's share of our total exports has fallen off greatly since the war, our exports to Eastern Asia were five times greater in 1924 than before the war.

Asia now absorbs one-eighth of our exports — $665,600,000 worth. She sends us one-fourth of our total imports—$985,000,000 worth.

To the Pacific Northwest this rapid growth in Far East commerce is of particular significance.

For the ports of Washington and Oregon are the natural gateway to the Orient with its tremendous, almost unlimited consuming market.

They are the nearest American ports to the Orient—from two to ten days nearer. Shippers to and from the Orient save substantially in time, insurance and interest charges by using the Pacific Northwest route. They are able to meet better the requirements of Oriental buyers who almost invariably demand quick delivery of products they import.

The Pacific Northwest ports are also nearer by rail to the Atlantic seaboard. Their natural harbors and harbor facilities are unsurpassed.

With "the immutable law of the short haul" in their favor, the Pacific Northwest ports have established dominance in foreign trade on the Pacific Coast.

Yet, their present foreign commerce of half a billion dollars annually is but a foretaste of the future. As the curve of Oriental shipping sweeps steadily upwards, the ports of Washington and Oregon look westward, across a busy Pacific, to tremendous things beyond.

**The Chicago Burlington & Quincy R.R.**
**The Northern Pacific Ry.**
**The Great Northern Ry.**

Burlington Route

## Become Independent by Systematic Saving

## $10 Starts You

IN the surplus dollars he is able to lay away each month, every man has the key to financial independence. These dollars, determinedly saved from week to week, and invested in high-grade absolutely sound securities, produce more dollars in a surprisingly short time.

The conservative investor of moderate means, who wants the largest possible return consistent with perfect safety, has found our offerings of First Mortgage Real Estate Notes especially attractive. These notes, bearing 6½% interest, are backed by the soundest security in the world—improved real estate in Washington, D. C. The best part of it is, that under our new plan you can take advantage of these splendid offerings at only $10 a month.

**Valuable Book Free**

Our new book, "Safety Supreme," explains this plan to you. Your request for a copy entails no obligation. Simply send your name and address by post card or letter—TODAY.

**SHANNON & LUCHS, Inc.**
Dept. 1311, 713-15 14th Street
Washington, D. C.

# Be On the Safe Side

BEFORE investing your surplus funds, take the precaution against loss by seeking the expert and conservative advice of your local or investment banker, who will gladly serve you.

## Eliminate the Loss In Investments

For after all good investment opportunities predominate. Caution, Care, Investigation will reveal safe and profitable channels for your surplus funds.

**The Financial Article that appears in every issue of *Harper's Magazine* will help solve your investment problems.**

Form the habit of reading the financial article in every issue. You will find them profitable. All advertisements carefully censored.

**HARPER'S MAGAZINE**
49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.


of it? When it is so ready to hand, can a man blame anyone but himself if he fails to take advantage of it and then because of his negligence loses money? It seems such a simple safeguard against misfortune that it is almost inconceivable that a billion dollars a year are lost because of failure to utilize it. Perhaps people do not know that they can protect themselves so easily. Perhaps they feel that a banker is not interested in their small affairs. Perhaps they are loath to acquaint a comparative stranger with the facts of their financial circumstances. The truth of the matter is, however, that this protection does exist; that no sum is too small to claim the interest of a banker, and the relationship between a banker and his client is as confidential as that existing between a doctor and his patient, and a minister and one of his congregation. When our people appreciate these facts they will have all the education necessary in order to insure intelligent investment of their savings, and protection against fraud.

THE Investment Bankers Association, the Better Business Bureaus, and similar organizations are spending a great deal of money every year on behalf of the inexperienced investor, and many individuals are giving generously of their time and themselves for the same purpose. They deserve support, and it is encouraging that people, in increasing numbers, are beginning to appreciate the fact that the best protection against bad investments they can get is the advice, help, and service offered by the reputable bankers of the country. In other words, many investors have learned the A B C's of an investment education, and that is all they need to know.

*Seventy-Fifth Anniversary Year*

# HARPER'S MAGAZINE—A NATIONAL INSTITUTION

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Editor, *The Saturday Review of Literature*

THERE is no surer index of the mind of a modern nation than its journalism, and no better reflection of the taste, the mood, and the instinctive desires of a great community than a national magazine. Its volumes are not prepared history assembled according to one man's idea of how the nation developed, but a source book, all the more revealing because the intention has been to interest rather than to reveal. And when it is possible to survey for seventy-five years the numbers of a magazine, intended, as the publishers of HARPER'S said in the beginning, for those who, whatever their politics, love to be pleased, the results are likely to be instructive.

The true youth of the United States was in the mid-nineteenth century when HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE was begun. Those now almost legendary figures who conducted the Revolution and founded the republic were old in politics and weighed down by experience. They were the protagonists of an experiment in self-government made for the world as well as themselves. But by 1850 the republic, so it seemed, was established, and was racing out of adolescence into prosperity. Jackson had made democracy a reality, the West was open through to Texas, Oregon, and California, immigration had just begun to flood in, railroads were quickening the tempo of life, a series of inventions all within a few years—the reaper, the sewing machine, the power loom, the rotary press—opened wide possibilities, the telegraph was installed, money was made easily. If to be young was heaven in the early days of the French Revolution, to be young in 1850 in New York was to be assured of prosperity and progress. There was energy enough for anything and everything, and time over, and inclination to read.

It was a blatantly American civilization, according to the histories, and therefore the young magazine will be a surprise for those who trouble to dig out the early numbers from dusty files. For the newly born HARPER'S at first seems not American at all. It was, in effect, a literary miscellany, impeccable in tone, selected with excellent taste from the best available English literature, and bringing together in quiet and dignified form a range of articles and sketches which no other magazine in the world certainly could equal, with a serialized novel by Charles Lever to give continuity to the whole. The articles, though reprinted, were paid for and acknowledged. Of original American material there was only a dash of history and a little description. Why did such an English miscellany get fifty thousand subscribers in six months and at the end of its second year have twice as great a subscription list as any similar work in the world?

The answer will take us into an aspect of the American mind not often viewed in literary histories, which deal as a rule with the merits of masterpieces rather

than with the needs of a reading public. There was, strictly speaking, no national American literature worthy of the name in 1850, and it was a sound instinct which led Mr. Fletcher Harper, who seems to have been that rare creature, a publisher who understood his public, to go abroad for his literature and to include in his magazine much science, travel, and general information which the literati of New England would not have been able to supply at all. It was not instinct but an ideal upon which HARPER'S was founded that led him to set a high standard of excellence in English writing for whatever went into his new magazine.

New England, the best educated among the colonies, had reached a precocious maturity in the thirties and forties, and had produced a remarkable literature which, when Hawthorne, Emerson, and Thoreau were writing, was read by the intellectual world, but was not popular outside of New England. New York, already the metropolis of America and its gateway, New York the most vigorous and urbane of American cities, had enterprising journalists, but no novelists, no poets, no critics even, of distinguished power. If a magazine was to be literature and American, New England alone could furnish it with distinguished prose and poetry for fastidious readers; but New England was supercilious, and Mr. Harper had a different idea. The Americans he sought as readers wanted something quite different from high New England philosophizing and Puritan romance.

They were getting at the precise moment what may accurately be described as sentimental slush. It was an age in America of woman novelists, as a rule badly educated and ill prepared to write. I quote an apt description from Professor Fred Lewis Pattee's *The Development of the American Short Story:*

> The period between 1849 and 1860, indeed, may be termed, so far as its fiction is concerned, the gorgeous period of American literature. It was characterized chiefly by an orgy of feminine sentimentalism and emotionalism, a half-savage rioting in color and superlatives and fantastic fancies, an outburst of wild desire to reform all abuses and to bring the world swiftly to a golden age of love and beauty and feminine dreams.

In 1850, the year of HARPER'S beginning, Susan Warner's *The Wide, Wide World* sold fifty thousand copies. In 1853, *Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio* by Sarah Willis Parton ran to eighty thousand. Arthur's *Ten Nights In A Bar Room* reached seventy-five thousand in 1855. Donald Mitchell's far better but yet intensely sentimental *Reveries of a Bachelor* reached seventy thousand. Of these and a dozen more best sellers, only the last (by a few readers), and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, are so much as remembered.

The intellectual, if he had a taste for New England ethics, was getting good fare, but the general reader was being choked with clotted cream. The popular writers, as the figures above indicate, were pouring out appalling stuff. For a thousand miles north and south and a thousand miles west there were eager readers whose minds had been made curious by lyceum lectures and the rub of constant change—with few bookstores, fewer libraries, and no easy access to the main currents of English literature. No good writer in America was writing for them.

And at this moment, as it happened, good writing for the intelligent multitude had reached a climax in Great Britain, which only Sir Walter Scott had once before equaled. Dickens and Thackeray were writing, Charles Reade, Bulwer Lytton, Charles Lever, Trollope, George Eliot, Macaulay, Wilkie Collins, John Ruskin, Tennyson—the list which can be drawn from the early volumes of HARPER'S is as impressive as a list of the Elizabethans. And these, and more, with scarcely an exception, were writers with a singular power of reaching the intelligent general reader. They were both popular and excellent.

It was thus the inspiration of Mr. Fletcher Harper to say with a magnificent gesture to the vain and hungry

American public, with its well-filled pockets, "There is nothing too good for you; come and be fed." Drawing upon a great literature, he printed it admirably, and as the response encouraged him, added those American features which Americans, at the moment, could do best. It was an *à la carte* dinner in a land of ordinaries.

COVER OF THE FIRST ISSUE OF THE MAGAZINE

The Magazine which he and his editors created was a bridge across the sea; but it was also interesting for a very different reason. No sooner was its independence established, its own group of writers and artists gathered, and its ideals of urbanity and interest expressed in George William Curtis's quickly famous "Easy Chair," than it became evident that a new literary genre had come to birth. It has often been said that the illustrated magazine is an American invention and began with HARPER'S, but it has not always been clear in what the originality consists. There had been pictures before—most elaborate ones in the gift books—though never so aptly illustrative. There had been good printing in Graham's and Godey's magazines, and English serials were pirated in American newspapers to the intense indignation of the authors. The excellence of HARPER'S lay in its choice of writing that was interesting without concessions to vulgarity and emotionalism, but its originality lay in the audience for which it was devised. For seventy-five years this audience, through father, son, and grandson, and mother, daughter, and granddaughter, has followed in its pages the chief literary movements of the period.

American literature has been written of extensively, but American readers very little. Interest has centered in the book or the magazine, not in its purchaser. What the founders of HARPER'S discovered was that the intelligent majority in mid-century America did not wish to be lectured, that their curiosity was stronger than their desire to be improved, and that they preferred to read the best of literature—if it interested them. New England had overdosed the nation with ethics, and the less didactic writers had fed upon the second rate. As Curtis remarked in a wise "Easy Chair" paper, a writer need not lay down his views of moral liberty when he is discoursing of hen's eggs. Readers wished more omelet and less morality, and they approved of a magazine which, as he said, should have the tone of "agreeable, well-bred, intelligent, racy conversation of the higher kind." This was the program of a periodical designed to reach an audience that had never subscribed so abundantly to a magazine before, and had certainly never read so much good English between paper covers.

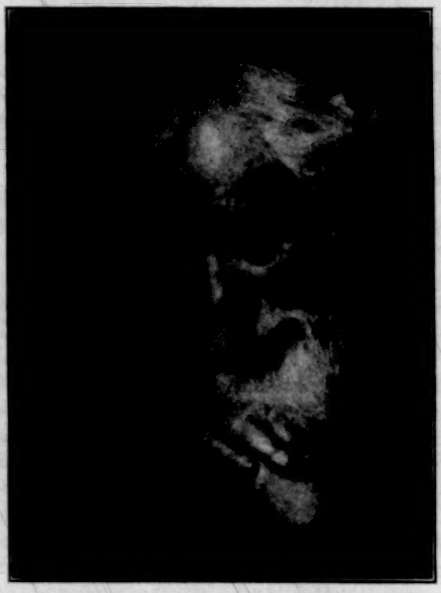
The most casual student of American social history in the nineteenth century recognizes the existence of a national society quite different from anything the world could show elsewhere. It was a society in which there were no peasants except the negroes, and after 1800 few aristocrats in the European sense of the word. It was a society which had taken an equalitarian complexion, first from its pioneer origins, next from frontier conditions, and finally through so rapid a development that the immigrant of one decade became the rich man of the next. There was, to be sure, a lower class, but it was always moving upward; there was an upper class, but it was constantly recruited and always hard to define. Between them came most of America in rapid evolution. The typical society thus formed was not bourgeois in the French sense—it had none of the class-consciousness nor the stolidity of the French bourgeoisie. Nor was it middle class in the English sense. It had the practicality and the vigor, but neither the solidity nor the limitations of middle-class England. It was becoming wealthy; it had the sense of movement which came from the railroads and the expanding West; it was intensely curious as a young and hopeful society should be; it was ill-educated but excessively ambitious to know a little about everything; it was—with exceptions for New England—not intellectual, not æsthetic; but it was intelligent. It believed profoundly in its own future and liked to read of its boundless inheritance in America, but looked to Europe for culture, imagination, and amusement, being skeptical, and rightly so, of its own entertainers, and distrustful of the New England highbrows. It yearned, as all societies must, for the perspective which makes society intelligible to itself, and for the portraits of personality which make life seem more interesting. It asked for a literature more urbane and more penetrative than its own hustle and bustle, and for news of itself.

HARPER'S responded with the prime cuts of English literature. It is the fashion now to deplore this fostering of British masterpieces upon the youthful taste of America, which, it appears, would have been more original if allowed to browse in the lush pastures of the feminine novel of the gorgeous period. Literary chauvinism, as blatant as any other kind, calls our dependence upon such institutions as HARPER'S, which offered not the best that could be bought in America, but the best that could be bought in English, the slavery of American taste. If slavery it was, then it closely resembles that slavery of a pupil to his elders and betters which is usually called by another name. To have been deprived of Dickens, Thackeray, Ruskin, George Eliot, and later, Du Maurier and Hardy when they were at the forefront of new and living English would have been a misfortune in any case, but since the depth and richness and maturity which young America craved and could enjoy was in them as in no contemporary American who could hit the popular fancy, the contention that we should have trusted to home-grown wits is ridiculous. The achievement of HARPER'S was to bring these great writers over sea and (a basic problem always in America) to distribute their writing where it would be most appreciated.

But the editors of HARPER'S did not propose to neglect the American author, although they and their successors gave the American audience first consideration. They hit the patriotic interests of their subscribers in a fashion which was to be adopted by the magazine world and eventually stolen by the newspapers. They devised the illustrated article, and gave the American intelligence, as differentiated from the American *intelligentsia*, what they wanted about home.

Benson J. Lossing, a staff writer and artist, and Jacob Abbott, author of the Rollo books, began the new genre which was, when it got under way, in effect a comment on the history, the scenery, the activities, and the characteristics of the

country, lightly written, but with solid information and a good style, so that the articles resulting were essays as well as a pictorial description. Woodcuts accompanied the articles, and these pictures, by 1880, far excelled in workmanship anything done abroad. In the fifties and sixties and seventies, when railroad travel was extensive, one section of the United States knew little about another, and less of Europe. In a series of articles by Americans, begun in the first volume and expanding each year with constantly increasing vitality, one can trace the expanding country outward to Alaska, and follow the shifting interest from the Virginia wilds to the old South, to New England, to the buffalo plains and the Rockies. Some of the articles, like Porte Crayon's on Virginia, were humorous in text and illustration; others, like John Muir's lyrical accounts of the Sierras, soundly descriptive in the best sense. Others dealt with applied science—the copper mines of the lake region, the iron works in New York. Not only did America learn of itself from this new departure in literary journalism, but England, where HARPER'S quickly penetrated, got here a sympathetic acquaintance with the growth of the nation.



HENRY MILLS ALDEN

For more than fifty years Editor in Chief of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. The first editor was Henry J. Raymond who later founded the *New York Times* and became one of the outstanding figures in American journalism.

It was, as I have indicated, a new assemblage of readers that was being brought together, readers who were more curious than speculative, and whose taste was for the good rather than the precious. But it was not news that they craved—there was enough of that in the papers. When the Southern states seceded, the Magazine came out for the Union, but the first few years of war slid by with no more tribute than reminiscent articles on earlier wars, accounts of the making of munitions, and a few vivid descriptions from the front. A Southerner might have read it without discomfort, and indeed many a copy was smuggled through the lines. However, in '63 and '64 the tension breaks through reserve, and HARPER'S for the first and last time became topical and violent. The circulation went down immediately; there was talk of stopping the Magazine, but Dickens's *Our Mutual Friend*, which began in '64, and Wilkie Collins's *Armadale* in the same year, cured the disease, and accompanied a return to detachment and urbanity.

Thus was created a literary genre which is perhaps the most American contribution to the media of authorship. A monthly book, typographically good, well illustrated, combining story, essay, poetry, and instruction in a harmonious whole, seeking the best and most interesting without reference to patriotic prejudices, governed by the taste of an intelligent family, and written to be read with interest, not passion: such, in a hundred modifications since, but always

with HARPER'S as an inspiration, has been the American illustrated magazine.

Pure literature in America has usually been rebellious. It has gone against the current of national feeling, and has seldom been popular. It has been abolitionist, æsthetic, proletarian—voicing a minority when it voiced America at all. Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, Hawthorne, Mark Twain in the core of his being, Cooper through most of his life, were against the public. But HARPER'S from the beginning went with the current of American life, not against it, though its motion was decorous. It published good things from the rebels as well as the conformists, often published them first. Mark Twain made his literary début in HARPER'S. But it indulged in no cloudy transcendentalism, went in for no rhythmical experiments, printed nothing that only a mystic could understand. It followed its audience, raising and refining their taste; and if one reads Thoreau and Emerson for American idealism, it is HARPER'S that best mirrors the mind of America.

But when the subtle change from a confederation of sections to a nation came somewhere in the seventies and eighties and brought with it the beginnings of a popular national literature, HARPER'S was among the first to respond. When the gods go, the half gods come, Emerson might have remarked of this new literature. Yet the gods of Puritan romance and the philosophic essay had been New England gods, much too didactic for the new commercial America, and the half gods of the fresh and vivid short story required no Massachusetts education before they could be worshipped.

Poe and Hawthorne had created the short story in the forties, but they had few imitators and no real successors. The short stories in the early HARPER'S, as one reads them with Thackeray on the opposite page, seem of their day and stilted. But the age of great English serials passed after the sixties and seventies. Not even a Hardy or a Du Maurier, who later ran their best in HARPER'S, could take the place of Thackeray and Dickens with such an audience as I have been describing. The list of HARPER serial writers is impressive—George Eliot, William Dean Howells, Henry James, Mark Twain, James Lane Allen, Hardy, Du Maurier, Mary Wilkins, Richard Harding Davis, Booth Tarkington, Margaret Deland. But even they lack the dominance of their predecessors. If Poe and Hawthorne made the American short story, it was the decline from the position of the first importance of the serial, and especially the English serial, which gave it in a magazine like HARPER'S an opportunity to catch the popular imagination.

The new generation of short-story writers began in the late sixties with Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Harriet P. Spofford, Frank Stockton, and other names less remembered. In the seventies and eighties the short-story writer took over the job which Fletcher Harper and his associates had originally assigned to the essayists and article writers. He (and she) began the vogue of the local-color short story which re-explored the various regions of the United States, this time drawing from them poignant and competent stories. The South became romantic, the Appalachians picturesque, the Rockies virile, New England tragic, New York sophisticated. Bret Harte, Edward Everett Hale, George W. Cable, Charles Egbert Craddock, Sarah Orne Jewett, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman; then Richard Harding Davis, Owen Wister, Stephen Crane, James Lane Allen, Thomas Nelson Page, Margaret Deland, W. D. Howells—the succession is unbroken to the writers of to-day. Here was American literature that was competent, popular, and national in the best sense, for, as the list shows, New England was no longer dominant. And with these came the brilliant English stories of Rudyard Kipling, Maurice Hewlett, W. W. Jacobs, and later, Joseph Conrad. As one looks over

old numbers of HARPER'S, these stories, with the brilliant story pictures that accompanied them by the new school of American illustrators, Frost, Abbey, and especially Howard Pyle, catch the eye first of all, as serials and special articles had done in earlier decades. Here was a cosmopolitan art that flowed with the interest of the times and belonged in such an institution as HARPER'S.

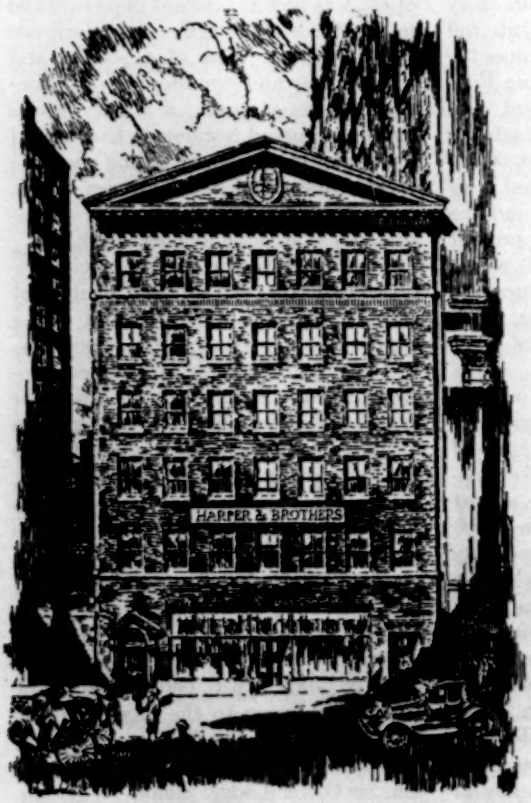
By the nineties HARPER'S had become a magazine of fiction, and yet had not changed its essential character. What had changed was American fiction. It is far clearer from this series of bound numbers than from literary histories that although New England had come of age intellectually before the Civil War, America had not. When Henry James, Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, in addition to the long series of short story writers I have mentioned, came into full power, then, and not until then, does the emphasis in HARPER'S swing from English to American fiction in accord with the most intelligent reading taste in America. A more delicate index of the growth, as a whole, of our national literature could scarcely be found, and the proof of its accuracy is the present strength of the American novel, whose American sources are in the eighties and nineties, and never in Irving, Poe, Cooper, or even in the greatest of them all, Hawthorne.

The full flowering of the American magazine came with the exact turn of the century, in 1901. Henry Mills Alden continued to exercise his almost unerring judgment as editor-in-chief. Howells, the man of letters, had succeeded Curtis, the urbane apostle of a metropolitan civilization, and the Easy Chair is more concerned with questions of literature and less with manners and information. Mrs. Humphry Ward is the current novelist, with Booth Tarkington on the horizon. But the real change was in the increasing Americanism of the Magazine, and specifically in its appearance. HARPER'S in these years responded to the growing nervousness and excitement of American life after the Spanish War, and became an even more pictorial magazine. The half tone, with its vivid emphasis of line, its variety of color, and its hardness had succeeded the soft woodcut, and it would be a question whether the picture or the text was the more important if the new American fiction were not so emphatic in its own right. The short stories were as efficient and as hurried as the community that read them—that gay and vigorous community, no longer young but still youthful, of before the great war, with its American curiosity raised to a fever pitch, and its new assurance of a civilization that art can glory in and reproduce. Advertising, which at first had not been admitted to HARPER'S at all, was now as brilliant in picture and text as the fiction itself. New York was now the focal point of a society still equalitarian and commercial, but conscious of its strength, a society whose ideas had spread insidiously throughout the world, so that these telling pictures, vivid stories, and vivid articles struck responsive chords abroad. The magazine was as eclectic as New York.

It was now that a service to civilization which HARPER'S began in its first numbers reached a development of the highest importance. Science, discovery, and the rapid changes in American political history had run beyond popular knowledge and could no longer be given to the public as news by journalists who were onlookers only. In exploration, the Magazine presented the narratives of Stefansson, Amundsen, Peary, Nansen. Sven Hedin wrote of his Thibetan exploration; H. W. Nevinson was sent to Africa to expose the slave trade there. It was HARPER'S that had given Lafcadio Hearn his first opportunity and that recently—only year before last—sent H. M. Tomlinson to the East. In the field of science Sir William Ramsay, Sir Ernest Rutherford, Sir J. J. Thomson, Sir Oliver Lodge, Simon Newcomb, Dr. M. A. Starr, Dr. Keen were con-

tributors. In public affairs there were articles by Grover Cleveland, John Hay, Henry Cabot Lodge, John Fiske, and Admiral Mahan.

The first decade of the century was the period when the present era of voluminous and indiscriminate reading began. There was now a potential assemblage of readers in the United States that stretched the imagination to number; and precisely as the woman novelists of the forties exploited a vast audience by wringing its tears, so the new magazines which came forward at this time began to excite a vaster audience by sensational exposures and insidious appeals to the American's love for success in terms of comfort and wealth. Reading became too easy in America. The magazine idea of a mingling of the best in text and the best in picture to interest the intelligent was being vulgarized and standardized. HARPER'S was radical in its original project; after responding to the sharpened senses of the new American, it became in the second decade of the century in a sense conservative. It was necessary in 1850 to bring high standards of reading to the many; now it seemed necessary to save high standards of reading among the many. There was no longer a question of English versus American literature, nor of sound literature versus unsound. It was a question, as it has always been in HARPER'S, of maintaining and upbuilding an institution in which taste, soundness, and interest always combine. And a literary tradition which stretched in the Magazine from Browning, Tennyson, Longfellow, Swinburne, Whittier, Lanier, in addition to the great novelists, down to Robert Frost, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Amy Lowell, Margaret Deland, Booth Tarkington, Owen Wister, Arnold Bennett, and Sheila Kaye-Smith—has guaranteed balance and taste. That has been the contribution of this Magazine to American journalistic practice and to American reading.




NEW HARPER EXECUTIVE OFFICES

Much of our native writing before the Civil War seemed naïve and sentimental beside the maturer English product, and now much current writing begins to seem childish in its easy romanticism beside the best that American and English novelists are publishing. There is as great a need to-day as ever for a magazine that, with a sure instinct, will publish what the intelligent reader craves, and publish only what is worth his craving. Our intellectual journals are propaganda for this literary idea or that, precisely as the

New England literature was propaganda for philosophic ideas when HARPER'S began. The public, who belong to no school and must first of all be interested, must have magazines responsive to their needs. But it was easier to find one hundred and fifty thousand good readers in the fifties, when that was substantially all of the interested and intelligent, than to reach that number among three million odd, among whom immigration, elementary education, and the strenuous pursuit of business for three generations have increased the number of undiscriminating readers out of all proportion to the growth of the intelligent. Yet if what the editors called in their first volume "the family circle of every intelligent citizen" is to be penetrated, it is such an institution as HARPER'S—civilized, cosmopolitan, holding to a standard of quality, committed neither to saving literature nor to making millions, but only to interesting with writing worthy of interest—that should do it.

In the last ten years the Magazine has reflected the change in mood and thought which began about 1910 and was accelerated by the war. There has been a reversion from the elaborately pictorial type to the more advanced monthly of the days before the whirl of the *fin de siècle*. The new interests of a community which reads fewer light novels and many more books of the kind the bookseller calls serious, are indicated by articles on psychology and adolescence, and by such studies of changing ideas as James Harvey Robinson's *The Mind in the Making*. The short story is more varied than before, more realistic, and clearly less dominant. There is more sophistication and less sentiment.

Americans are fortunate to possess a literary institution so curiously homogeneous from beginning to end through seventy-five years in a country not twice that age. It is pleasant to think of the thousands that for three generations have waited for its expected appearance in every corner of America, of the imagination quickened and intellect revived by its pages. It is pleasant to consider how much that has been intelligently known abroad of America has come through HARPER'S, which for years has been circulated in Great Britain like a native with, indeed, no native competitors. It is pleasant to remember the Englishwoman who boasted that HARPER'S was better than any American magazine, and the American general who left an endowment to his family for a perpetual subscription. Indeed, if one reckons the absolute value in human terms of a single number of a good magazine, there are few things to equal it.

Only in the last quarter of a century, perhaps only since 1914, have we begun to get a true perspective for our nineteenth-century history, which seemed so confused and crude and sometimes meaningless to Europeans, and to us when we were nearer its confusion. Now that era begins to assume the proportions of one of the great creative periods of history, a century epic in its conquest of the frontier, dramatic in the ruthless triumph of democracy, tragic in opportunities lost, romantic in its astounding material success, comic with a richness of character and incident not yet fully appreciated. It is not all in HARPER'S by any means, but perhaps there is more in the one hundred and fifty volumes of HARPER'S than elsewhere in print. It is there in faithful response to the interests of this people, with a running comment of kindly criticism, and a magnetic response to change when it comes. It is recorded there as in good talk. May the record continue for a century more!

## 1850–1925

WHAT an extraordinary three-quarters of a century it has been since that day in the summer of 1850 when the first issue of HARPER'S MAGAZINE modestly announced the intention of the editors to "present a Monthly Compendium of the periodical productions of the day"! An inconsiderable span of time to the historian of man's conquest of the planet, perhaps; still less considerable to the geologist who reckons years by the million; but has any other interval of seventy-five years seen such an utter transformation in the ways of civilized living? Pick up the first volume of HARPER'S, turn over the yellow-stained pages of its "Monthly Record of Current Events," and reconstruct the picture of the New York and the United States in which lived the first readers of those pages.

"A regular line of stages has just been established," says the Record for September, 1850, "to run monthly between Independence, Missouri, and Santa Fé, in New Mexico. Each coach is to carry eight persons and to be made water tight so as to be used as a boat in crossing streams. . . . Mr. Clay, in an earnest and eloquent speech, after regretting the fate of the Compromise Bill, said he wished it distinctly understood that if any state or states, or any portion of the people, should array themselves in arms against the Union, he was for testing the strength of the government, to ascertain whether it had the ability to maintain itself. . . . The city authorities of Boston, acting under the advice of the Consulting Physicians, have decided to abandon all quarantine regulations, as neither useful nor effectual in preventing the introduction of epidemic diseases. . . . A project has been broached for completing the line of railroads from Boston to Halifax. . . . From California our intelligence is to the 15th of July, brought by the Philadelphia steamer, which brought gold to the value of over a million dollars. The accounts from the gold mines are unusually good."

When those lines were written, New York was but a little city at the seaboard edge of a vast area for the most part hardly settled at all. The telephone had not been invented. There were no elevators, of course—skyscrapers were yet to be. There were no trolley cars, no subways, no electric lights, none of the modern miracles of electric power; no taxis, no motor trucks, no automobiles. An early issue of HARPER'S reports the achievement of the steamship *Atlantic* in crossing from New York to Liverpool in thirteen days, adding that the voyage would have been made in shorter time but for the discovery, after the vessel was some distance at sea, of a weakness in the flats or boards on the paddle-wheels; and on another page we read of the public apprehension over the fate of the overland emigrants to California, ten thousand of whom "were on the way who had not crossed the Great Desert, one half of whom would be destitute of subsistence and teams on reaching Carson River. . . . Not infrequently men, women and children had sunk under the hardships of the road, and perished of hunger or thirst." There was only one steam railway in New York City, the quaint little old New York & Harlem, which had an hourly service to Harlem and White Plains. The first trunk line connection to the Lake region had not yet been completed by the Erie Railroad.

Although the city had at last grown

northward beyond Fourteenth Street, the horse-drawn stages carried their passengers only as far north as Twenty-seventh Street (with a 6½ cent fare); Washington Square was a peaceful cemetery, and the present Central Park a No Man's Land of squatters in shanties. The quays on the East River were crowded with clipper ships, their long bowsprits overhanging South Street, and men along the waterfront talked of the *Comet's* record of seventy-six days from San Francisco to New York around the Horn.

Seventy-five years later—what a change! The windows of the HARPER office in Thirty-third Street, looking out over what in 1850 was a region of farms and straggling houses, the outposts of the city, look now on skyscrapers twenty and thirty stories high and on streets jammed with motor traffic, tunneled by pipes bringing water by the million gallons from the distant Catskill Mountains, and by subways which carry more than a million passengers a day. The air is noisy with the clatter of riveters fashioning the steel frame of a new eighteen-story office building across the way. From the railroad station near by, electric locomotives carry steel trains under the North River on the first stage of a twenty-hour run to Chicago, a four-day run to the Coast. A newsboy on the street-corner hands you a forty-two page paper reporting news which has been transmitted from the ends of the earth, under the sea or through the air, in less time than it takes you to read it. If instead of telegraphing to your friend in San Francisco, or talking with him over the telephone, you choose to write him a letter, you can drop it in a post-box and have it carried by airplane over the Rocky Mountains. And in the moving-picture theatre a few blocks away an audience, by way of change from listening in on a concert in London over the family radio, watches a film of the transcontinental travel of the fifties, and thinks of that day of water-tight stage-coaches, and of news coming from the California gold-rush by clipper ship or by the "Philadelphia steamer," as an almost prehistoric era!

A similar transformation has taken place in the industrial and commercial world. Indeed as one compares that piece of unfinished business which was the New York of 1850 with the city of to-day, the index and epitome of the richest country in the world, and sees how every one of its innumerable industries and business activities has changed in character and scope, it seems almost inconceivable that scores of business institutions have not only lived through that stirring three-quarters of a century and adapted themselves to new inventions, new markets, new ways of living, new conditions of every sort, but have grown in prosperity and prestige.

To have weathered the storms of seventy-five years, making an asset of long experience and combining with a zest for experiment the stability created and sustained by a continuous and coherent policy, is a great and honorable achievement.

In the succeeding pages a group of these historic New York firms, representing a wide variety of business activity but all sharing with HARPER'S MAGAZINE a life of at least seventy-five years of successful enterprise, tell their stories to the HARPER public. To them we pass on the wish expressed by Doctor Canby in his survey of the history of the Magazine: May their record, too, continue for a century more!

# THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

ORGANIZED AND BEGAN BUSINESS 1845

DARWIN P. KINGSLEY, *President*

A CHARTER; a name that was a misnomer; $50,000 in subscription notes, to fall back on in case of need; applications for $300,000 of life insurance;—this was the outfit of the "Nautilus Insurance Company" when its first Board of Trustees and its first officers were elected on April 10th and 12th, 1845.

So far as American experience went this tiny Nautilus set sail upon an almost uncharted sea. English tables of mortality were used, with many extras for residence and travel outside a limited area. Policies were for a limited term or for life, and were absolutely forfeitable for non-payment of premium.

The new company grew slowly; it took twenty-three months to put the first 1,000 policies on the books, and nearly six years to accumulate the $200,000 in assets required by the charter before the subscription notes were given up and canceled. Perplexing questions continually arose from the crude and changing conditions in a country then not half settled. Cholera and yellow fever periodically prevailed. From June 13, 1849, to August 8th the Company suspended the issue of term policies in New York and Brooklyn on account of cholera.

By an act of the Legislature, approved April 5, 1849, the "Nautilus Insurance Company" became the "New York Life Insurance Company."

On December 31, 1855, the assets of the Company exceeded a million dollars. In 1860, the Company led the way in the issue of non-forfeiting policies, eight months before the first non-forfeiture law of Massachusetts was enacted. In 1861, the Company began the redemption of its scrip dividends, of which there were outstanding $735,444, upon which 6% annual interest was paid. The redemption was completed in 1869, since which time all dividends have been payable in cash.

The Company continued its business in the seceding states in 1861 until stopped by the non-intercourse law, and began it again when hostilities ceased. It issued 731 war permits to policy-holders in the United States military and naval service, and paid 73 war losses. After the war, the Company's business grew rapidly. The new business of 1869 was more than ten times that of 1860.

During the years immediately preceding and following the panic of 1873—when so many life companies, banks and railroads went into bankruptcy—the New York Life made substantial progress in risks in force and in accumulated funds; from 1880 to the end of the century its business increased by leaps and bounds. At the end of 1869 the insurance in force exceeded $100,000,000; at the end of 1889 the accumulated funds exceeded $100,000,000; on May 23, 1899, the risks in force reached $1,000,000,000.

The Armstrong Laws of 1906 not only limited the expenses of life insurance companies, but limited the amount of business they might do at any rate of expense. Against the latter limitation the New York Life never ceased to protest until it was changed. Without expending over 65% of the amount of total expenses allowed by law, the Company's business has grown during recent years as never before, the end of the eightieth year showing accumulated funds of $1,055,000,000, and insurance in force $4,695,000,000.

Benefits to policy-holders began with the payment of $6,994 in death claims in 1846, and at the end of 1924 this item reached a total of nearly $800,000,000. Dividends, reducing by so much the tabular cost of insurance, have been nearly $500,000,000; payments for matured endowments, annuities, surrendered policies and other benefits bring the total payments to policy-holders in eighty years to over $2,200,000,000.

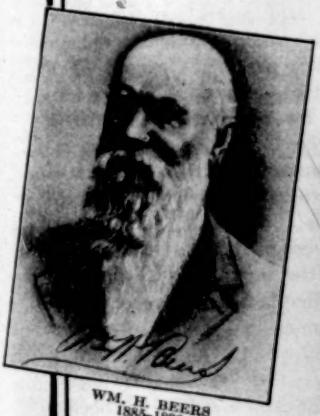
The present management of the New York Life came into office on June 15, 1907, as the result of a special election of

JAS. DE P. OGDEN
1845–1847

A. M. MERCHANT
1847–1848

MORRIS FRANKLIN
1848–1885

DARWIN P. KINGSLEY
1907–



WM. H. BEERS
1885–1892

JOHN A. McCALL
1892–1905

A. E. ORR
1906–1907

## PRESIDENTS OF THE NEW YORK LIFE
## 1845-1925

ADVERTISEMENT

Directors provided for under the Armstrong Laws for every mutual life company in the State. The candidates on the "Administration Ticket," nominated by the previous administration, were elected by large majorities. During the ten years following—1907 to 1916, inclusive—the total receipts, total disbursements and total payments to policyholders were almost exactly equal to the corresponding totals of the sixty-two years preceding. The increase has continued. The income of 1924 was $242,696,676; payments to policyholders, $128,912,673; new business written, $751,756,315.

The New York Life is a purely mutual organization with a perpetual charter, and is managed by a Board of Directors elected by the policy-holders. There are six Standing Committees of the Board which direct and supervise the work through the Officers whom the Board elects.

No one may obligate the Company in any way, nor disburse its funds, without the authority of the Board or some of its Committees, and this authority must be a matter of record. The personnel of the Home Office consists of ten Executive Officers, elected by the Board of Directors; 33 Junior Officers, and 49 Deputies, supervisors, superintendents, etc., who are appointed by the President with the approval of the Board; and about 2,700 other employees.

The Company's Field Force is also thoroughly organized. There are twelve Departments, covering the whole territory in which the Company does business. Each Department is under the supervision of an Inspector of Agencies.

There are 133 Branch Offices—one or more in every large city—and over 9,400 soliciting agents. An agent may work where he pleases, but must report to some Branch Office, where his work is supervised and sent to the Home Office. Each Branch Office is controlled by an Agency Director who engages and instructs agents, and a Cashier who receives all premiums and supervises all disbursements. The Cashier makes a daily cash report to the Home Office. On business outside of New York City, premiums may be paid and benefits received through the Branch Offices. It is the Company brought to the door of the policyholder. The Branch Offices are under the direct control of the Home Office, and all records are Company property. Duplicate records are kept at the Home Office. Agents' contracts are direct with the Company, and a careful record of each man's work is kept at the Home Office.

Civil service principles are applied to the grading and compensation of the Company's employees, under which merit and long service receive special rewards. A death benefit, varying from two months' salary to one year's pay, in proportion to length of service, is paid as a part of the employee's compensation, and insurance under policy contracts is issued on application at regular premium rates, the cost being deducted from the monthly salary.

A summer camp is maintained in the Interstate Park, with accommodations for about 160 single men or men with families. A spacious Farm House with ample grounds, in Westchester County, provides rest and recreation for single women employees. A moderate charge is made for these privileges, except when recommended by a Company physician as necessary for restoration of health. In cases of severe illness or surgical operations, the Company bears a portion of the expense in accordance with an established schedule.

The employees in Branch Offices come under nearly the same rules as those in the Home Office. Agents are compensated by commissions, increased, at intervals of five years, through a system of compensation called "Nylic," by allowances upon old business still on the books, in such manner that the agent writing $100,000 of good business annually will have a living income in his old age.

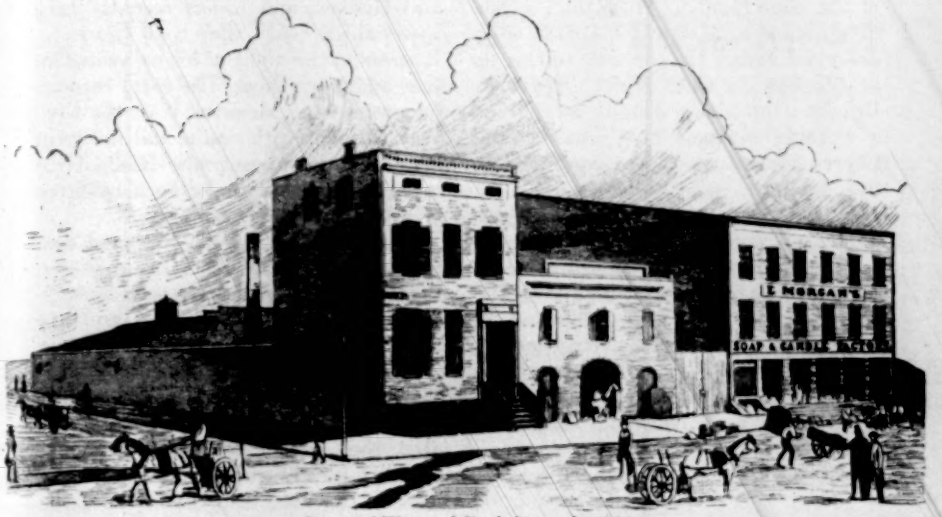
The operations of the Company, from first to last, are conceived of as a SERVICE, to be faithfully and diligently rendered by both insurer and insured, guided by those nobler impulses of the soul "That watch to ease the burden of the world."

ADVERTISEMENT

# ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS COMPANY

*Established 1809*

*Located at Corner of West and Bank Streets, New York*




*Corner of West and Bank Streets in 1844*

IN 1809 David Williams established this business on Greenwich Street near Barclay. Enoch Morgan, having married a daughter of the founder, succeeded to the business in 1834. Five years later the premises were extended by the acquisition of the adjoining property at 211 Washington Street, and in 1844 a new factory was built at Bank and West Streets, on which site the business is still conducted. With these additional factory facilities the business was extended throughout the United States and abroad, where the various brands of soap earned wide popularity.

On the death of Enoch Morgan in 1853 his eldest son, John Williams Morgan, then nineteen years old, assumed charge of the business under the Executors of the Estate of Enoch Morgan. He bought the business when he attained the age of twenty-one and afterwards took into partnership his brothers, William Henry and George Frederick Morgan, under the name of Enoch Morgan's Sons.

The business had been running sixty years when in 1869 its best-known product, Sapolio, was put on the market.

Present advertising methods were as unknown in those days as scouring soap, and the owners of Sapolio had the difficult task of venturing as pioneers into an unknown field. Progress was sure but necessarily slow, and many novel advertising features and methods were tried before Sapolio attained its success.

One of the best-known features was Captain Andrews' voyage of 1892. Single-handed he piloted his fourteen-foot sloop "Sapolio" from Atlantic City to Spain to repay the visit made by Columbus to these shores 400 years before. A few years later the Spotless Town trademark was spread broadcast throughout the land, adding to the fame of Sapolio and making it a household word.

*Corner of West and Bank Streets in 1925*

In 1876 the business was incorporated under the name of Enoch Morgan's Sons Company, but has remained in the hands of the same family. John Williams Morgan was President until his death in 1881. George Frederick Morgan, his brother, was elected President in 1882 and retained the active management of the Company until his death in 1925. He had been in the business over sixty years. He was succeeded by his son, John Williams Morgan, who is therefore a great-grandson of David Williams, the founder of the business.

# BROOKS BROTHERS

ESTABLISHED 1818

FEW American business houses have been built up and carried on by four successive generations of the same family. More than a hundred years ago, April 7, 1818, when John and James Harper were setting up as printers in Cliff Street, Henry S. Brooks, a few blocks distant, established a clothing business at Catharine and Cherry Streets which has continued to this day.

As early as 1845 the Brooks store was spoken of reminiscently as "one of the great landmarks of Catharine Street a generation ago." In those days the Brooklyn ferry-boats were propelled by horse power; Franklin Square, near by, was the most fashionable quarter of the metropolis, and Cherry Street itself maintained a somewhat residential character.

Just as the firm of Harper & Brothers for many years was a partnership of four brothers, the control of the Brooks Brothers' business in the second generation passed into the hands of the four sons of the founder. In 1859 in Carroll's New York City Directory appeared the first advertisement of the firm of which we now have record. This was an announcement of the new store recently opened at Broadway and Grand Street, and in its simple wording and dignified typography it remains a model of the advertising to which Brooks Brothers have consistently adhered for more than half a century. Their registered trademark, a modification of the Golden Fleece—a device familiar to thousands of Americans to-day—dates from these early times.

In the draft riots which broke out in New York City in 1863 the store at Catharine and Cherry Streets was looted by a mob of marauders. Both *Harper's Weekly* and *Leslie's Weekly* published pictures and editorial comment of this outrage upon one of the city's respected institutions.

During the Civil War, Brooks Brothers furnished uniforms for officers of the Army and Navy. Among their patrons were Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Hooker, and it has recently been ascertained that the coat worn by Lincoln on the night of his assassination was made by them. In fact, through four wars—the Mexican War, the Civil War, the War with Spain, and the great World War—our patriotic and adventurous young men have been outfitted at this establishment.

Despite the specially designed and commodious quarters at Grand Street, a move further up Broadway was necessitated in 1870. From then to 1874 Brooks Brothers were temporarily located on the south side of Union Square while a building at Broadway and Bond Street was in preparation. Ten years later the corner of Broadway and Twenty-second Street became their new home until, after thirty-two years, the urge of business again dictated a still further uptown removal, to the present building on the northwest corner of Madison Avenue and 44th Street.

In 1903 the partnership became a corporation, still under the ownership and management of the Brooks family, grandsons of the founder, and with the late Francis G. Lloyd as first president. The Directors and Officers now are: Frederick Brooks, Chairman of the Board; Walter Brooks, Harold Brooks; Eugene E. Mapes, President; Owen Winston, Vice-President; Winthrop Brooks, Secretary; William B. Hardin, Treasurer; Albert E. Baeder, Assistant Treasurer; George H. Howard.

In the 'sixties Brooks Brothers was described as "a house, the memory of whose probity and utility will remain long after the descendants of its founders have passed beyond a world of toil"—a prophecy which has been amply borne out by the half century which has passed since these words were printed, and which remains a promise of future performance for indefinite years to come.

ADVERTISEMENT

# THE EIGHTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

SOME six years prior to the establishment of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, a small group of men gathered in Newark, New Jersey, to consider the organization of a life insurance company. Aside from the Presbyterian Ministers' Fund, organized in 1759 for the purpose of insuring the lives of ministers of the Presbyterian Church, there were only two life insurance companies organized and doing business in the United States. They had commenced business in 1843. Two other companies had been incorporated, but had not commenced business.

The group in Newark was not interested in life insurance as a money-making enterprise. One of the first conclusions was that the Company should be organized upon the mutual plan. The Company was to be organized without a capital stock, and the only persons having a proprietary interest were to be those whose lives were insured. They were to elect from among their number a Board of Directors, who were to manage the Company. If the premiums charged were found to be in excess of the requirements, the difference was to be returned to the policyholders. Insurance was to be furnished at actual cost. Thus was born The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, of Newark, New Jersey, which was incorporated by an Act of the New Jersey Legislature passed January 31, 1845.

The Company began business April 1st, 1845. On January 1st, 1850, the year in which HARPER'S MAGAZINE was established, the Company had in force 5,373 policies, insuring $15,025,190. In 1850 its income amounted to $538,361.55. It returned to policyholders $235,693.02, and it paid for expenses $46,221.83. At the end of that year it had assets amounting to $1,212,400.53, and a surplus, over and above all liabilities, of $136,943.25.

From the Fifth Annual Report to the members, made in 1850, the following extract is taken: "It must be gratifying to the members, to know that the success which has attended us hitherto, has not been accidental, but has been the legitimate result of the faithful working out of our own system—a careful attention to our business—an increasing knowledge of the subject of Life Insurance—well-digested plans for conducting the business—the most conservative rules in selecting risks—a rigid adherence to every principle which would protect us against danger and loss—added to all this, the thoroughness with which the mutual principle is incorporated in our whole system—the fairness with which every member's interest is protected—our carefully provided reserve fund, and our profits annually declared to the members—these are the things which have placed our Company beyond the reach of suspicion or the fear of competition, and by the past, furnished the members with the best guarantee for the future."

In another part of the same report appears this statement: "We have been anxious to do what is right, rather than what would be popular."

From such beginnings has grown the Company which on January 1st, 1925, had 542,956 policies in force, insuring

the sum of $1,784,000,311, with assets of $388,872,504.54, and a surplus of $18,138,091.85.

The statement made in 1850 that the Company was more anxious to do what was right, rather than what was popular, has been true through its entire history, and is true today. In the years when the tontine method of apportioning dividends was popular, this Company adhered strictly to the system of an annual accounting and distribution, which had been adopted at its inception. Its rivals outstripped it in size, but not in keeping the cost of insurance low. In consequence, it was benefited, rather than hurt, by the Insurance Investigation conducted by the Armstrong Committee in New York in 1906.

At the present time it refuses to be led into fields which other companies are following, preferring to confine its efforts and its business to the simple and time-tried plans.

The Company has the unique record of having gone through the period of the Great War and the epidemic following without having increased, in any year, the cost of insurance to its policyholders. On the contrary, by the exercise of that strict economy which has always characterized it, the Company was able to further reduce the cost of insurance, notwithstanding the increased costs of operation, which, with every other business enterprise, it has had to meet.

In addition to the low cost at which it has furnished insurance, the Company is noted for the liberality of its policy contracts. It is not too much to say that the insurance laws of the several States, regulating the business of life insurance, are in principle, today, an epitome of the age-old practices of this Company.

Another principle for which the Company has become noted may be cited as the principle of retroaction, under which every policy on its books, no matter when issued, is given, to the utmost possible extent, the privileges and advantages of policies now being issued.

It is interesting to record that the first policyholder lived to the age of ninety-six, the limit of life, according to the table of mortality used by the Company in the computation of premiums. Although the policy provided that premiums were payable during life, and that the insurance was payable only at death, the premiums were waived when the policyholder reached the age of ninety-six, and the face of the policy was then paid. This course has been followed in all similar cases.

It will interest the readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE to know also that when the Civil War broke out, the Company had in force a large number of policies in the Southern States. By the non-payment of premiums, due to War conditions, these policies, by their terms, became of no effect. Immediately following the close of the War, the Company recognized the equitable interest that had been created and voluntarily paid the full value of many Southern policies. By January 1st, 1866, it had paid out something over $100,000, including death losses. Later the Company made a final search for those policyholders who were still entitled to payment. A few years later the Company inserted provisions in its policy contracts under which they became nonforfeitable, so that a similar situation could not arise again.

It is not surprising that with such a record, the Company finds among its policyholders generation after generation of the same family, or that individuals have insured their lives over and over again, as their need of insurance and means have increased.

The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, with its eighty years of service, congratulates HARPER'S MAGAZINE upon its honorable record of seventy-five years.

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# Personal and Otherwise

THE September issue of HARPER'S MAGAZINE was sold out ten days after publication,—and this in spite of the fact that we had greatly increased our printing for that issue because of our confidence in its success. When it appeared, newspapers all over the country commented editorially on the honorable record of HARPER'S MAGAZINE during its seventy-five years and on the beauty of its new dress and the quality of its contents. The letters of congratulation which we received and the enthusiastic comments which we heard on every hand went beyond our wildest anticipations. We wish it were possible to publish all these tributes here; but to do so would require as much space as is allotted to the Personal and Otherwise Department for an entire year. We shall have to content ourselves with extending to all our friends collectively the thanks which we should like to be able to express to them individually for their interest and appreciation. We trust that as time goes on their enjoyment of the Magazine, so delightfully expressed, will steadily increase.

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Wherever one goes to-day, one finds law making and law enforcement the paramount topic of discussion. With the courts so congested that public officials are forced to pick out a few offenders for prosecution and let others go free, with crime so prevalent that a national commission is seeking to find a way out of the intolerable situation, men and women everywhere are looking for new light on the whole problem of the citizen's relation to the law. We give the opening position in HARPER'S this month to a wise and telling contribution to the subject by the President Emeritus of Yale University, ***Arthur Twining Hadley***. It will be followed in an early issue by an important paper on "The Crisis in American Law," by Dean Roscoe Pound of the Harvard Law School.

The first story of the month is the work of ***Walter de la Mare;*** in it will be found the same strange beauty which has delighted readers of *Memoirs of a Midget* and of his many volumes of exquisite verse. Next month we shall publish his latest poem.

Last summer ***Duncan Aikman*** of the editorial staff of the *El Paso Morning Times* revisited his native Indiana. His reflections upon certain Hoosier tendencies of the present day—tendencies apparently not wholly confined to Indiana—are embodied in "The Home-Town Mind." Mr. Aikman will be remembered as the author of a striking article on "American Fascism" in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for last April.

When ***Philip Curtiss*** sent us "Mrs. Hopple and Daughter," he told us, in effect, that he was aware that most editors would not publish it unless the latter part of it were rewritten into conventional love-story form: he would have to give it a "jazz ending." This he was unwilling to do. He wished to tell the story not from the point of view of the girl but from that of the middle-aged people about her. "The story," said he, "seems to me almost a test case of whether, so long as I continue with the magazines, I can write, occasionally at least, what seems to me honest, sincere, restrained, and human, or whether I have always got to write to a formula." HARPER'S accepted the story as it stood. Mr. Curtiss, by the way, has frequently contributed to the Magazine short stories and Lion's Mouth articles, and is the author of several novels, of which the latest is *The Gay Conspirators*. He lives in Norfolk, Connecticut.

***Hendrik Van Loon,*** internationally known as the author of *The Story of Mankind*, is publishing this fall a new book—a study of the history of tolerance through the ages. He sends us "The Promised Land" from his home in Westport, Connecticut.

One of the new writers brought out by our recent Short Story Contest was ***Roy Dickinson,*** of East Orange, New Jersey, a member of the editorial staff of *Printers' Ink*, whose unusual tale, "The Ultimate Frog," we published exactly a year ago. Mr. Dickinson makes his second appearance with a no less delightful story in a different vein.

When we announced that ***Doctor Harry Emerson Fosdick*** would conduct in the Magazine a monthly department on Religion and Life, *The Churchman* said in its leading editorial for the week: "We have looked forward to the day when some magazine of standing would perceive the value of a regular department on religion handled by a representative Liberal. Such a department has now been undertaken by HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Acute editorial wisdom has been shown in the selection of Doctor Fosdick to write that department each month. . . . Thousands of people who have little contact with modern theological thought will find stimulating revelations in the messages issuing monthly from Doctor Fosdick's new supplementary pulpit of the printed word." Doctor Fosdick is now abroad for a year's leave of absence preceding his active duties as pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church. As these pages go to press, American newspapers are giving front-page space to his stirring sermon at Geneva, during the session of the League of Nations, on the need for international good will.

We have had many political articles from ***Charles Merz*** of the New York *World* (formerly of the *New Republic*); but this month he enters a new field with his amusing paper on that ubiquitous national institution, the roadside filling station.

***Christopher Morley's*** new fantasy so far excels in beauty and significance anything else that he has written that he is no longer being referred to by the discriminating primarily as a former columnist or as the man who wrote *Where the Blue Begins*, but as the author of "Thunder on the Left." The story will be concluded next month.

In our September issue ***Rebecca West,*** author of *The Judge*, expressed a vigorous English opinion of American men. She now contributes a companion piece on the manners and customs of the other sex as observed on a prolonged visit to the United States.

The author of "The Fetish of the Job" prefers to conceal her identity, and allows us to say of her only that she has held several important executive positions, having been editor of a magazine and prominently connected with a national welfare organization. How many readers, we wonder,—men and women alike,—will feel that she has perfectly expressed their own feelings?

When an able journalist, who has been observing and studying wars for twenty-eight years, turns prophet of the danger of a new war, he deserves an attentive hearing, however disturbing his prophecy may be. ***Frederick Palmer*** began his career as war correspondent at the Greek War in 1897, was in the Philippines in 1898, at Peking in 1900, at the Macedonian insurrection in 1903, and witnessed the Russo-Japanese war, the Turkish revolution, the Balkan war, and the World War. He has just returned from a European trip in which he visited the Polish Corridor. He has written many books on international affairs and several novels, of which the latest is *Invisible Wounds*.

"The Ways of the Weevil" is the sort of paper that ought to be read slowly, pondered over, and then discussed until the small hours. For ***Henshaw Ward,*** of New Haven (long a teacher of English at Taft School, and more recently the author of *Evolution for John Doe*), knows how to set forth not merely the facts of modern biology but also their bewildering implications. A reader of the Magazine wrote the other day to Mr. Ward: "I am a Catholic and my church holds fast to the miraculous, as you know. The morning after I had read and reread "The Clover Leaf" (in HARPER'S for July), I went to Mass in my village church. Kneeling there before the altar decked with gladioli, I realized that they had suddenly become invested with a meaning they had never had before. No longer were they merely flaming spots of color set there to remind one that God is beauty; like the Mass itself they were a miracle, too, to be gazed at with reverence. . . . Lovely as the altars have always been to me, they are lovelier now because in the flowers that adorn them you have shown me

miracles as staggering as any that faith bids us accept."

***Gilbert P. Symons,*** rector of Christ Episcopal Church, Glendale, Ohio, is the author of "A Gentle Passion for Mending Things," which we published last January.

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The poets of the month are ***Anne Goodwin Winslow,*** of Raleigh, Tennessee, whose first volume of verse is published this fall by Harcourt, Brace & Co.; ***Mary Brent Whiteside,*** of Atlanta, Georgia, one of the editors of the *Southern Literary Magazine;* and ***Vilda Sauvage Owens*** (Mrs. R. E. Owens), of Cortland, New York, who is making her first appearance in the Magazine.

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The Lion is fed this month by ***Alexander Black,*** the novelist; ***Morris Bishop,*** whose studies of the classical implications of the saxophone are pursued at Ithaca, New York; and ***Marcelle England*** (Mrs. M. C. England), of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, a new contributor.

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We have not space to print here the long list of awards won by ***Charles Webster Hawthorne's*** paintings from 1903 to the present day, and the even longer list of important American museums of art in which he is conspicuously represented. Suffice it to repeat what every well-informed student of modern art knows: that he occupies an outstanding position among American painters. He works in New York in the winters, and at Provincetown in the summers, where he owns and teaches at the Cape Cod School of Art. It is a privilege to be permitted to reproduce "The Captain's Daughter."

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The following comment on Miss West's characterization of American men comes to us from a reader in Annapolis, Maryland:

*To the Editor:*

Penning generalizations is the most entertaining of pastimes. What glee has the author who puts a dozen states into the "Bible belt," who encloses the spirit of a foreign nation in a prepositional phrase, or compresses the trend of modernity in a simple sentence! Miss Rebecca West's brilliant commentaries on "These American Men" suggest that the pastime has delights for the reader as well as for the author. And this being the case, I should commend it for its social value, were I **not an** American. But Miss West says Americans are individualists; and so of course the term *social value* means nothing to me. And I use it, as Miss West's Western lawyer used the terminology of psycho-analysis, because we Americans never hesitate to over-reach our understanding.

It is a great mistake to remain in a foreign land longer than five days. This is a generalization of no validity, but it is interesting. In my first week in England I wrote home that all English workingmen are Conservatives, for I had discovered to my surprise that my Oxford servant was a Conservative; I wrote my American professors that Stephen Leacock had lied about Oxford, for my tutor did not smoke at me as I read my essay, but dozed, his five pipes cooling the while on the mantel-piece. England, I wrote, was hopelessly undemocratic, for English "boots" have to say "sir" to English butlers. And yet, I continued, here is an astounding paradox: the aristocratic Englishman invariably receives the democratic American with open arms. And to prove this statement, I cited my first dinner in Oxford, when an "Englishman" I learned later came from Llangollen, had graciously passed me the salt. The first easy, sweeping pronouncements on a strange land are too felicitous and haunting to be modified or reversed without bitterness and regrets; and letter-writing after that first orgy of generalizations was painful and humiliating. For gradually I learned that the England, political, matrimonial, recreational, aesthetic, that was confidently crammed into that first eight-page epistle home, demanded alteration.

Miss West's comparisons of England and America have gone farther than my own three years' experience in shattering early impressions. It is refreshing to learn that the English garden is indicative of the Englishman's communal sense. I fear that my own observations in this respect were unfortunate, for the English gardens that most delighted me were effectively shut off from the vulgar gaze by eight-foot stone or brick walls; and the gardens which met the communal eye were invariably full of misshapen cabbage heads atop long, scrawny necks.

Another point in which I apparently erred was in thinking the Englishman's individual liberty more secure than the American's. Of course one does not find a *de luxe* edition of the English constitution guaranteeing, for example, freedom of speech. And yet Communist gatherings in Trafalgar Square always struck me as indicative of a tolerance that, despite our federal constitution, is not invariably apparent in this country. An Englishman, as Dicey wrote, can say anything twelve shopkeepers permit, should the government be so energetic as to prosecute. An American, as Mr. Villard's almost tedious catalogue of cases indicates, is frequently at the mercy of a single magistrate. . . .

In the matter of divorce it must be admitted that we have gone far beyond the bounds of

decorum set by the Anglican church. While competent persons are discussing the problem our divorce rate reveals, one may remark that what English divorces lack in quantity they make up in quality. In England, divorce, like the university degree, is the prerogative of the few; and consequently it means more. An American divorce case is generally uninteresting; an English divorce case averages five columns a day for weeks. This again is a generalization that must be shielded from divorce statistics, but it contains its grain of truth. English divorces *are* interesting. Who can forget the sensation when in the ninth week of the Scrummage-Gopherhill trial, Major Wallop incriminated the entire War Department by admitting that he *did* hire a closed taxi at 9.30 o'clock on the foggy morning of 12 December, 1918? And how delighted and indignant were American readers when Scrummage-Gopherhill, hero of affairs designated in the trial as Exhibits A to M inclusive, revealed the real purport of his "business" trip to Florida in 1922. Then there was the parlor-maid's evidence, delivered so naïvely, while Mr. and Mrs. Scrummage-Gopherhill were respectively "magnificently unmoved by the pretty servant's damning evidence" and excitedly expostulating "It's a lie. Carry her out." We cannot match it over here. We try, but we fail. England is preëminently the home of "quality divorces."

I fear that in writing I have contrasted myself with the Englishman who humbly remains silent when he feels he is not able to speak authoritatively. This is the Englishman Miss West describes. Fortunately for us, all Englishmen are not as dreary as this dictum would imply. About the United States, at least, English writers have ever spoken, and without reserve. From Dr. Johnson's famous "Sir, they are a race of convicts" to the present day, we have read with pleasure and resentment English comments on these quondam British colonies. Some of the comments that we repudiate we secretly take to heart; some of the praise we receive fails to still our doubts. But neither praise nor blame will deter us from confident reply, for we are Americans.

Yours, truly,

T. P. Brockway.

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Edith M. Thomas, long a member of the editorial staff of Harper's Magazine and often a contributor of verse to its columns, died suddenly on the night of September 13 at her New York home. She was in her seventy-second year.

The loss felt by her associates in the Harper office, who had worked with her day by day from the time when she entered the service of the Magazine until only two days before her death, and had marveled at the keenness of her editorial judgments, the incisiveness of her written reports on manuscripts, her steady insistence on high standards, and her vigor and gentleness of character, is shared by a host of Harper subscribers and by the reading public. For she was a poet of uncommon distinction, as readers of any of her fourteen volumes of verse—the first of them published in 1885, the last in 1915—will testify.

"To me," wrote Robert Underwood Johnson in the New York *Times* when he heard the news that she was gone, "she represents the best achievement of the last thirty years. For nearly half a century, with an almost nunlike seclusion, she devoted herself to her chosen art. She had everything that goes to make enduring verse—a rare imagination that seldom fell to fancy; an exquisite sense of rhythm, vibrant and flexible; unfailing taste, noble standards of thought and expression, and what is becoming rarer in our verse, pervading spirituality. She was never academic in the objectionable sense of that word, being saved from such coldness by the warmth of her sympathies, and yet she was perhaps the most classical of the poets of her later years. . . . Never boisterous, she often had what I may call a subdued boldness of expression that gave her the stamp of a discoverer. Her sonnets had distinction and virility. Those who found her lacking in emotion should read her philippics on the World War. The tenderness of her poems on children and on the dying Keats is, I venture to say, unsurpassed by her contemporaries of English verse. . . . Now that this beautiful spirit has gone into history, every school and college of the land should study her verse as a part of its regular curriculum, if for no other reason than to show, in these days of the loud pedal in everything, that the kingdom of poetry is not taken by violence."

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# A VACATION IN APACHE LAND

By RONALD RATHBUN

A PECULIAR combination of circumstances gave me the opportunity to enjoy the interesting Apache Trail trip of Arizona late last Autumn. My office is in New York. I'm a bachelor without any relations closer than sixteenth cousins. My friends vacationed in July and August. So, when business forced me to take my vacation in November, I was undecided as to my destination.

Fate decided with this telegram from a former college roommate, Cleve Hastings, of Los Angeles: "Understand taking vacation soon. Have Thanksgiving with us. Best regards.—Cleve."

To which I immediately replied: "Thanks. Glad to come. Seeing Tolliver New Orleans on way."

Then another wire from Cleve: "Wife says surely see Apache Trail Globe to Phoenix Arizona."

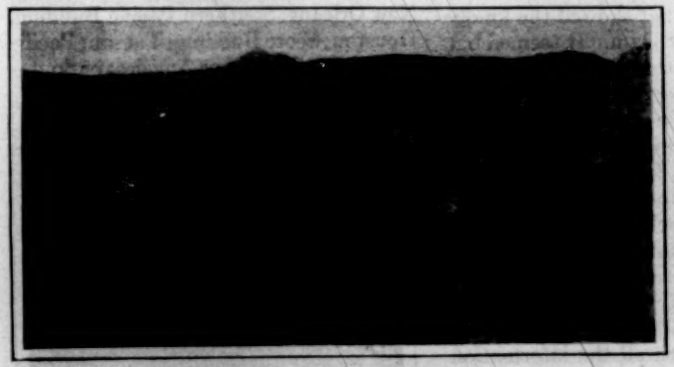
My respect for Mrs. Hastings' judgment is profound. And so it happened that after two pleasant days with Sam Tolliver in New Orleans I stepped from a Pullman of the Sunset Limited at Globe, one glorious morning in November.

Tingling to the fingertips with expectation, our happy party boarded the comfortable 12-passenger motor car. Leaning back luxuriously against the cushioned leather we glided away into the weirdly beautiful land that girts the Apache Trail. As we shot upward over Cemetery Hill we got our first conception of the velvet smoothness of this 120-mile automobile highway that winds between Globe and Phoenix. For an hour we wound upward through the strange beauty of this region that the fierce Apache once ruled.

Then suddenly a startling view appeared. We were on a summit, nearly 4,000 feet above sea level, and below us lay a brilliant map that had come to life. Vivid with quivering colors, the slender spires and rounded domes of rock in the Salt River and Gila valleys reached upward for the benediction of the sun. Down in the depths sapphire lights twinkled and turned purple. So far away that it looked like a shimmering strip of blue silk, 30-mile long Roosevelt Lake nestled among the hills.

With a last, lingering look at this wonderland we began to circle comfortably downward over the smooth road that drops 2,000 feet in six miles to Apache Lodge at Roosevelt Dam. Once we paused to view the curious cliff-dwellings that a race of pygmies built in the rocky wall above the Trail. We did not have time enough that day or we would have made the short detour that takes you close to those strange cave houses that antedate the dawn of civilization.

After luncheon at Apache Lodge we



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had a chance to view mammoth Roosevelt Dam at work. Over graceful three-arch spillways at either end of its 1,125 feet width the mighty waters roared downward 280 feet. It was easy to believe what our driver told us—that the Dam furnished millions of gallons of water for the irrigation of lands miles distant.

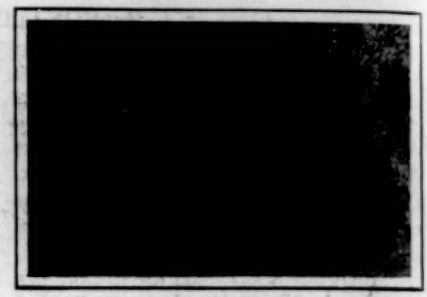
Again we boarded our motor car to rush through the wild gorge of Fish Creek Canyon, climb the steep heights of Fish Creek Hill and gaze into the awesome depths of Hell's Canyon. Past the weird, rocky formations of Canyon Diablo, Niggerhead Mountain, Tortilla Rock, Whirlpool Rock and the Little Alps we flew.

APACHE INDIANS AT ROOSEVELT LAKE

The late afternoon sun was casting orange and purple shadows over Apache Land as we passed strange Superstition Mountain—the last outpost of the range—and emerged into the green meadows of Salt River Valley. Fertile farms smiled on a land that showed the kindly touch of Roosevelt Dam. It seemed but a moment later that we were gliding along the tree-lined streets of Phoenix to the comfortable Pullman that took me to my friends in Los Angeles.

Needless to say, I have thanked Cleve Hastings' wife many times for recommending the Apache Trail trip. And so certain am I that if you are contemplating a trip to the Southwest or the Coast this Winter you will want to see this strange wonderland, that I am furnishing you with all the information at my disposal.

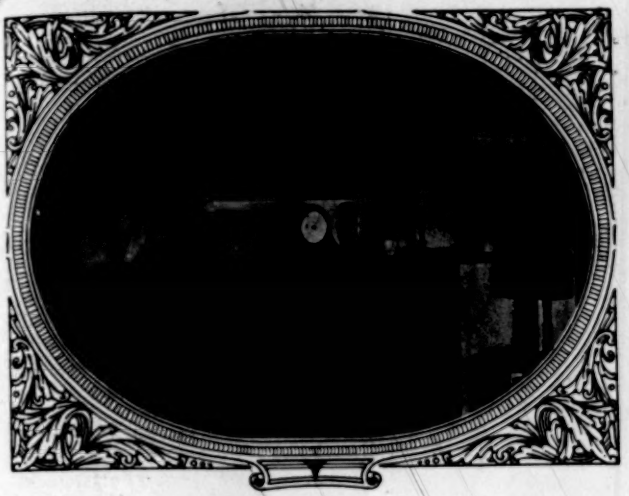
The Apache Trail is easily and comfortably reached by the Sunset Limited of the Southern Pacific on its "Sunshine All the Way" Route. On and after November 2nd through Pullman cars are operated between New Orleans and Globe on the east and between Los Angeles and Phoenix on the west. Your through ticket in either direction is honored for the side trip with an additional payment of only $10.00. The Sunset Limited carries a club car with barber shop, shower bath and valet service; an observation car with ladies' lounge, shower bath, maid, manicure and hair-dressing service; and there are sleeping cars of the latest type, and excellent diners.



PREHISTORIC CLIFF-DWELLINGS

Should you wish further information, you can obtain a very attractive booklet on the Apache Trail and all the facts pertaining to transportation facilities and schedules upon application to the Southern Pacific Lines, 165 Broadway, New York; 35 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago; Pan-American Bank Building, New Orleans; Southern Pacific Building, Houston; Score Building, Tucson; Pacific Electric Building, Los Angeles; or Southern Pacific Building, San Francisco.

MAMMOTH ROOSEVELT DAM



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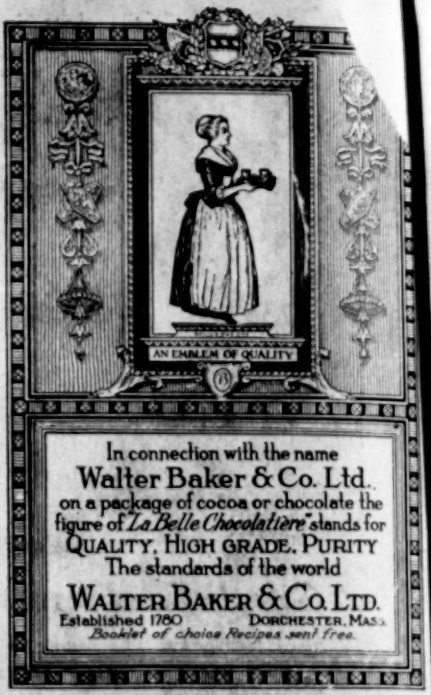


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